This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

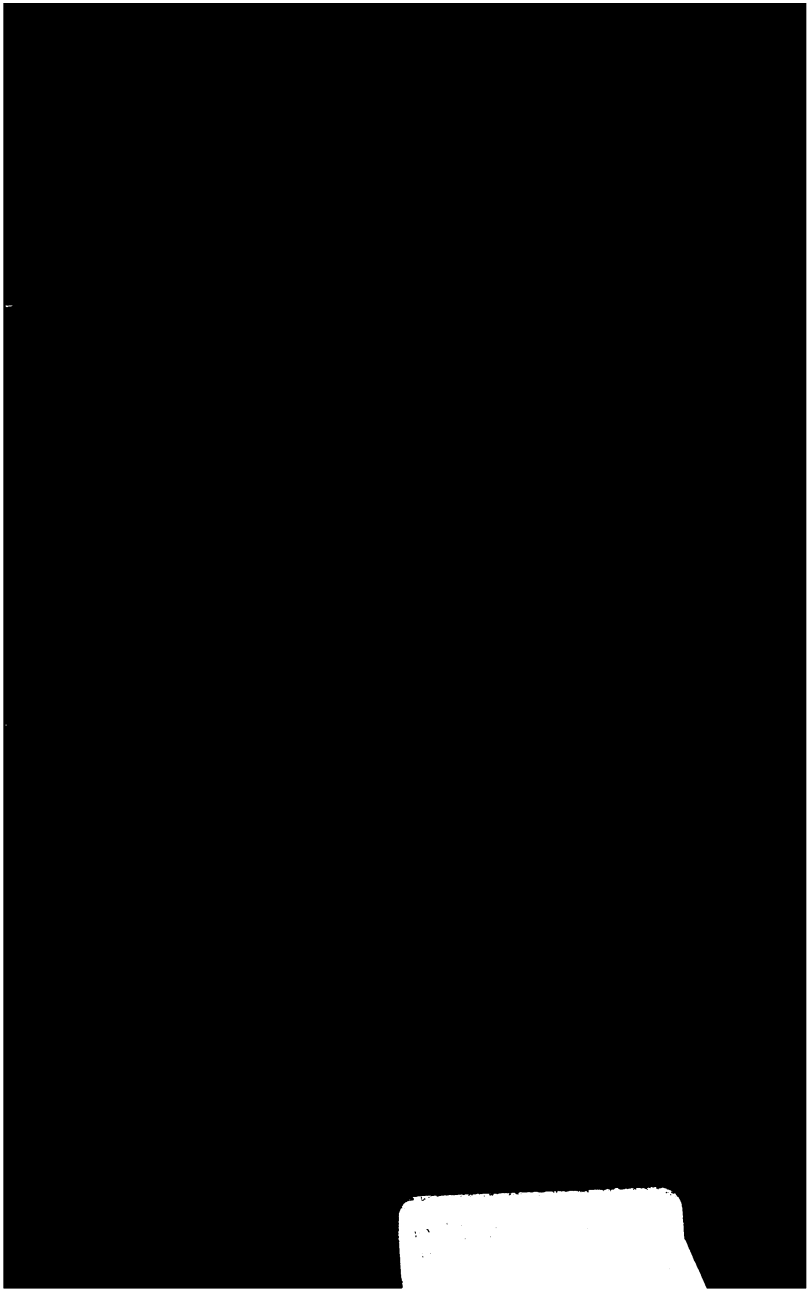
+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

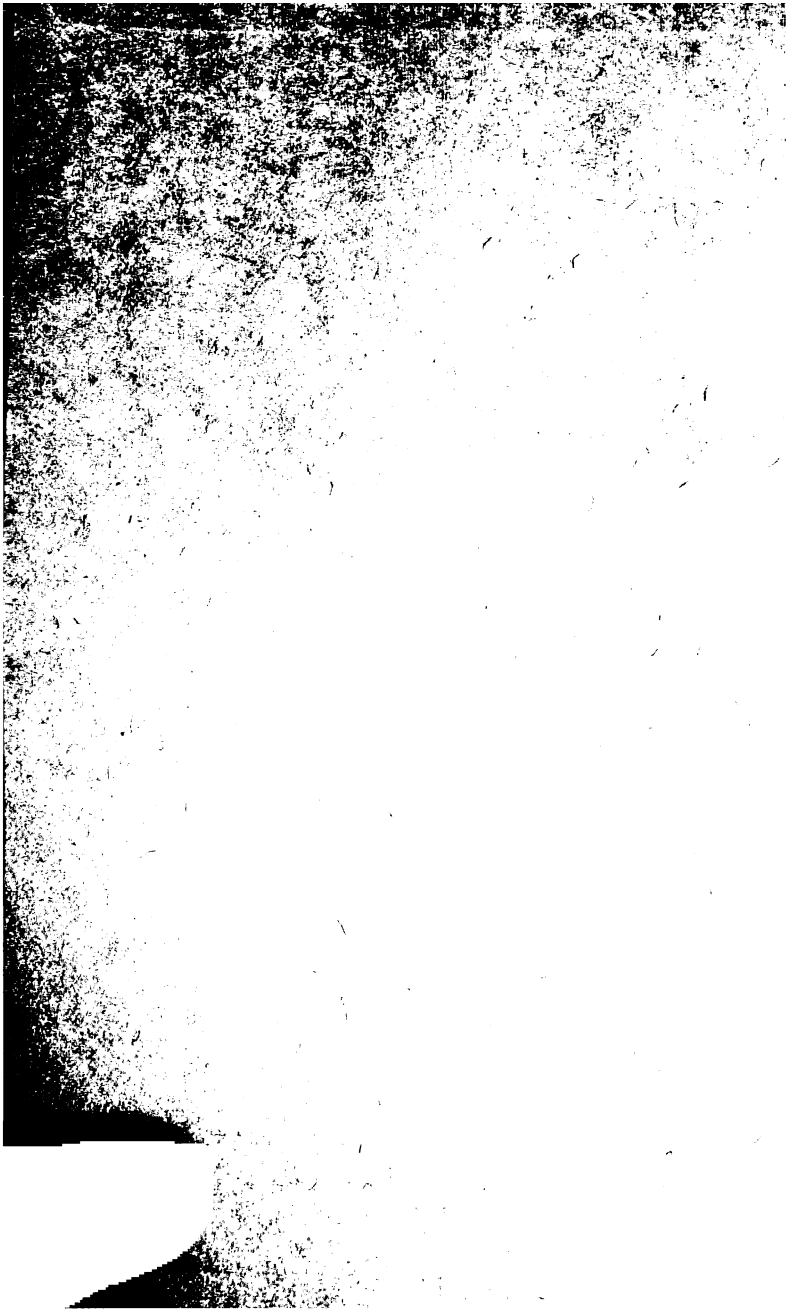
+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

433 07491545 9





MORGANTE THE LESSER

His Notorious Life and Wonderful Deeds

ARRANGED AND NARRATED FOR THE FIRST TIME

BY SIRIUS (pseud. of Edward Martyn)

" ὡς οὐχ ὑπείρφιν θνητὸν ὄντα χρὴ φρονεῖν."
Æschylus. Pers. 816.

"Énorme et laid comme le Monde."
Baudelaire.

LONDON
SWAN SONNENSCHEIN & CO.
PATERNOSTER SQUARE
1890

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
73965A
ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS
R

CONTENTS.

BOOK.		PAGE
	PREFACE	1
	DEDICATORY ADDRESS	6
I.	GENEALOGY	11
II.	THE WONDERFUL CHILD	32
III.	PEDAGOGY	50
IV.	ALMA MATER.	76
V.	THE GREAT WORLD	109
VI.	PEREGRINATION	145
VII.	HOW MORGANTE WENT DOWN INTO HELL.	181
VIII.	DIALECTIC	219
IX.	AGATHOPOLIS	249
X.	APOTHEOSIS	292

NOV 23 1922

PREFACE.

WE owe, perhaps, an apology to the public, and especially to its infallible and unprejudiced advisers in all matters of taste—the critics—for having presumed to undertake this ambitious literary work. Knowing but too well the vast influence exercised by Morgante over mankind, we are repeatedly haunted by an uneasy suspicion of the just indignation which will probably be aroused against us for this our temerity. Assuredly, we shall be told that so notorious a history ought to be written by some person of recognised scientific and literary status, not by an unknown individual incapable of investing with due authority and importance so weighty a subject, and at all events in sad danger of exposing the same to a share of ridicule, by the fact that he, the author, is never safe from the crushing taunt of being called an amateur.

Therefore by way of excuse we may crave indulgence to put forward the following explanations.

In the first place, it is very probable that, unless we had undertaken the work, it would have been put off for a very long time—perhaps, indeed, for ever—by reason of the prodigious literary ability and fertile stock of ideas of our living writers, especially the journalists, who, intent upon masterpieces of their own creation, can hardly be expected to give attention to aught else. Thus, when we, with great

modesty, suggested to several eminent authors of our acquaintance the advisability of their entering upon what subsequently became our own labour of love, we were invariably met with courteous refusals, accompanied by reasons, of which we could not but acknowledge the justice. One showed us a short story in manuscript about a duchess, a dachshund, a drawing-room, and drivel in Belgravia, which he intended for publication in a Society journal, and which, for originality of style, conception, and portrayal of character, surpassed anything we have ever seen. Another was engaged at a bright series of descriptive articles upon such unknown regions as Chelsea and Hyde Park. A third was so nice a stylist that he could not possibly trust himself to write anything at all. And so on, all excuses being equally satisfactory. Wherefore, seeing how monstrously unfair it would be to expect men to leave these palpable works of genius in order to tell the deeds of another, however great, we decided to take upon ourselves the responsibility of the narration, trusting to the indulgence of a public, who cannot but be benefited by an accurate knowledge of such wonders, notwithstanding the manifold imperfections of style and execution in their history.

In the second place, we venture to flatter ourselves that possibly, after all, we are not so unfitted for this task as at the outset people might imagine. Naturally of an enthusiastic temperament, we have now merged our whole being into sympathetic relation with the immortal labours of the most notorious Morgante, with the result, we trust, that our genuine admiration for his career must appear to even the meanest capacity as something altogether exceptional. We doubt whether any of the great authors, to whom we have

just alluded, supposing we could have persuaded them to undertake the present work, would have condescended thus far to extinguish their striking personality.

Thirdly, one of the most cherished wishes of our life being to forward, in some substantial way or other, the cause of historical veracity, we could not resist the temptation which the marvellous feats and fortunes of the most notorious Morgante abundantly afforded us of exhibiting ourselves in the light of the most truthful and accurate historian that has ever yet appeared in this world. In proof thereof, we now pledge our word of honour, that there is no great deed of the notorious one set forth in our chronicle, which is not the absolute truth. Where is the historian who has dared to preface his work by a similar avowal?

Fourthly, because there survives still, we understand, in certain quarters, a tendency to misconceive the morality of the atheists, and their labour throughout all civilized lands, we humbly submit that no time should be lost in making known to mankind in general Morgante's views upon ethics as well as his habitual behaviour in the affairs of life; so that all fair-minded persons may be enabled to judge correctly for themselves.

May we put forward as a last plea, ambition—yes, frail ambition—or rather *egoism*, which sounds more learned? Yes, we feel we may. It was this frail, yet most natural egoism, then, which acted not the least powerfully with the afore-mentioned motives in making it impossible for us to resist the gratification of becoming recorder of such a career so rich in promise, so prolific beyond the wildest hopes in fulfilment!

These excuses, therefore, constitute our apology for the course which we have taken, and in our opinion they appear sufficient, and more than calculated to silence once for all the stray blasts of adverse criticism which our work might otherwise have evoked. Consequently, since we are satisfied that there is to be nothing but praise for the inestimable boon conferred upon humanity by this book, we would vehemently impress upon all whom it may concern the advisability of moderating the said praise—of making it, in fact, as mild as possible. We consider that we have a right to demand this—a right founded upon that healthy spirit of selfishness, without which no individual has any business to exist. We know that the world is beautiful, and that its denizens are in every way perfect in their relations to each other. Also we know, alas! too well that human nature is weak and apt to lose its reason at the intoxicating fountain of applause. Thus we beg most admiringly and respectfully to take leave of the public and the critics, while we earnestly recommend a perusal in sober seriousness of our work, which we had rather see neglected altogether than approached in a spirit of undue levity. With these few remarks, we launch forth our book upon the gentle seas of an unruffled world.

POSTSCRIPT.

Since writing the foregoing, we have been advised by a friend to add, that we mean no offence to any persons or institutions in the desultory comments which we allow ourselves during the course of our narrative. It is a universal truism now-a-days, that harm is impossible where an

intention to harm is *denied;* so we confidently hope to hear no complaints. Indeed, we consider this postscript altogether unnecessary, and should never have written it but from an anxiety to gratify our friend.

DEDICATORY ADDRESS TO HIS MAJESTY,

THE ILLUSTRIOUS AND ANCIENT GENIUS OF ERROR.

MAY it please your Majesty,—

Since the time has passed, when authors were wont to dedicate their books to princes and noblemen of the land, the aristocracy of blood having now-a-days in a great measure ceded to that of talent and learning, we, an obscure author, make so bold as to dedicate to you, a renowned genius, the history of one of your most notorious subjects as a propitiatory offering on the part of an outsider, for the coldness and the neglect exhibited towards you by many of our acquaintances and fellow-citizens, to say nothing of an host of foreigners, who, deriving all their successes in life from your assistance, ungratefully refuse to acknowledge their unspeakable debt. Surely there never lived an earthly Monarch whose sway was at once so extended and so indisputable as yours, yet whom so few of his subjects properly respected. Nevertheless, this ignorant and impertinent indifference appears not in the least to hurt your feelings; for, proudly conscious of the tremendous sway which you veritably exercise over so large a portion of mankind, you are satisfied to dispense with those mere forms of submission so rigidly exacted by weaker potentates. Nay, you had much rather dispense with your subjects' acknowledgments

altogether; for in very many cases where such acknowledgments have been made, you have known them followed by profane abjuration and revolt, which naturally you consider the heaviest of all misfortunes. Wherefore, to descend to ignobler examples, you resemble many a clever woman, who, while ruling in fact absolutely a vain husband, allows him to imagine that he is ruling her. Thus your empire may be said to be built up of cajolery and dissimulation, after the most approved pattern cut out by your prince of ministers Machiavelli. Its extent is truly enormous, embracing subjects of all nationalities, of heterogeneous opinions, and of every species of vice.

Nevertheless, it vexeth us to see in what dishonour you are held by those who owe you most, so much so that we have often been tempted to wish that we might be under an obligation to your Majesty, in order to set an example of gratitude and esteem. But, since for this reason we are precluded from paying you a tribute on our own account, we hasten to seize the present opportunity of offering for your acceptance our great work, in the name of the following individuals, your most prominent living subjects, whose permission, we need scarcely add, we have for obvious reasons thought proper not to ask. In the name of M. Émile Zola, who is now universally believed by his friends and enemies alike to be more hopelessly astray than anyone else on earth; of Mr. Algernon Charles Swinburne, who, by his earlier poems, has evidently bid hard for the post of laureate at your court; of Mr. Herbert Spencer, a philosopher as jealous of his originality as a blackleg of his honour; of Mr. Frederick Harrison, the most orthodox metropolitan of your realms; of Herr Eduard von Hart-

mann, your public executioner; of the Grand Lama, the most prominent representative of paganism; of the Sultan of Turkey, Isalm's chief; of M. Rénan, the greatest of the deists; of Baron Rothschild, a sufficiently renowned Jew; of General Booth, your well paid jester; of the chiefs of the Lutheran and Calvinist sects, whoever they may be; and, lastly, in the name of Her most gracious Majesty Queen Victoria, head of the English Church and veritable origin of the popular legend of Pope Joan.

Deign to accept, then, your Majesty, this book from the hands of the eminent personages whom we have named, and confess that we have most ingeniously discovered a means of making your subjects acknowledge, without their being in danger of abjuring, your supremacy. For we cannot be so sanguine as to imagine that anything which we might write could for a moment induce them to abandon their favourite error.

"Vanity (which is your clearest phasis of the Devil, in these times)."—Carlyle *Sartor Resartus*, Book iii., Chap. vi.

"It is the night of the world, and still long till it be day: we wander amid the glimmer of smoking ruins, and the sun and the stars of Heaven are as if blotted out for a season; and two immeasurable Phantoms, *Hypocrisy* and *Atheism*, with the Gowl *Sensuality*, stalk abroad over the Earth and call it theirs."—*Ibid.* Chap. xii.

MORGANTE THE LESSER.

BOOK I.

GENEALOGY.

"Hinc orti stirpe antiquissima sumus."—*Cicero, de Legibus*, ii. 1.

THE family of the most notorious Morgante is of prodigiously ancient descent. Compared with it, such houses as the Hapsburgs, the Bourbons, the Guelphs, the Hohenzollerns, the Romanoffs, nay, the Imperial house of China itself, fade into intolerable meanness—in fact, appear no better than the house of, let us say, Boulanger appears beside themselves. This is only just. For have not Morgante's ancestors been notorious from almost the earliest epoch of the world's history? Verily, they were wont to attract a good deal of attention, when the deeds of the others, and of many even greater dynasties now extinct, were not so much as woven in the roaring loom of time. They were, moreover, exceedingly ubiquitous, contriving in each successive generation to be resident in that particular nation or city which at the time created most stir in civilization. In this way the family was truly cosmopolitan, and imbued with the spirit of culture for Show's sake.

Although we have every reason to believe that it flourished earlier, the first authentic records which we possess, of its wise influence for promoting the welfare of mankind, relate of how one Arashdolt,—noble ancestor from whom all have subsequently descended—was very assiduous in his exertions at the construction of that most useful edifice, the Tower of Babel, and especially how he delighted to temper with his hands and feet, and to carry to the masons the slime, which was used instead of mortar in the building of the same.

We are then vaguely told how the family, amid many vicissitudes, contrived to hold up its head for some centuries —how it migrated into Egypt, where, with its naturally marvellous adaptability to circumstances, it espoused the extreme materialistic paganism of the Pharaohs—how, again, it went over to the land of the Philistines (this last legend we are inclined to doubt, as the whole race has always expressed a horror of Philistinism)—how it was next heard of in China and India where it gradually enveloped in a network of gross materialism the system of Buddha—how from thence it migrated to Persia, there to pursue with less success a similar course.

About the sixth century B.C., the Greeks began to obtain a celebrity for philosophical speculations. The early Ionic philosophers, Thales and Anaximander, attracted the attention of the civilized world by their various theories concerning the first, the primitive ground of all things. The first held that this principle was water. The second that it was the eternal infinite indefinite ground, from which in order of time all arises, and into which all returns. Then, true to its traditions, did Morgante's extraordinary family appear in this new philosophical arena in the person of one Anax-

anemos, who declared that Thales and Anaximander were both hopelessly astray, and that he alone had discovered the first principle, which he forthwith triumphantly proclaimed to be the unlimited, all-embracing, ever-moving wind, from which by rerefaction and condensation everything else is formed. Illustrious instance of the occult and tremendous operations of heredity! Here, well nigh two thousand five hundred years ago, is given by an ancestor, feebly, if you will, but still unmistakably, the first hint of that stupendous system which his notorious descendant in modern times developed with such mighty advantage to himself.

About one hundred years later, there arose into great prominence among the same people another ancestor named Atomocritus, on account of a certain theory he held that all nature consisted of an infinitude of atoms separated by empty space—that the atoms representing something, and the empty space representing nothing, were both one as much as the other possessed of objective reality—ergo, that "being is by nothing more real than nothing!" Steeped in naturalism, he vehemently opposed the νοῦς or reason of Anaxagoras, substituting in its stead ἀνάγκη, viz., absolute predestination or necessity. (Observe the singular foreshadowing of the doctrines of certain distinguished seventeenth century reformers—also members of this wonderful family.) It is moreover related of Atomocritus that he was much given to laughing, whereby his notorious descendant resembled him eminently.

The next celebrated member of the house, following close on the last, was a certain Protegorass, who held as his leading principle that man is the measure of all things, or otherwise the choice doctrine of the enormous importance of

each man to his own particular self—that whatever he perceives and feels must be true—that as regards theory "there exists no other relation to the external world than sensation of sense, and for practice no other than the gratification of sense"—that since sensation varies with many people, and often indeed in one person, it is impossible to affirm or deny the truth of anything whatever—that there is no difference between the good and the bad, &c, &c. This wonderful teacher was, moreover, the inventor of self-consciousness—the pet quality of superior persons in general—a quality which afterwards we shall see the most notorious Morgante materialised in a remarkable manner.

Gorgiass—son of the preceding—taught that nothing exists, or that, if it does, it cannot be known. His great work "Of the Non-existent, or of Nature," was renowned throughout the ancient world for its marvellous sagacity and usefulness. He was, indeed, a most ostentatious and magnificent personage. His speeches and usual discourse were embellished by the most ornamental metaphores and strange unheard-of phraseology. To him the phrase was everything. He considered it of the first importance to invent something (a combination of words, so to speak) which would sound beautifully bizarre, and then, in the name of Zeus, to let the meaning take care of itself. He was prodigiously respected by his contemporaries, who derived the greatest comfort from his teachings respecting right and wrong; for at that time the Athenians were beginning to discover the profound wisdom of each attending strictly to his own private interest at the expense of that of the Commonwealth, rightly judging that, what was everybody's business, was nobody's business, and that gratification of

selfwill and securing of private advantage were the best and the most agreeable for the stomach of mankind.

Another ancestor was one Bolus, who, with his brother Thrastomachus, taught that Might was the law of nature—that the unrespecting gratification of desire was the natural right of the stronger—that the institution of restrictive laws was the cunning invention of the weaker. And descended from the last of these was the ardent Kakistippus, the champion of pleasure as the aim of life and the chief good. According to his teaching, all moral restrictions, in so far as they interfered with pleasure, were to be rigorously disregarded; nothing that conduced to pleasure could possibly be wrong; a denial of this doctrine could be nothing more than mere opinion or prejudice.

The degeneracy of the Greeks, thanks to the wise meddling of this wonderful family, had now become an accomplished fact. In thought, subjectivity reigned triumphant, and each personage exalted his own important individuality upon the ruins of patriotism.

Such divided and desultory ambitions naturally resulted in political slavery. Thus the once glorious Hellas had now fallen to the position of a mere province, when there arose in her midst the next famous ancestor of this line, Epimpurus by name. He formed around him a private society of disciples, bound together in close ties of friendship, who upheld the noble principles of quiet social intercourse in preference to patriotic and public action. Naively unconscious of any moral destiny in man, he pronounced virtue to have no value in itself, but to be of use only in so far as it led to an agreeable life. Truly there is nothing new in the world!

After him we hear of no other ancestor of Morgante among this people. Greece had fallen, and her philosophy had degenerated into an impotent scepticism—an imposing wreck, indeed, effected by the skilful and consistent tactics of this most useful family, which, loyal to its ancient traditions, now abandoned the degenerate country like rats a sinking ship.

We find the next celebrated ancestor settled in Rome, in the person of a poet named Liescreechius. His verse, for the most part, is but poor stuff, and is very secondary in importance to the philosophy which it expresses, and which, for originality and depth, is wholly unique and invaluable. For, as will be seen, this great thinker owes nothing to any previous philosopher—

Nil fieri ex nihilo, in nihilum nil posse reverti.

This is the profound leading thought of his system. He then exhibits marvellous invention in defining the universe as consisting of an infinite number of atoms in a void of infinite extent. Subsequently he denies the immortality of the soul, which he considers just so much part of a human being as the limbs or other members. What superb metaphysics!

Having now triumphantly poisoned and exterminated all ancient philosophy, this useful family set about seeing what it could accomplish in the same way against the life of Christianity, which now began to grow into great vigour throughout the world. With what success it engaged in this most profitable work we shall see in the following brief narrative of the actions of its most notorious members,

culminating in the all important history of its last, most notorious member, to wit, the prodigious, the flatulent, yea, the most notorious Morgante.

For many ages from this time forth, the family appears to have abandoned its traditions of materialism, and to have been amply satisfied if only it could start and keep alive sufficiently important errors of any kind, which might tend to weaken the Christian Church. In truth, the promulgation of a materialist philosophy was as yet premature. Later on, when the way had been paved by centuries of heresy in almost every conceivable shape, it will be seen how this elevating and dormant principle stalked forth again into the light. Therefore, it is only necessary to mention just the names of the chief scions of this illustrious house during the early and middle ages, until we arrive at the period of that great error which has borne such wonderful fruit in our time.

Thus, in the first century, we hear of Montanus and the two females, Maximilla and Priscilla, undoubted members of the family. In the second century come Simon Magus, the Gnostic, and Praxeas, the originator in its first form of Sabellianism. In the third, Noetus of Smyrna, Epigonus, Cleomines, Sabellius, the latter of whom, changing the doctrine of the former four, stamped it with his own name. We also hear about the same time of one Novatian, a celebrated scion of another branch. The fourth century produces Donatus, the renowned Arius, and Photinus. The fifth Palagius, Nestorius, Timothy the Cat, Peter the Stammerer, and Peter the Fuller, the last three of Monophysite fame. The sixth Philoponus, the leader of the Tritheists. The seventh the Monothelites, Sergius, Cyrus, Pyrrhus, Paul, &c., and the

Paulicians, Silvanus, Simeon, Sergius, Chrysocheir and Baanes. In the eighth we have the Iconoclast Emperors, Leo III. and his son Constantine V. In the ninth the Greek Schismatic Photius. In the tenth John Zimisces and the Bulgarians. In the eleventh Berengarius, who, however, recanted before he died. In the twelfth Peter de Bruys and Henricus, leaders of the Petrobrusians. In the thirteenth the notorious "wound of Christendom," the Emperor Frederic II., deposed by the Council of Lyons, but reconciled to the Church before his death. In the fourteenth Wycliff, the founder of those merry Lollards, who were the first to discover the wonderful and alluring art of canting. In the fifteenth the Bohemian John Huss; when also was born, November the 10th, 1483, Martin Luther, whose teaching, as we shall see, has proved of such exceptional value to mankind.

The sixteenth century will ever be remarkable for that widespread and most useful movement, actively promoted by Luther, Calvin, Melanchthon, and other ancestors of Morgante, viz., the Reformation, so called because it laboured to free the human mind from the trammels of authority; to make every man his own theologian, and consequently of first importance to his own particular self; to foster irresponsible speculations; and generally to disorganise the forces and discipline of the Christian Church.

This wonderful movement is particularly memorable, because, unlike other heresies, which died out gradually, their members returning again to the Church, it seems early to have developed a spirit of antagonism to Christianity altogether. For the notorious family, now for the first time after centuries of laudable activity and preparation, feels

that it may safely return to its ancient traditions of materialism, scepticism, &c.

Henceforth, then, it will be found to take its stand upon these principles alone, leaving to its less adventurous followers the burden of maintaining the comparatively minor errors of mere doctrinal differences from the Church. Thus the next ancestors, Pompousitius, who sought to disturb belief in the immortality of the soul, and the Pantheists, Pruno and Vainini, will serve as proofs of what we assert. In the seventeenth century occurs another great Pantheistic ancestor, to wit, the Hebrew Spinaso, of *nose-fame*, who, having taken a severe cold in his head, became so constipated in the region of the nostrils and brain by catarrhal substance, that he forthwith gave vent to a sublime series of mental hallucinations, whose purport seemed to indicate that he believed in naught but substances, and that substance alone was the Deity and ruler of the Universe. He never recovered that cold, which, turning to a consumption, rapidly carried him off at an early age.

There also flourished at this time in England another member of the family, Tubbes by name, a most pronounced materialist; and yet another, Blocke the realist, son of the former.

"*Nihil est in intellectu, quod non fuerit in sensu*" was this profound philosopher's motto. He declared that all knowledge sprung from the impression made upon the mind by material things, and became the worthy sire of those transcendent spirits who have immortalized the eighteenth century. The first of these was Spume, the infidel Scot, who considered the soul merely a complex of ideas, which vanished away like froth at the death of the body. Hellvicious,

another scion, set up as a moral standard the satisfaction of sensuous desire. Another, my Lord Viscount Cunningmoke, developed a further marvellous metaphysic, which amounted to just this, that all which he himself happened not to know must necessarily not be. He in turn was father to the dazzling and versatile Boltair, who gave the first hint of the great art of swallowing wind, and from whom the merry humours of Morgante may undoubtedly be traced. Boltair, although he never would acknowledge it, was related to La Matière, the most blatant of atheists, who was father to the Baron Foulbach and his brethren, the reputed authors of that useful and edifying book, "*Système de la Nature*," where, in addition to the most aggressive atheism and materialism, is inculcated a doctrine of self-love and self-interest as the highest imaginable morality. Truly, the metaphysic of the most notorious Morgante came not suddenly upon the world!

The next ancestor was a poet named Jelly, who at the beginning of the nineteenth century shook, melted, stiffened, shrieked, squirted, and blasphemed with prodigious versatility and vigour. He was in truth a mighty moral teacher, whose views are kept alive and expounded for the good of humanity even at the present day by a body known all over the world as the "Jelly Society."

After him there arose in France one Auguste Baron, the inventor of the system of evolution. This man was a most respectable atheist, and has succeeded in founding a school of very superior persons, who are justly proud of themselves and of each other, in that they claimed to set the *ton* in culture, taste, and disbelief.

This great philosopher had a son born in England named

Fitz Ego, who is chiefly renowned for being the father of the most notorious Morgante.

Nevertheless, this Fitz Ego was, in his own person, a truly great man, in spite of the apparent conspiracy of the world to ignore his splendid qualities of head and heart; and of this important fact he was himself abundantly conscious. In outward appearance he was tall and thin. His legs were weak and very much bent inward at the knees. His shoulders were slanting. His neck was long, and balanced most deftly at its summit a remarkably capital head, which towered up prodigiously at its rear. His nose was short and turned up. His mouth had an indescribable air of superciliousness. His eyes were very close set, yet at the same time almost twisted outward on to the sides of his head, because the latter was marvellously narrow. In fine, as he walked springing high on his toes down the street, his demeanour was very strikingly refined; for he had stamped upon him most indelibly the much coveted characteristic of being indeed a superior person. So much for his exterior. His interior or mental gifts, as well as his natural disposition, were equally attractive and remarkable. His intellect, if not very profound, was well balanced and serene. His memory, if not large, was tenacious of what it could hold. His will, if vacillating, veered about for his own satisfaction. His disposition, if cold to many, was monstrously affectionate and affable to the few who praised him to his face. If he was no statesman, he was a good housekeeper. If he was unfitted for the navy or army, he could tie papers neatly in red tape. If he had no literary talent, he was an able journalist. If he propounded nothing new in philosophy, he was advanced in his disbelief.

If he was no artist, he was a good actor. If he was ignorant of law, he was learned in etiquette. If he knew nothing of physic, he was a loud champion of patent medicines. If he was no sportsman, he was most keen and skilful at catching fleas. Lastly, if he was a dull companion among men, he was naturally domestic and generally liked by women. Such, then, was the man, about whose greater gifts—nay, about whose very existence—history is silent, but to whose sterling worth we are thus compelled to do tardy justice. A bachelor, he lived the well-balanced rational life of a superior person, until he arrived at about the age of five-and-thirty, when he bethought himself of not deferring any longer the important step, marriage, which he naturally considered the crowning business of a complete existence. And as he considered the matter, the more he became convinced that such a step should by no means be taken in a hurry. He therefore deliberated long, and consulted exhaustively his various and numerous acquaintances concerning the *pros* and *cons* of the matrimonial state before he decided in a general way that he would marry. Next, he set about to search for a superior person with means, who might prove suitable for a wife. He was likewise convinced of the advisability, when he should have found such a person, of not marrying the same in haste, but determined still to wait a further considerable time, so that he might become thoroughly acquainted with the lady's disposition and temper. So commendable a resolution could only have been formed by a person who would surely have the power to carry it out.

It was a considerable time before he discovered the person of his choice. Among the spinsters of his acquaintance

he knew of none who approached altogether to his ideal of womanhood. He was enormously fastidious because he was such a monstrously superior person. There were but few females whom he thought good enough for him. Not that he was a misogynist, in whose sight every feminine charm or coquetry appears inexpressibly ludicrous and despicable—far from it. No one was so impressionable as the gentle, superior Fitz Ego. He was only extremely particular in his choice.

In this state of search and indecision, then, he hovered about seeking introductions here, avoiding parties there, and meeting with disappointments everywhere, until well nigh despairing of ever being able to suit himself, he almost resolved to relinquish the pursuit. Then, all of a sudden, he met his fate in the shape of the person who was to be his consort. It was at a fancy ball that this incident, so momentous for mankind, took place.

On that occasion Fitz Ego, yellow-stockinged and cross-gartered, impersonated the famous Steward Malvolio. The character eminently suited his style; and as he slowly, on springing toes, paraded the brilliant saloon, and smiled in a manner unspeakably bewitching, he looked the perfection of superior refinement and grace. While thus stalking and smiling, he became magnetically aware of the presence and fascination of another in a costume as strange and characteristic as his own. This other was a female, who represented Ophelia in the mad scene—an impersonation which evidently came most natural to her genius; for, arrayed in a shapeless white robe, her glassy eyes wandering, her blood-red hair wildly dishevelled, from which straws stuck out and waved with each motion of her proud head, she seemed the

very incarnation of vehemence and derangement. Their mutual attachment was instantaneous and complete.

She threw herself at his feet. He raised her and bowed. It was impossible for the company to restrain their emotions! He inquired of her her name—who was her father? who was her mother? She told him that she was called Amentia, that her parents came from the same stock as his own, that she adored him, because he was superior to all the superior persons whom she had ever met. He could not resist the appeal, and although he had only just made her acquaintance, and she had naught to speak of for dowry, he married her by special licence on the following day.

After his marriage, Fitz Ego retired with Amentia to live on a considerable estate which belonged to him in an out-of-the-way part of England. There he took out the Commission of the Peace, made himself very busy at the neighbouring Poor Law Board, of which he was a member, and by judicious management of the Custos Rutulorum, caused himself to be elevated to the exalted and coveted dignity of Deputy-Lieutenant.

One of his first pleasant surprises of matrimony was the discovery in his wife of an altogether ferocious temper. Yet he loved her, and was very—very happy; she sneered at him before his visitors, and barged him before the servants; yet still he was very—very happy; she knocked off his hat before the labourers, and kicked it about the fields, yet still he was very—very happy; she banged him about whenever the caprice entered her head, yet still he was very—very happy. Finally, she ruled him most absolutely, and he was ever very—very happy.

She was unquestionably a woman of genius. She never

troubled about the management of anything inside or outside of the mansion, making her husband attend to the housekeeping as well as to all other work. Her principle business in life was the reading of romances, from which she occasionally sought relaxation by writing long letters to her female acquaintances, and by singing to the banjo, whereon she thrummed hardily. The romances which she devoured were full of the most unnatural and absurd invention, such as, for instance, the Arabian Night's Entertainment, Amadis of Gaul, the novels of Emile Zola, Spanish Legends of Chivalry, Icelandic Sagas, The Adventures of Baron Munchausan, Jack the Giant Killer, &c. However, the work in which she took most delight was the Morgante Maggiore of Pulci, which she read and re-read, until her brain reeled with the fantastic visions it excited in her sympathetic imagination.

The deeds of giants were her especial diversion. She never tired of fancying the world peopled by a race of such glorious beings, who might rove about knocking down ordinary mortals and changing existing institutions.

After a time it got wind throughout the land that she was what is conventionally termed in an interesting condition, which blew up a veritable flutter of interest in each feminine heart. To the inquiries of the anxious and the curious, Fitz Ego solemnly shook his head, and Amentia smirked as she said that the event, to use a colloquialism, would take place at such and such a period hence. But lo! the promised time arrived and passed away, and nothing came of it; and a good deal more time passed.

Meanwhile, Amentia indulged more and more her caprice, dreamt the strangest of dreams, and became subject to the

most transcendent hallucinations. She insisted upon the doors being taken from their hinges and the sashes from the windows, in order that the air might have free play throughout the house. She would daily run, dance, and leap, showing feats of activity of which none would have heretofore believed her capable. She would ride off to the meets of the neighbouring foxhounds, and then, although never accustomed to the saddle before, would lead the hunt over the highest and strongest fences and gates, and across the broadest and deepest brooks, to the wonderment of all beholders. Descending on one occasion the gorgeous front staircase of her house, she bounded in her impatience over the balustrade from a height of at least twenty feet into the hall beneath, where she landed as lightly as a child's toy bladder in the presence of her surprised and terrified lord.

When he recovered his stupefaction he endeavoured to remonstrate with her for this and other imprudences; but she met his remonstrances with such paroxysms of rage and such volleys of virtuperation, that he deemed it wiser to thwart her wishes no more, especially as she never seemed the worse for her numerous strange performances.

Her dreams were many and truly marvellous. She dreamt of giants and of cities and of caves, and of pinnacles and of towers and of cocks and of bulls and of tubs. She dreamt of "posthumous activity" among innumerable atheists; of how she could "live for others in life" and "live in others after death." She dreamt of the future notoriety of that son whom she was soon to bring forth. She dreamt of his prodigious labours, of his wisdom and of his popularity. Lastly, she dreamt that she was delivered of a balloon, which rising swiftly high into the air burst and disappeared.

Imagination that with the dullest at such times is enlivened, became now with her truly epic in its variety and hugeness. She imagined that she was queen of the air, and ascending to the house-top would there harangue the weather-cock, which she called her brother, promising in the most endearing language that, if he would but keep still and speak to her, she would give him such a charm as might save him much fatigue by always causing the wind to blow from that point which best suited his convenience. Then seeing him too agitated to attend to her words, "My brother," quoth she, "thou art sorely annoyed. I will at once then give thee the charm that shall direct the course of the wind as thou desirest." Whereupon she produced the charm in the shape of a ten-penny nail, which she wedged in tight between her brother and the pivot whereupon he turned, thus rendering him stolidly defiant to every change of the breeze.

Her love too of reading wonderful romances, a fact which we have previously mentioned, gained redoubled strength and activity at this interesting period. She had latterly almost wholly devoted her attention to the "Morgante Maggiore" of Pulci. She would pour for hours and hours over its pages, lost in admiration at the strange events told therein: not that she understood or cared to understand its drift, whereby she gave unmistakable proofs of her genius, but simply allowing her imagination to become intoxicated with the feats of the giant Morgante, she lost cognisance of all realities, and created for herself from the fruitful materials in her brain a fictitious world of giants and enchantment. Thus she read with avidity and declaimed addressing imaginary giants through the house, and often she longed that she

might give birth to a real giant, who should indeed astonish the world. Then what began by imagination and longing, by degrees became absolute conviction: for rising with a burst of genius beyond the limits of Space and Time, she at last firmly believed that she herself was destined to become the mother of Morgante. It was as nothing that a Morgante existed before, at least, in fiction: she was perfectly persuaded that she was his mother.

Moreover, she imagined at times that she was a gas holder. She imagined at others that she was a Scotch bag-pipe; and would utter most horrible screams in imitation of that hideous instrument. Yea, she imagined she was this; she imagined she was that; in fact, there is no telling what she did not imagine.

We mention these marvellous facts because we wish to show that, in common with the mothers of other great geniuses and benefactors of their race, this queen of women received the most sublime poetical inspirations and foreknowledge of her future son's exalted mission. It would not be right or proper in this history, which is to us a labour of reverence and of love, to allow such wonders to rest in oblivion. We have therefore recorded them in a spirit of simplicity and truth to the best of our ability.

Thus three years (an impossible time, we grant, under any circumstances less exceptional) passed away in agreeable anticipation for Fitz Ego. He was very—very happy. While in bachelor days, he had had his ambitions like most men; but these ambitions now were dissipated and scattered to the winds in the plenitude of his adoration for this beautiful and accomplished woman—an undeniable proof of their reality and strength. Indeed, he was very—very happy. In

the evenings both would sit on either side of the broad fireplace in the large drawing-room, the furniture heaped up and safely covered from the action of the elements, which had free play through the demolished windows and doorless thresholds. Their conversation, when unbroken by hours of silence and meditation, would turn upon subjects profound and diverse. And one evening they sat as usual, while a violent gale of wind, sweeping over the park and through the dismantled house, threatened every moment to lift the roof from the wall-plates. She extended her arms in an ecstacy of delight and awe at the ravages of the tempest. He, in a faded Scotch cap, an old ulster, and a parti-coloured plaid, sought shelter behind a heavy screen, which was with every gust blown violently down upon him. Under such circumstances, it was difficult for them to speak so that they might each hear the other. They therefore, as was their wont in rough weather, addressed to each other all observations through large speaking-trumpets, such as are commonly used by ship-captains for giving orders to their crew. Their conversation on this occasion was more interesting and significant than heretofore. They began, as was their wont, with remarks upon the weather. She burst forth into exclamations of joy when she saw the havoc which the storm was making. He answered, adding with tender solicitude his enquiries, whether she did not feel chilly, clothed as she was in such light garments. She replied that she did not; that the cooling effects of wind were beneficial both to the outer and inner person. Hereupon she swallowed a huge gulp of air. Whereat her husband mildly remonstrated, declaring that wind impaired the digestive organs, and was productive of inward pains. She retaliated by

proving, on the contrary, its truly benevolent action, and in confirmation of her assertion cited the opinions of grave physicians. He returned to the charge with a list on his side of opinions culled from equally eminent authorities. The argument waxed hot and brilliant, because of the splendid learning, logic, and rhetoric displayed by both parties.

At last Amentia, feeling that she was getting worsted in the war of words, lost all control over her temper, and with a defiant wave of her trumpet at Fitz Ego, began out of sheer perversity to swallow mouthful after mouthful of air as fast as she possibly could. Wherefore her head visibly began to distend before the eyes of her terrified husband, until it became well nigh as large as a waste-paper basket. At last she ceased swallowing wind, for the obvious reason that she was utterly unable to contain any more; and as she arose from her chair, her demeanour was verily appalling and sublime. There was a moment of ominous silence. Then with tightly closed eyelids she began to gesticulate vehemently, all the while bellowing like a cow. Distracted, Fitz Ego summoned the domestics for assistance. They came and helped to quiet her distemper. In apoplectic accents she asked for her handkerchief. They brought her a huge one of red cotton. Then did she blow her nose ten times with such deafening noise as shook the walls of the house and brought down the rain from the sky; and at each blow her head gradually became less, until it almost returned to its normal size. A pale fear flitted across the mind of Fitz Ego.

"Gracious," cried he, "is the result of all this inconvenience to be nothing but wind?"

He was happily mistaken; for at the eleventh blow, which was louder and more terrible than any of the preceding, Amentia triumphantly held forth in the handkerchief an exceedingly small male infant, that had the appearance for all the world of a well-grown toad.

BOOK II.

THE WONDERFUL CHILD.

"The child is father of the man."—*Wordsworth.*

In our anxiety to relate faithfully the soul-moving episodes at the close of the last Book, we neglected anything like due mention of the babe. Henceforth his life and notorious deeds shall form the principal theme of this work, which we are convinced is destined to a world-wide celebrity and to an immortality ending only with the extinction of the human race; not that we for a moment imagine that our homely manner of diction warrants our giving utterance to such a belief; but having once heard an aphorism of a distinguished Frenchman, somewhat to this effect, that a person possessed of a great subject is safe to find a sufficient style for the expression thereof, we feel convinced that the sublime and marvellous nature of the subject in question will in itself be more than enough to establish for this chronicle an undying fame. Of course we leave ourselves open to the taunt of several captious readers, viz., that historians are sure to start up after us, many of whom writing on the same topic will certainly pick holes in our narrative, and prove by undeniable documents and authorities that we have been altogether wrong, blinded and foolish: but we have at least this consolation in anticipating their rancour; namely by now telling them that we have spent several years in collecting every

available document relative to this question, and that at the close of our great work we shall destroy such documents, thereby constituting this chronicle the sole document whereon the learned of future ages may build the fantastic edifice of their historical theories and speculations. We act thus,—partly, we are half ashamed to confess, because we wish to have no seeming rivals in the domain of veracity, partly (indeed mainly) because knowing the immense trouble and controversy which existing documents cause to the writers of history, as well as the lamentable results produced by the wholesale white-washing of certain famous characters of bygone times, (characters, who are without doubt really most infamous), we have decided that we ought to destroy our documents, thereby diminishing as far as lies in our power the number of such dangerous commodities. But this is a digression.

When the first stupefaction of intense surprise had gradually passed, Fitz Ego and the domestics pressed round in order to inspect the babe. He was doubtless very small, and somewhat unusual in shape and limb. His hips were enormously large and broad for his size, and his belly unproportionably capacious and deep. On the other hand he had a very small chest with shoulders that were so narrow and sloping that they merged altogether into his long neck, at the extremity of which was an apology for a head, consisting of a mouth, a nose, two ears, and two wide open eyes; but there was no trace of a cranium. His legs and arms, which were all about the same length, were thick and sturdy for the noble babe that he was.

They immediately dispatched a messenger for Dr. Galen M'Guesswork, a local practitioner, M.D. of Glasgow, and

consequently of vast learning and skill, in order that he might advise and act for the welfare of this unspeakable prodigy. The great man arrived, and expressed no kind of surprise at what they told him or what he saw with his own eyes. He was one of the greatest masters of physical science of the age, to whom all the mysteries of biology were perfectly well known; and he now assured the delighted parents that there was nothing radically deficient about their babe which science could not immediately set right.

"You see," quoth he, "that the child only wants brains. Well, I assure you, such a deficiency is by no means uncommon with a very large proportion of mankind of all ranks and stations; nor has it heretofore been altogether unknown for that deficiency to be supplied by other people. Pay me well therefore, and I will undertake to fit him with such a brain as shall astonish the multitudes of his time."

They thanked him with the most effusive gratitude, and promised to reward him handsomely, if he should succeed in the great operation which he was about to perform upon the babe. Then, as he got ready his instruments and ingredients, he continued speaking thus:

"You are not to expect that this child, because it is born of the brain, must necessarily be endowed with sense. I have known many such children, who, by reason of their hopeless idiotcy, have been condemned to a miserable existence of obscurity and neglect, when no master surgeon could be found to supply the elements of a successful life."

He produced a mortar into which he placed some *Holloway's Ointment* that cures everything, also some *Gregory's Powders, Locock's Wafers, Keating's Lozenges, Roche's Em-*

brocation, Dalby's Carminative, Winslow's Soothing Syrup, Hippo Lozenges, Widow Walsh's Pills, Poor Man's Friend, Powell's Balsam of Aniseed, Granular Magnesia, Exly's Ginger, Poor Man's Cough Drops, Fragrant Tincture of Myrrh, and a dash of *Hop Bitters.* These he pounded and kneaded with a pestle until he formed a heavy paste, similar in appearance to putty. He then asked that one of the peacocks in the pleasure ground might be killed, as he wanted its brain. They wrung the neck of the noisiest bird, as of the whole brood the one least to be regretted, whose unearthly screams for nights past were wont to murder sleep to the establishment. When they brought its head to the doctor, he skilfully removed the whole brain intact, which he gently laid upon that part of the babe where it was wanting. Then taking the paste, which he had just prepared, he modelled, with the nice art of a sculptor, a most perfect cranium over the brain, having due regard to emphasize those bumps that phrenologists assert are indicative of the highest intellectual faculties. Next, this cranium he covered with a tight fitting elastic cap, and then, with a strong pair of bellows, administered several judicious and well-directed puffs into the babe, which had the effect of at once blowing him up before the eyes of all to the size and semblance of a child at least twelve months old. Whereupon, removing the elastic cap, and examining carefully the cranium, he held the latter close to the hot coal-fire in the grate until it was baked into a very thick hard skull. After this the nurse dipped the head into a pan of cold water to cool it; and then scrubbed the babe all over. When they dried him Dr. Galen M'Guesswork took from his chest some of Mrs. Allen's World's Hair Restorer, which everybody knows will make

hair grow upon anything, and rubbed it long and copiously all over the cranium; whereat there shot forth at once such a bountiful crop of silky black curls that a barber had to be summoned in order to cut them to a convenient shortness. At the end of these wonderful operations the father and mother and attendants who had watched the whole proceedings with the keenest interest, could not restrain their sentiments of enthusiasm and gratitude at the manifest success which had been achieved; and their admiration was divided between the stupendous science of the physician, and the marvellous efficacy of those patent medicines which have justly earned such celebrity in our day.

"Now that I have blown him up so successfully," quoth the doctor, "I think you may safely allow time and circumstances to do the rest. Believe me, he will be found to progress in size and intelligence very fast, until he becomes a veritable giant. Meanwhile, we must cram him with plenty of wholesome nourishment in order that his growth may not in any wise be impaired."

Complete in all his component parts the babe began to roar, scream, bellow, kick and strike out after the manner of babes when they are hungry: pretty creatures! Wherefore they fed him from an oscillating cylinder (for want of a feeding-bottle of sufficient size) with the speculations of his ancestors diluted in a mixture of asses' and of sow's milk. Upon this rare diet, to which he took most naturally, he did thrive mighty well, so that in a very few days, he grew to nearly twice the size he was when he began it.

Then seeing him in a fair way to become a monstrous prodigy, his father and mother bethought themselves of the necessity of naming him by some appellation which would

redound to his credit in life. Fitz Ego thought that he could not do better than call the child after himself. Amentia, on the contrary, insisted in the most determined manner that he must be called Morgante. "I am the mother of Morgante," she cried, "this is Morgante, my Morgante. I shall never call him anything else, for he is Morgante." And so she carried her point, being of the two even the cleverest and most sensible, as it is said is always the case with the wife—an assertion we unhesitatingly believe, since it comes on the authority of divers ladies! The babe was accordingly named Morgante; and there was found for him a vague sponsor in the person of one Canon Chaos, an eminent Broad Church Divine.

After three months, then, Morgante was so well grown, thanks to his marvellous capability of nourishing himself, that he far surpassed in bulk every other child of his age. With surprising rapidity he cut a whole set of sharp black teeth, which event he signalised by chewing up and swallowing with the greatest ease the iron oscillating cylinder.

After this grand feat, worthy in every way of an infant Hercules, the proud father and mother considered that his stomach was strong enough to hold solid food;—so, with the advice of Dr. Galen M'Guesswork, they now fed him on huge chunks of manufactured facts, on strained conclusions, on highly seasoned epigrams, on sweet expectations, the whole washed down by copious draughts of frothy words. He was truly a most carefully reared child, which accounted as much as anything for the prodigious growth he kept making continually. It was very beautiful to see him lying in his cot which was gaily surmounted by gooses' feathers and a number of little bells, with his thumbs stuck in his

pretty mouth during those short intervals when he paused from taking refreshment. He was remarkably quiet when he did not bellow, and he never bellowed except when he was neither eating nor sleeping.

In a short time now he began to "take notice"—a phrase which, we presume, means that his intellect began to discriminate between this and that; whereupon with this awakening of sagacity there arose in his breast an irrepressible desire that all others should "take notice" of him. He was really a most astonishingly clever child for his age. If he were in a room with company and the latter diverted their attention even for a moment from him, he would immediately set up such a bellowing that all very quickly bethought themselves of their duty again to such an interesting infant: for his roar was like the sound of the morning hooter that summons in manufacturing towns the artisan to his labour. He was particularly fond of the society of smartly dressed and pretty young ladies, and sought by every means in his power (and he was most engaging) to monopolise all their favours. He would amble before them, he would kiss hands to them, he would coo at them, he would point at them, and beg mutely that they might caress him. Then after he had received all manner of sweet words and kisses from these beautiful creatures, he would besmear them with nastiness, and laugh and scream and throw up his arms in delight at his own extreme cleverness; and his mother would join in his hilarity; for she saw in this pleasing trick, as in everything else he did, only a confirmation of her conviction as to what he was one day to become.

At an extraordinarily early age he acquired the art of

speaking. His first words were not (as is usual with young children) papa or mamma or father and mother (whatever formula may be previously determined upon in the family and so taught to the child), but Morgante, Morgante; and all his parents' efforts to make him address them were in vain: for until he had exhausted every laudatory adjective he could pick up in connection with his own dear cognomen, which he repeated continually for a long lapse of time, he could not be brought to utter any expression that could relate to any other subject.

Later on, when he was able to articulate, speak and converse with greater ease and fluency, it was judged advisable that he should be placed under a preceptress or governess: who would initiate him in the elements of education. When some score or two of candidates for the post of honour had been carefully inspected by Amentia, one was at last chosen on account of her conspicuous acquirements and the stately dignity of her manner and bearing. She was a widow named Mrs. Bouncewell, tall, straight and more than inclined to obesity. Her tone and conversation were aristocratic and severe: when she entered a room she bowed to the company, and then proceeded with a series of little hops as if her limbs consisted of wire springs.

The child Morgante immediately took a great liking to his governess,—a fact that shows pre-eminently the beginning of his marvellous insight into and appreciation of what is noblest in the human character; an insight which, as we shall see, was developed afterwards to an unheard-of extent. During his first lesson he behaved in such a manner as astonished her.

Having never received any literary instruction hitherto he

now had set before him the alphabet which Mrs. Bouncewell proceeded to expound according to her never varying formula, viz :—

"This is A, the first letter of the alphabet: this is B, the second ditto—(by the way ditto means the same thing)."

Quoth Morgante, "Then A and B mean the same thing."

"Oh certainly not" she answered.

"But I tell thee thou hast just said that they did."

"Indeed I said nothing of the kind: I said—"

"I heard thee call distinctly B the second ditto, and A the first letter; and, as thou didst say that ditto meant the same thing, then A and B must be the same."

"Listen, child, what I meant to say was this"—

"Cease, madam: never mind what thou didst mean to say. I tell thee that thou art beginning to be confused. Hast thou never heard the proverb, that, when the teacher begins to gather wool, then well may the pupil look to himself?"

"You impertinent brat," she cried: "you flibertygibbet, how dare you speak to me in this way? I'll teach you." With that she seized a ruler for the purpose of chastising him, when he yelled:

"Hold! thou pot-bellied old barge. That instrument was made for ruling paper and not for ruling me, therefore keep it for its proper use. I will give thee to know, that I will take no lesson from thee but such as common sense dictates. I cannot learn thy systems or thy grammars; they are all nonsense invented only for the sorry intellects of pedants. Here, fetch me an English dictionary, I say. Go—do my bidding, old tunny fish."

Amazed at his marvellous audacity, she involuntarily

moved towards the book-case, and taking down a large Webster she handed it to him with a feeling of mingled admiration and fear. He seized the volume, and making four bites of it, he chewed and swallowed it, cover, leaves and all. He then drank off a jar of ink to wash down this erudite aliment.

"Bring hither books, paper, pens, ink," he cried.

Mrs. Bouncewell did as she was desired. Then, to her consternation, Morgante read, wrote, and spelt English upon the spot, with the utmost ease and accuracy, although he had never received previous instruction to the knowledge of anyone soever.

This stupendous exploit, the truth of which is well authenticated, being noised abroad, became a common topic of conversation and of wonder in enlightened circles. No one thought for a moment of questioning its veracity—no one, that is to say, of those imbued with the philosophy of the age. Now this assertion may possibly appear exaggerated at first blush; but, if it be borne in mind that these superior persons, although ever on the alert to doubt and to deny established facts, still receive with the most open-armed enthusiasm whatever marvel may happen to be new and to tell in favour of their particular cause, there is nothing so extraordinary in the statement after all.

From every district then, the learned crowded and flocked to see this prodigious child, whose reputation had travelled far and wide; and when they came, Morgante would delight them with his wit and vivacity. What especially charmed them was, that they found him with all his attainments still free from premature forcing and old-fashioned sententiousness. In truth, he was robustly healthy, and a perfect child

withal. Thus, after holding a most extraordinary conversation with his distinguished visitors, he would usually finish up the interview with some little trick which caused immense diversion. Thus, he would besmear the chairs of his guests with cobbler's wax, so that when they stood up they usually left the seats of their nether garments behind them. Again, he would usher them through doorways with half-opened doors, from the tops of which, when they were stirred, pails of slops would tumble down and souse the parties beneath through and through. When the most aged were about to sit down, he would pull their chairs from under them, so that they bumped themselves grievously upon the floor. He would tie ropes from one tree to another across the drive at night, whereby vehicles going at a smart rate were sent spinning topsy-turvy, and their contents shot out head-foremost all over the place. He would lure parties up to the top of a tower, and having barred their retreat, would raise an alarm of fire for the pleasure of seeing them slide down the fire-escape in mortal terror of their lives. Upon being once asked by a pedant how wisdom was to be gained now-a-days, he led his enquirer up and down, in and out, over and over again, all through the house, until the ancient man was ready to drop with fatigue. "This is how wisdom is gained," quoth Morgante. Then, smiting the old fellow violently below the belt, which made him curl up in agony upon the floor, he shrieked in delight: "And behold how the world rewards the wise; but I am too wise to be of the number of the wise." On Valentine's day he would send boxes of pills to young ladies instead of sweets, knowing that they would be sure to receive plenty of the latter, and would consequently require the former. He would make apple-pie beds for

bishops, and would place strong horse blisters in the boots of dowagers; and all along he would scream and laugh and clap his hands in such excess of mirth, that everyone was enchanted with him. Verily, he was a dear little man.

However, he had contracted one habit which caused his parents a certain uneasiness. Although he had long since arrived at the age when children walk upright, still he would persist in almost always going on all-fours. The cause of this peculiarity, we fancy, must have arisen from the fact that his legs were extraordinarily short and thick, while his arms were, if anything, unusually long. Such a formation would naturally induce any child to move as a quadruped, since it must be admitted that this is a far steadier and more rational method of ambulation than the erect or two-legged process, especially as men of genius assert that man is a mere animal devoid of soul. Still Morgante's parents objected to his continuing this habit. They chid him, but he argued and begged to be allowed to walk in the manner that he found by experience to be most comfortable. They threatened punishment; and he would walk upright for a little while; but, as soon as they were out of sight, he would go back to his old dear habit again. They began to be alarmed at this unwonted backwardness on the part of their child, and gave strict injunctions to Mrs. Bouncewell to mend the fault at all cost. This the worthy woman sought to achieve to the best of her power, but with scant success. It was her principal aim from the first to obtain a sound moral influence over her pupil. This influence several times she thought she had finally gained; but Morgante suddenly and most unexpectedly would say or do something which convinced her that all her past labours were in vain, and

that it would be necessary for her to commence anew, keeping ever carefully upon her guard. One of her favourite methods of procedure, when she wanted particularly to impress the child, was to speak of the distinguished and august families with whom, in her capacity as governess, she had lived, and to relate her never-failing successes in breaking the youthful scions of the said families from some pernicious habit, or in inculcating in them every species of learning and of virtue. Whatever might be the fault which she had to correct, or the lesson which she had to teach, she always discovered in her career some precedent suitable to the occasion, and, of course, redounding in a marvellous degree to her credit. So now, when she was determined that Morgante should obey in this matter of upright ambulation, she called him to her side after her supper in the schoolroom, and addressed him as follows:

"My dear little merry cock robin, come hither to the side of your own loving Bouncewell. She has deep at heart the truest interests of her Morgante, whose noble parents knowing her great worth have entrusted their little son to her care; and it is at present their most anxious wish that she should teach him to walk like a little man and to leave off walking like a little beast. Little boys cannot be expected to realise how good is their fortune to receive their first education from a lady and a gentlewoman to whom the highest families in the land have entrusted the care of their offspring: for do you not know, child, that I was once the instructress of a prince? When a little boy he could not be broken from this same habit as yours of going on all fours. His royal father and mother were in despair about him. This was the one trouble in their otherwise serene

and exalted existence. When I first came to live in the palace, the august lady said to me, 'Mrs. Bouncewell,' she said, 'this child is breaking our hearts. What are we to do with him?' 'Leave him to me, madam,' I said. She said, 'If you cannot change him, Mrs. Bouncewell, I know not who can. I promise you, if you succeed, to grant you any favour you may ask.'

"I accordingly took the little fellow in hand, and by sheer force of my influence and of the love which he could not help bearing towards me, I succeeded in completely curing him of his bad proclivity, so that he is to-day, what I ardently hope, dear, you will become, a model of decorum, and an ornament to his country and age. As for the reward, well we will not speak of that. Money and jewels were placed at my disposal: but I would have none of them, being quite content with the gratitude and esteem of my noble friends. Now I want you, my little man, to imitate this great prince's example: promise me,—promise."

The little fellow acquiesced in his own winning way; and Mrs. Bouncewell thought she had at last prevailed with her pupil. However, having occasion to go to a particular part of the room for a book or something, he set off before her very face in his old manner. Her indignation was terrible and just.

"What, you miscreant! do you dare to defy me openly?" she cried.

"Bow, wow, wow," bawled Morgante, applying his little knuckles to his tearful eyes, "Bow, wow, wow; I won't be bullied by an old hag like you."

Mrs. Bouncewell assumed an air of great calmness and irony.

"Indeed, indeed. Then the sooner we part the better: for the lady and the gentlewoman who was considered good enough for a royal family is not good enough for the great Morgante; she is only an old hag. When next your parents are selecting a governess for you, they had better retain only those who are young. Then you may be called in order that you may pick your choice from among a bevy of *young* governesses.—Ugh."

Filled with anger and disgust she stood up to brew for herself her little jug of whisky punch, which she was accustomed to take every evening after supper to warm and cheer her aged system. Watching his opportunity, when her back was turned, Morgante put some jallop, which he had stolen from his mother's medicine chest, into his governess' liquor. She, poor soul, suspecting nothing, guzzled away, softening into contentment more and more as she came to the end of her jorum. But the child though outwardly demure, chuckled inwardly, repeating to himself, "We shall see, ha! ha! we shall see;" for he expected abundant amusement from the result of his trick. He was not mistaken. From his little room which adjoined that of Mrs. Bouncewell he heard during the night her moanings and groanings, caused by grievous gripes in her fiddle-strings and by her continuous and severe retchings, which would make one imagine one was on board steamer in dirty weather in the Bay of Biscay. Then burying his little head in the bed clothes, Morgante laughed and shook, until he almost choked.

Nor was the moral character of this wonderful child less remarkable for its goodness than his humorous spirit for its keenness and variety. He would play chuck-farthing

with mendicants and cheat them of the alms they had received, in order to force them into the workhouse, and so to reduce the number of vagrants! He would tell lies of the servants and get them discharged, so that he might afterwards give them the opportunity of forgiving him the injury which he had done to them, a sublime sacrifice of self-respect on his part, whereby he enabled those, who wished, to practise an act of the highest virtue! He would beg and beseech the favour that he might be permitted to see a man hanged, so great was his indignation and resentment against crime! One day feeling an itch in his head, he put up his hand to scratch; and there came forth in a mashed condition between his forefinger and thumb the carcass of a louse. Then did he feel a great pity touch him to the very heart; and for three days he wept because that he was the cause of depriving this little creature of life. And roaming sorrowfully about the house he lamented in this wise: "Oh little, lily-white, plump, soft being, friend of the poor and food of the rich in their cheese, thou art no more. Striken in the hey-day of thy strength as thou wert careering through thy happy and legitimate hunting-grounds, thou art nothing now but an inanimate and shapeless mass. Oh cruel and heartless child that I am. Bow wow, wow, wow, wow, wowwow, wow."

Thus he did cry until his little heart did almost break. We mention this simple, and, perhaps to the hard-hearted and worldly, somewhat ridiculous anecdote, in order to show the bottomless wells of kindness and goodness in Morgante's nature. Let no one smile; for have not the biographers of other great and pure leaders of free thought mentioned similar incidents in the lives of their

heroes, though none, we dare swear, so noble and touching?

Thus did Morgante pass his time until he reached his birthday on which he completed his seventh year, when it is generally supposed a child arrives at the use of reason, although in this case the child certainly reached such use of reason long before. There was always great rejoicing in the household when this anniversary came round: but the present festival was one of especial brilliancy and importance. Numerous friends and well-wishers were invited for the occasion; and never did our little man appear so vivacious. He played all his favourite tricks upon the company, and then more tricks newer and even more extraordinary, while his flashes of wit received the approbation of oldest heads among his guests. The revels were at their height, when he was seen to steal away; and all wondered what new surprise he had in store for their instruction and amusement. In a little while he returned to their midst, an object truly of vast admiration. Having possessed himself of the epaulettes and cocked hat belonging to his father's Deputy Lieutenant's uniform, he had pinned the former to each of his hips instead of his shoulders, and had fastened the latter to the seat of his knickerbockers instead of on his head, and thus arrayed this wonderful child proceeded to amble about on all fours among the astonished spectators.

For the first time in his life Fitz Ego felt grievously wrath against Morgante. Here was his parental dignity outraged in its loftiest department. Here was his office of Deputy Lieutenant held in scorn by his son. Seizing the hearth-brush, as being the most convenient instrument at hand for administering corporal punishment, he rushed upon the

offender, crying, "How dare you, you wretch. I'll teach you to insult the position of your father."

But Morgante, in whose manner now there was something that commanded attention, lifted his hand forbearingly and said:

"Peace, dear father, cease thy anger and hearken to me. Think not that I turn the insignia of thy exalted rank to ignoble uses; for truly I will give thee to understand that the part of my body thy cocked hat doth cover, contains much more understanding and real judgment than many a head of a Deputy Lieutenant, or, indeed, of a Lord Lieutenant for the matter of that. Knowest thou not that our forefathers have proclaimed the supremacy of materialism? I am but loyally and logically carrying out their behests. Thus I properly degrade the head, temple of ideality, and the shoulders its pedestal—(both revered by simple and superstitious schools of thought), and I raise to their true glory and importance the buttocks and hips, the most hardy, central and material parts of the human animal."

He ceased: and in awful silence the company watched what appeared to be a prophetic ecstacy coming upon the child. His eyes began to turn inwards, until they gazed at each other over the receding bridge of his nose: his cheeks and stomach became monstrously distended. At last Amentia overcome with enthusiasm cried, "My prodigious child," and seizing him in her arms she pressed him to her heart. Then with pressure he yielded a quantity of gas, and returned to his normal shape.

BOOK III.

PEDAGOGY.

"Ces maistres icy, comme Platon dict des sophistes leurs germains, sont, de touts les hommes, ceulx qui, promettent d'estre les plus utiles aux hommes; et seuls, entre touts les hommes, qui non seulment n'amendent point ce qu'on leur commet, comme faict un charpentier et un masson, mais l'empirent, et se font payer de l'avoir empiré."—*Montaigne Essais, Livre* i, ch. 24.

We have already stated that Morgante felt an unconquerable desire that people should take notice of him. He considered it immaterial, however, whether such notice was favourable or not, as in nowise was he a subject to the weakness of love of approbation, but rather to a noble ambition of causing wonder by his personality and deeds. In this matter he may be said to have been a seeker of admiration in its highest and truest sense; for admiration does not at all presuppose approbation, being derived from the Latin word *admirari*, which simply means *to wonder*.

We have seen how, at the end of the last book, he had an opportunity of gratifying to the fullest possible extent, consistent with his tenderness of age, this his abnormal passion, and how, admiration having been accorded to him in an unstinted measure, strange and portentous results affecting the general appearance of his person forthwith ensued. Considering then how common is a desire of this sort with the men and women of our time, it behoves us to pause

awhile in our narrative in order to examine into the nature of the causes which produced in the child Morgante so much happiness, and to point out by what means others may learn such an acquired bliss. Should we succeed in our endeavour we may claim to be a benefactor to the human race; for it must be admitted, on all accounts, that we shall accomplish a great work, if we are able to facilitate, in however small a degree, the gratification of an appetite which gives a strange pleasure, bordering, as in the case under examination, on ecstacy. It is true that the notorious one himself, as we shall see in the next book, wrote a marvellous treatise embodying the whole of his philosophy. But his work, although full of genius, conveys, in our opinion, a very inadequate idea of the vast suggestiveness of his aims. We therefore believe that the following is the first plain scientific explanation of his position, and of that of his numerous followers.

We shall then, first of all, proceed to make a careful diagnosis of Morgante's condition, in order that, reasoning by induction according to the most approved method of modern enquiry, we may arrive, from the study of the subject under consideration, at such conclusions as must infallibly assist the rest of humanity in its pursuit of legitimate delectation and improvement.

Well, briefly to recapitulate the facts of this memorable childish ecstacy:—

When Morgante perceived the general admiration that followed his strange and precocious speech, his cheeks and body slowly expanded, and his eyes were cast gazing crosswise over the receding bridge of his nose. We know his belly was large and capacious,—able to expand and to hold a

quantity of anything; and then, when empty, to fall in flat and slack, like the jaws of a stately dowager when she extracts her plumpers. In fact, then, to use the words of a youthful poet:

> "He was a little man,
> With a belly like a pan."

We also know that in the middle of his ecstacy, (for surely this was an ecstacy, considering the subject was altogether absent-minded and absorbed in himself, which is the modern and more enlightened form of rapture as opposed to the foolish, fanatical, and exploded self-renunciation and forgetfulness of the mediæval mystics) through the over-fond eagerness of his mother he was rudely recalled to consciousness in rather a dejected condition, his body under the strong pressure of her embrace having been reduced to its ordinary bulk when it had yielded a plentiful supply of wind. Now, this last piece of evidence, viz., that he yielded a plentiful supply of wind, is of extreme importance. In fact, without this clue we do not know how we should ever have arrived at the great metaphysical, medicinal discovery which we are about to disclose to the world.

It is certain, then, that what caused the expansion of his body, was wind, which somehow or other he had imbibed; and it is equally certain that, while he held this wind, he experienced transcendent rapture. Now this fact, we feel convinced, must appear, at first blush, to the superficial as absurd. We can imagine men of steadiness and common sense, to whose judgments we particularly appeal in this great work, standing for a moment aghast and saying, "Impossible, preposterous!" Is it not a well-known medi-

cal fact, nay, has not every human being—man, woman or child—experienced, that wind in the stomach causes anything but ecstacy to the subject? On the contrary, is not such a condition almost always attended with grievous bodily pain? True, we are ready to admit all this; and if we had asserted that the wind imbibed by Morgante had been only ordinary air, we should doubtless have deserved to be rewarded with such rational scepticism. However, we are prepared to prove that it was anything but ordinary wind, and therefore beg the careful attention of each reader, while we proceed on our argument, which for novelty and close reasoning has, we dare promise, never been surpassed, if indeed ever equalled by the most profound inventor of latter-day systems.

Everyone is aware what a great absorber is air or wind—how it absorbs moisture, dries wet clothes, and draws up water which, becoming condensed, turns into clouds; how it can lay hold of the sweetest perfumes or the most sickening stenches, and waft them for miles overland; how it can convey infinitesimal atoms of diseases from one district to another, and so spread contagion; how it can even absorb ideas and principles; for has not every one heard of such truisms as "revolution in the air," an "atmosphere of discontent," &c., &c.? It follows, therefore, by analogy that such a physical fact certainly exists as admiration in the air!

Let us, therefore, take the carcass of the most notorious Morgante, and laying it on the table let us proceed to open, cut, hack, and otherwise dissect it, with a view of demonstrating to mankind this precious secret of latter-day ecstacy. Here, fetch the sharpest knife! whet it yet again;

hand it over here. Oh, ye shall see wonders, ye dare-devil students!

Swish—swish—swish—swish—we have opened him.

What a monstrous grand inside! Let us lay bare the brain. It is done; and what a brain! Pray, gentlemen, lend us your closest attention.

Observe now, when the subject imbibes an atmosphere of admiration, or, in other words, wind charged with the admiration of fellow-beings—an admiration excited by the subject on account of some act, wonderful or preposterous (it matters not, as the same result is attained in the end), the said wind sweeps through all the entrails, until it reaches the liver, which the mingled constituent of admiration cleanses of that greenish deposit of bile so injurious to felicity. Then mounting up again through the principal bodily artery, it arrives at the heart and lungs, which it also benefits in an indescribable manner, and continuing its ascent this time through the spinal-marrow, it finally takes up its abode in the brain. You see, gentlemen, that the interior of the subject shows evident traces which prove beyond doubt the validity of our theory. In the brain, then, this admiration stimulates and nourishes the faculty of self-esteem to such an enormous extent, and creates generally such gorgeous fancies, that in sympathy the eyes are turned inward heedless of the vulgar outer world, so as to gaze ecstatically and uninterruptedly at the cerebral paradise within. Meanwhile, the happy and agreeable effect produced by a draught of wind under such conditions induces the patient to continue swallowing as much as he possibly can hold, when at length he arrives at the extreme acme of rapture, and so remains until he receives outward pressure

which immediately compels him to yield this store of bliss.

We have now, we hope, conclusively proved that the consumption of admiration is the modern method of acquiring true happiness, and that the means whereby the said admiration may be conveyed into the system is by the action of wind. Therefore, we may without doubt, and in full justice, claim to have made a real and stupendous scientific discovery, the long hid philosopher's stone (a confusion of metaphor in our enthusiasm is surely here pardonable), the crowning intellectual triumph, which the restless spirit of enquiry of the nineteenth century has brought to birth. Verily, has not wind, from this time forth, an incontrovertible right to be considered as chief of the elements and the greatest of blessings corporally and intellectually to man? For, besides being the primary support of life, without which we could not breathe, and consequently must cease to live, it, in a hundred ways, ministers to the convenience of humanity. It propels vast ships, it carries balloons, it turns windmills, it dries the land, it seasons timber, hay, turf, and everything, in fact, that is improved and rendered useful by seasoning. It acts for our benefit in a host of other ways, which we have not space to mention here. And now we find by this last and greatest of all physical discoveries that it is the agent whereby passionate rapture is brought within the resources of every human being. Assuredly we do not exaggerate when we say, that all is folly and error except wind. But it may be again objected that all these assertions are very well as regards Morgante; that he was a rare creature such as Zoroaster, Confucius, Socrates, Buddha, and Mahomet; that his was a peculiar bodily shape, and an

artificial cast of brain; that the ordinary run of poor humanity, destitute of his transcendent gifts, can never hope to enjoy his particular kind of ecstacy even in an infinitesimal degree. We emphatically retort that never was there a greater mistake or folly than in holding such an opinion. With the exception of his inestimable good fortune in having been ushered into the world at his birth by a salvo of flatulent artillery, we really do not see how his condition materially differs from that of the rest of people in general. His body was strictly a human body; its members nowise extraordinarily excellent. His belly was large and capacious, but we have often seen larger. His hips were noble and broad, but we have seen men even excel him in these beautiful proportions. It is true that, owing to the great skill of Dr. Galen M'Guesswork and the priceless efficacy of his materials, the child acquired and developed a brain which was the marvel of his age; but it must be remembered that he was born without one; and, on this point, we may safely deny that he differed from the vast majority of the human race. The world, then, has reason to feel glad and confident, that, with a little effort and practice, it may easily enjoy in like manner the blessings of which he naturally, and as it were, by right inherent, tasted. Of course it cannot expect to succeed at once with the wonderful rapidity of Morgante by whose means we were enabled to arrive at the secret; but let men and women, at least, give his system a fair trial, and we promise them that they shall not be at a loss for their pains.

For example, in order to secure admiration, let a man pose as a philosopher and atheist—(though, we fear, this *rôle* has been played so often that it will be necessary to re-

sort to some newer and more original means of attracting the attention of the masses, as they may probably refuse to be surprised at so well-worn a cast); or, if, by the help of magnificent abilities, another should happen to rise to a position of great power, let him labour in his infatuation to break up a constitution, and receive the plaudits of the wise, as attended by his interesting family he enjoys the healthful recreation of felling trees in the interyals of his more serious work of felling an empire; or, let another, from his august position, and by the force of his scandalous example, lower and corrupt the standard of morals among the upper classes in his country; or, let another adopt swindling on a huge scale and call it speculation; or, again, let a fanatic, forming a religious organization, drill his followers in the public streets, and instruct them in the art of mingling unconscious blasphemy with hysterical devotion; or, let another, if he be a clergyman of the Church of England, preach sermons of such free-thinking tendencies as shall startle his congregation; or, if in the case of a woman, let her—but, no! we shall not attempt to offer any advice to the female sex on a question as to the best manner of seeking admiration. It would be a decided impertinence for us to endeavour to lecture women about a science wherein they are confessedly our superiors. In fact, our parting admonition to all men engaged in the study of this noble science is, to sit at the feet of women and to learn of them diligently. There are no creatures on earth who can give better lessons: then, when they feel that they have aroused a sufficiency of wonder, let them swallow—not inhale, mind—as much wind as they possibly can hold, and they will infallibly experience the new modern ecstacy. At first they must deliberately

swallow wind, but, with a little practice, they will do so unconsciously, and as naturally as a young animal takes to milk.

Having now fully explained our wonderful discovery, for which we confidently expect the grateful thanks of all civilized nations, we beg leave to continue our entertaining history.

Although Amentia and the household were astonished and enraptured by the exceeding precocity of Morgante in this his last and most remarkable childish feat, still Fitz Ego could not feel the same complete satisfaction. Had the cleverness of his son manifested itself in ridiculing another person instead of him and his highly important county position it would have been most interesting and delightful; but, as it was, he found the affair very annoying, and could not help feeling convinced that the child was being spoiled, and that it was high time he should be checked in some of his most pronounced characteristics. From long experience he knew it was useless to argue with his wife or to expect her to change in any way her habitual manner towards Morgante. She, he felt, was more than a match for himself, and therefore he dreaded to reproach her for the past or to stipulate a different mode of action on her part for the future. He accordingly determined to vent all his displeasure upon the devoted head of Mrs. Bouncewell. Having summoned that grand old woman to his presence, he enquired of her in, we are ashamed to relate, very rough tones what she meant by disregarding his orders with respect to her pupil, in that she had neglected to break him off a habit which caused his parents such trouble. She replied with warmth that she had done her best to carry out his wishes, but that the child was so audacious and so spoiled

by his mother, that all her efforts for his improvement were fruitless. Whereupon Fitz Ego asked what was she fit for, if she could not manage a pupil, independent of parental influence acting in opposition, and added, that, since she had so completely failed in her undertaking, she had better go about her business. This roused her to such a pitch of fury, that she shook her fist in his face, said she was a lady and a gentlewoman, and threatened him with legal proceedings for dismissal without sufficient cause. However, when she perceived her violence seemed only to strengthen him in his purpose, she softened, and in the most pathetic terms begged him to reconsider his hasty decision, promising to carry out his wishes in future at all cost. But threats and appeals were alike useless. Fitz Ego had determined that out she should go, and accordingly out she went on the following morning, vociferating and protesting that she was a lady and a gentlewoman.

Both father and mother now bestirred themselves in order to procure for Morgante competent and trustworthy masters in each of the liberal arts and sciences; for they were determined that they would not send him to school. In this one matter they both were heartily of one mind. Fitz Ego's recollections of school life were anything but agreeable. Superior in boyhood, as now in manhood, laudably obsequious to his masters who treated him with contempt, and possessed of an unconquerable and equally laudable passion of setting right and rebuking his school fellows, who in return ungratefully and brutally kicked him and called him a prig, his life at one of our great public schools was an almost unchanged experience of affronts and personal violence. But so strong was his magnificent character

that the savagery of that time was powerless to change, nay, even to modify its disposition; and now he was determined to show his contempt of such institutions by proving what a much better education he could provide for his son at home than at the hands of professional pedagogues. Amentia, on the other hand, had no theories about education. She simply looked upon all schools with natural dislike; and her motherly fondness dreaded the many and manifold dangers of concussion to which at such places her darling certainly would be exposed, and which she feared might be productive to him of much dejection.

It was accordingly arranged that Morgante should have masters; and through the length and breadth of the land the word went forth that the best masters in every conceivable faculty were speedily required. They came hurrying from all directions; and the following, on account of their indisputable qualifications and high credentials, were at once chosen:—

For Greek	was chosen	...	a Cotton-spinner.
,, Latin	,,	...	an Ironmaster.
,, Modern Languages	,,	...	a Parisian.
,, Hebrew	,,	...	an Acrobat.
,, History	,,	...	a Scandal-monger.
,, Geography	,,	...	an Etonian.
,, Mathematics	,,	...	a Drawing-room Poet.
,, Astronomy	,,	...	a Miner.
,, Physical Science	,,	...	a Conjuror.
,, Statesmanship	,,	...	a Gladstonian.
,, The Art of War	,,	...	a Spaniard.
,, Navigation	,,	...	a Naval Officer.
,, Surgery and Medicine	,,	...	a Glasgow M.D.
,, Oratory	,,	...	a Salvationist.
,, Jurisprudence	,,	...	a Justice of the Peace.
,, Common Sense	,,	..	a College Don.

For English Composition	was chosen	...	a Journalist.
,, Logic	,,	...	a Demagogue.
,, Philosophy	,,	...	a Boulevard Atheist.
,, Political Economy	,,	...	a Parnellite.
,, Music	,,	...	a Scotch Piper.
,, Drawing	,,	...	a Teacher of the Royal Academy School.
,, Sculpture	,,	...	a Modern Italian.
,, The Art of Design	,,	...	a Vestryman.
,, Athletics	,,	...	a Dancing-master.
,, Horsemanship	,,	...	a Prig.

Lastly, as a prefect of Discipline and Administrator of Corporal Punishment was chosen one Ferula, a stern individual, who was accustomed to stand no nonsense. Truly then, in the words of an old proverb, Morgante had one father and many school-masters.

When the favoured ones were culled, picked and separated from the rest, who were politely informed that their services would not be needed, Fitz Ego stood forth and addressed the former as follows:

"Most learned and respectable masters, flowers of the teaching profession, to whom I have thought it safe to entrust for his boyish training my much loved son Morgante, who has already on account of his extraordinary qualities, mental and physical, attracted to his person universal attention, I bid you most affable welcome as inmates in this establishment. To-day it is scarcely possible that you should enter upon your duties; but I vehemently trust that you all may prepare yourselves to commence the same to-morrow. There are some amongst you who may doubtless consider that the diurnal hours will not afford sufficient time for the pupil to receive from you all daily instruction with profit to himself or satisfaction to your praiseworthy interest in edu-

cation. However I am informed by our excellent Prefect of Discipline, Dr. Ferula, whose instructions I beg you will follow with regard to my son's division of subjects, that by a allotting a small quantity of time to each branch of education, and so multiplying the said branches, a far greater degree of proficiency is gained by the pupil, than if he were subjected to the regimen of our large public schools, where devoting longer periods to fewer studies they boast of being able to confer sounder knowledge. It appears that the institution which first encouraged this marvellous new departure in education, was the famous University of London, than which no grander seat of learning in the civilized world exists, nor more conducive to the dissemination of knowledge.

"In conclusion, gentlemen, I have to congratulate you upon your good fortune in being chosen preceptors to a boy of the rapidly growing notoriety of my son. Gentlemen, I wish you good evening."

With that Fitz Ego bowed; and Ferula, extending his arms, drove the pedagogues out of the room, and himself followed them, closing the door after him.

Then under the directions and authority of the disciplinarian did they endeavour to arrange among themselves the various times when each should give his lesson to his pupil. It was necessary that Morgante should sleep twelve hours, eat three hours and play six hours out of the twenty-four hours: so that there were but three hours left at most for his instruction; and, as there were twenty-six masters, who must daily give him a lesson, then by allowing an equal amount of time to each, the duration of a lesson would be six minutes twenty-four seconds. When Ferula announced to

the assembly of preceptors that each was to be allowed just this much time with his pupil in the day, a storm of protestations greeted him from all, every man considering that he himself should be granted a longer period than his neighbour. However the prefect of Discipline remained unmoved; and the masters, seeing that he heeded them not, turned upon each other, and went near to shed blood. The master of Oratory sought to drown all opposition to himself by bawling until he became blue in the face. The master of Political Economy succeeded in bringing the master of Statesmanship "to his knees," and forced him to concede to all his demands. The Physical-Science master danced with rage because the master of Surgery refused to acknowledge him as an equal; and the latter again writhed under the supercilious gaze of the master of Common Sense. The master of Horsemanship tried in vain to impress the master of Geography. The master of Astronomy tread on the toes of the master of Athletics. The whole scene became one of such inexpressible confusion that Ferula at last fairly roused to anger, stamped his heavy foot and shouted at the top of his powerful voice, "Silence, Silence." Then seeing that they still continued their disorder, he cried, "I will soon quiet your spirit of insubordination." Whereat he raised his ferulæ—these were his instruments for inflicting corporal punishment, deriving their name from their possessor. But we find that through some oversight we have neglected to describe the remarkable personality of this genius of corporal punishment, without a knowledge of whom it is impossible to imagine those instruments. Of middle height, he was muscular, firm and elastic, inured to hardships and unconquerable by time. His age in truth

was very great; for like Gagool in Mr. Rider Haggard's admirable romance, no one ever remembered the time when he was not old. Age however had not stiffened his frame; and he was as nimble then as in the old Roman days two thousand years ago. His skin was of a dark hue like ancient leather, but still marvellously sound and flexible by reason of much oiling, which had ever for him sufficed instead of ablution. Perpetual indignation lowered from his countenance: in addition to his two very bright eyes situated in the usual place, he had a third of exceptional brilliancy which stared defiantly out of the back of his head. At the extremities of his arms there were instead of hands two stout straps of hide, like seals' fins each 18 in. long by 4 in. wide by ½ in. thick. These were his two ferulæ, of which he was very proud and careful, and with reason; for they were certainly magnificent limbs. They had a spring in them. They had a sting in them. They had an eloquence more persuasive than that of a Demosthenes or a Cicero. They could move at will victims to tears and spectators to laughter. A ferula, like a fiddle, improves vastly by age and seasoning. Great was the age of these: assiduous the care of keeping them in efficient condition displayed by this Straduiarius of disciplinary instruments. He would grease them. He would rosin them. He would rub them. He would pepper them. He would clap them. He would pickle them. He would spit on them. Glory to the Ferula!—But, this is a sad digression. Let us resume our narrative.

Rushing in then upon the combatants, this genius of corporal punishment laid about him vigorously right and left with his ferulæ. Whiz whack, whack whiz, whiz whack,

whack whiz, whiz whack, like the blows of a cook on a raw beef-steak to make it tender, rang his spanking strokes above the general confusion. Screams and groans followed, and much rubbing of the injured parts, the master of Athletics in particular shedding bitter tears. At length order was restored; and Ferula, having ceased his flagellations, wiped with his red cotton handkerchief, which was as large as an ordinary bath-towel, the copious sweat from his crimson and heated visage: then they all stood sulky and whining before him like a pack of fox hounds, that had been well whipped by their huntsman for having run down and consumed a hare.

"You will all of you now keep the peace, and attend to whatever I may ordain," he gasped, amid his pantings after such hard efforts. They all acquiesced, except the teacher of Common Sense, who standing forth began a dry, hesitating speech in which he stated that, since he was in the habit heretofore of always being allowed an hour for his lecture, he must now of course be accorded the same privilege; that among the class of masters with whom he was cast (here he looked around contemptuously) he was entitled to extra consideration, coming as he did from a centre of learning that justly could afford to treat with disdain every other intellectual centre in the world; and that, finally, he was an Englishman who would stand to his rights and would not recognise the right of Ferula—

"Silence," roared the disciplinarian, and with that he brought his ferulæ down with such telling effect upon the mouth of the delinquent (whose common sense now, as is often the case, got the better of his principle), that he com-

pletely subdued him, and for ever rendered him the most docile of the crew.

Then Ferula clapped his ferulæ, which was his signal that they should move on. Wherefore he drove them into a large room in the centre of which was a table groaning under heavy food. Thus having fed them, he next conducted them to a huge sleeping apartment furnished with a bed for each pedagogue. There he locked them up for the night.

On the morrow for three hours Morgante sat or stood or walked or ran or capered or swung receiving his twenty-six lessons; and, as he had many things to remember, one of his ears was plugged up with wax by Ferula, so that what he heard with one ear might not escape by the other. It was this wise action on the part of the master of discipline, that gave rise to the aphorism that knowledge with a giddy person, "goes in at one ear and out at the other." This is also the secret of those who pass difficult examinations or perform other feats of memory. They have only to wash one ear very well and the other not at all; and the individual who has one ear the dirtiest, and the other the cleanest comes out first on the examination list. However we fear, since this fact is generally known to the world, that from henceforth the occupation of those pillars of education, the "crammers," will be gone.

Morgante now, although he was young, had grown in frame, height and bulk to the size of an ordinary full-grown man, so that, if he but continued to make proportionate increase until the age of eighteen or twenty, he would become a veritable giant fitted for universal admiration. He ate, slept, laughed, drank and quizzed so plentifully, and had so many

ecstacies, that the fat kept piling itself upon his bones as fast as they were enlarged. Although he made immediate and wonderful progress in learning, and in the divers other accomplishments under the tuition of his many masters, still he was dissatisfied with the way knowledge was daily shoved down his throat all in a lump. The invariable recurrence of the three hours' lessons always held at the same time of day wearied him; and he longed for a change. He spoke to Ferula to see if anything might be done to vary the monotonous routine; but that worthy looked away in the distance, rubbed his ferulæ, icily shook his head, and muttered something about the rules, &c: so our little man saw that there was no change to be got from him. Meanwhile the lessons became more irksome than ever. During the time when he should give all his attention to his pedagogues he would feel prodigiously drowsy, he would yawn, he would stretch his arms and legs, and in so doing would often upset table, ink, books, pedagogue and himself. He would whistle, he would sneeze, he would scratch his little head, until none of them could get any good of him: for although he would always answer "yes," when he was reproved, still he never made the least change in his conduct. At last the master of modern languages was so much annoyed at his dropping off to sleep in the middle of one of his smartest sentences, and at his habitual indifference to all his wisdom, that he sent for Ferula, and complained bitterly of the pupil. Ferula immediately ordered him during his recreation to walk for one hour up and down a walk in the pleasure-ground, which from its frequent use afterwards for the same purpose got to be named the Penance Walk. Yet was Morgante not at all improved. He minded not in the

least walking up and down the Penance Walk, where he could count his steps and whistle to the little birds. So one day the master of discipline took hold of him, and administered twelve smart strokes of the ferulæ upon his hands: whereat he set up such a howl as was heard over three shires of England. Then seeing that all were exceedingly amazed at the mighty power of his lungs he gradually distended himself, and remained rapt in ecstacy until Ferula determined now to make one bold stroke for mastery, rushed upon him, and having knocked him over punched him, and several times sat heavily down upon him, so that in a little while he completely succeeded in pressing every particle of wind out of his body, and reduced his charge to dejection and subjection for all the remaining period of his disciplinary office. This *coup d etat* of the celebrated prefect originated the expression commonly used concerning a person of a bumptious or refractory disposition, viz: "that he or she requires to be well sat upon."

Thus was Morgante rendered extremely tractable and obedient, and for some years he continued without a murmur the old routine of eating, sleeping, playing, learning, &c. By this time he had grown prodigiously in size and height, and was a marvel for the world to look upon. Nor was the number of things he knew and could do less astonishing. He could express all that he required in any foreign language, provided he had a master at his elbow to prompt him. He could solve any mathematical problem if he had the solution anywhere in his notes. He could declaim with eloquence another's speech. He was very brave at running down a hill. He knew everything in history except facts. He had a skilful knowledge of the stars, although he was always

looking on the earth. He had better practice than anyone in the art of falling off a horse. His knowledge of philosophy was profound, although he never heard anything but paradox. He could blow the bagpipes famously while his master played. He could make a neat tracing of any drawing. He believed a system of boycotting to be indispensable to the welfare of commerce. He never was sea-sick, except when he was at sea. If he did not learn how to wield a sword, he was taught to be an adept at the use of the knife. He could win a donkey race. He could play a losing game. He could milk ganders. He could roast butter. He could melt cotton. He could polish oil. He always spoke twice before he thought once, and lived to eat instead of eating to live. He could blow his own trumpet against anyone that ever lived. Nevertheless, under the iron discipline of Ferula he gradually grew more common-place, and perceptibly lost some of his most brilliant features. Thus a great genius and untold benefactor to his kind might never have arisen amongst us, if it were not for a circumstance, trifling in itself, but, as is often the case in history, fraught with the weightiest results, which altered the whole course of our hero's career.

The learned of England were naturally proud of this human phenomenon in their midst, and with a laudable public spirit, appointed his sponsor, Canon Chaos, a sort of inquisitor, who should report from time to time the progress their idol was making, mentally and physically. It was on the occasion of one of his periodical visits of inspection, when he was engaged in earnest conversation with his god-child, that Ferula burst into the chamber, and having announced that it was lesson time, clapped his ferulæ,

shouted "all on," and hurried Morgante before him away out of the presence of the astonished Chaos. The superior divine was furious at what he considered a grievous slight put upon him. He complained to Fitz Ego, who received him somewhat coldly on account, no doubt, of the great freedom from trouble he enjoyed under the able management by Ferula of his son. Baffled in this quarter, Chaos had recourse to the public opinion of England, and abetted by Amentia, who mourned to see the noble nature of Morgante stunted by discipline, he forthwith commenced an agitation for the dismissal of a person to whom he had taken such a dislike. He wrote letters to the papers, and articles in the leading reviews, in which he accused Ferula of all the crimes under the sun, insisting that Morgante was being ruined by his influence. Several journals took up the cry; one especially, a weekly organ of vast common sense and considerable power of satire, most authoritatively upheld the contention of Chaos, while it covered Ferula with that terrible ridicule which everybody so much feared. And Morgante, seeing the turn of affairs, and having a natural dislike to being sat upon, immediately rushed to the side of his god-father, whom he besought tearfully and caressingly to free him from the tyranny under which he laboured.

Then did philosophy express itself thus: "Whereas the youth Morgante, by reason of his extraordinary powers, has ceased to be the son of his natural parents, but has become the child and common property of humanity, and whereas there is every reason to fear that his genius is being repressed detrimentally by the management of his prefect of discipline, Ferula, be it forthwith resolved, that his natural father, Fitz Ego, who is nothing more than a guardian in trust

of the said Morgante, shall be required at once and without further delay to dismiss and otherwise get rid of the said Ferula, &c., &c., &c." After such an expression of cultured opinion, Fitz Ego had nothing for it but to give way. He accordingly notified to Ferula, with much regret, the necessity of that worthy leaving his service. Ferula, with the nimbleness of a ferula, bent to the inevitable; but before he departed he spoke a few farewell words to his employer, whereby he cautioned him to beware of the disposition of his son, and asserted repeatedly, with the strongest emphasis, that the notorious one required nothing so much as to be well sat upon.

Freed then from the inconvenient presence and terror of authority, our Morgante now became his own sweet and essential self once more. Having collected all his masters together, he gave them a sound cudgelling, and hunted them out of the place head-foremost, tumbling over each other in their anxiety to flee from the infuriated giant.

After this feat, he did attach himself in his engaging way to his god-father, who discovered a vast pleasure in playing with the youth. He hearkened with benign complaisance to all the wisdom of Chaos, promising implicit obedience to whatever went not against his grain. His custom was now to lie abed all day, and to read, smoke, and talk all night; while the books that he read were of that wholesome character which distinguished the lucubrations of his ancestors.

Then did Canon Chaos, seeing that Morgante had routed and banished his masters, suggest that he should at once be sent to the University for the official completion of his education. The notorious one was not averse from this pro-

position, and with urbane judgment and satisfaction he sat back in his chair with his hands folded across his belly, while he listened to the discussion of his kinsfolk about the divers merits of the principal universities in the United Kingdom. They each recommended different seats of learning meet to be honoured by his presence. Fitz Ego was in favour of London, on account of the greatest variety of subjects that could be learned at that establishment in the shortest space of time, judging that, from past experience with the masters, such a plan would be particularly suited to Morgante. Amentia's choice lay in Dublin, as there were less temptations there, she thought, for a young man to go astray, owing to the numerous humanizing and instructive resorts of amusement, and the general high culture of "society" in that city. And she sighed, as she recalled the happy time she passed long, long ago, when on a visit at the Castle to her relative the reigning Lord-Lieutenant, she indulged in refined and spiritual friendships with the aide-de-camps of his suite. But Chaos gave it, as his very strong opinion, that his dear god-son should be sent to Oxford, while, at the same time, he admitted that the place laboured under certain disadvantages, since it could not pretend to rival London in the knowledge it imparted to undergraduates, nor could it, on the other hand, boast of an intellectual atmosphere at all comparable to that of Dublin. Nevertheless, he argued, that, on account of its great antiquity, the fame which for centuries it has enjoyed, and the existence within its bosom of such an institution as Balliol College, where he presumed Morgante would be entered, as being the one place in the University frequented by superior persons, the city of the

Isis would be the most advisable centre of learning to choose after all. He begged, therefore, to be authorized to write, and to make arrangements for the due reception by the University and College of the notorious individual who was about to shed his light in their midst.

This consise, yet exhaustive opinion of Chaos, who, like all Broad Church people, was himself considered a very superior person, brought much further discussion of the matter to an end; and Morgante himself being asked how his choice lay, completely sided with his god-father; so it was definitely settled that he should prepare as soon as possible to take up his quarters at Balliol College, Oxford.

Great were the preparations made for his departure. There were upwards of a hundred tailors immediately employed to fit him with a sufficiency of raiment; and of shoemakers, hosiers, and the rest, there were full as many. For six weeks he was employed receiving deputations from divers parts, all wishing him happiness and the best of luck. At length his day of departure arrived. Having said farewell to Fitz Ego and Amentia, he wept a bucketful of tears, and went off in the train, accompanied by Chaos and a goodly retinue of personal attendants.

It was arranged that Morgante should enter into the University with great *éclat;* but, as it was impossible that he should ride a horse or drive in a carriage, since there were no horses or carriages strong enough to bear his prodigious weight, Chaos agreed with the keeper of the Zoological Gardens in London to allow, for a consideration, one of his large camels to be brought to the station at Oxford to meet them on their arrival. Accordingly, when the train pulled

up, Morgante alighted wondrously refreshed, and, mounting his camel, proceeded on his way.

Thus he entered Oxford, the ancient city, the superior city—yea, the first city in the world! As soon as it became known that he had arrived, all the inhabitants, both of the University and of the town, turned out to see him; and great was their surprise at sight of the goodly and superb giant, chuckling and bobbing his head while he sat astride between the two humps on the enormous camel that walked stately and irresistibly onward, as camels are wont, knocking over like nine-pins the spectators who stood in his way. Behind him, in the opening he had made in the crowd, followed Canon Chaos in a fly, smiling, and immensely proud of the secondary attention which he was receiving by reason of his proximity to his notorious god-son. Truly it was a wonderful sight, and one to be remembered and duly recorded. The excitement of Balliol knew no bounds. The sceptical element roared and bellowed mad to welcome such a comrade into their midst. Onward sailed Morgante like a good ship, in this seething ocean of humanity, until he reached that part of the High, where stands the fair and ancient fabric of St. Mary's Church. Here, seized with a sudden idea, he dismounted from his camel, and, without more ado, climbed up by the porch and sat astride on the roof of the said edifice. There he did begin very deliberately to rip up the ridge-tiles and slates, which he hurled indiscriminately down upon the heads of the gaping spectators.

"Hold, my precious ward!" shouted Chaos, "surely thou wouldst not destroy that noble building. Many are the hearts the contemplation of its beauty has delighted,

and, if now thou dost deface that beauty, what art thou prepared to give to the city in its place?"

"Peace, old fool," answered the most notorious Morgante, "the destruction of churches is my gift to the human race." With that he hurled a slate at his god-father's head, which knocked over and stunned the superior person: and upon himself immediately a great ecstacy fell.

Then did the sceptics of Balliol set up an immense roar of exultation, and seizing the camel in their wild excitement, they tore the poor beast to pieces, and swallowed him down upon the spot.

BOOK IV.

ALMA MATER.

"O gente umana, per volar su nata
Perchè a poco vento così cadi?"
Dante.—Purgatorio, canto xii. 95-96.

FORTHWITH did Morgante go into residence and take possession of his rooms in Balliol College. As the undergraduates' apartments were altogether too small for his prodigious bulk and noble idea of space, he was lodged, by the universal consent of the Master and Fellows, in the library—the whilom eating-hall of that ancient foundation; and as he entered, having got his head, shoulders, and arms well through, he stuck in the door-way by his hips; and whatever way the whole establishment turned and twisted him they could not get him in any further; and he had to back out again, until, with the aid of pickaxes, crowbars, spades, shovels, hammers, punches, turn-screws, jemmys, battering-rams, and wheel-barrows, they made a sufficient opening; when he walked in proudly smiling. His first action was to make straight for the cast of the Hermes of Olympia by Praxiteles, which he immediately flung out of the window, declaring that it was beautiful, and for that reason had no pretence to be considered a work of art. With this achievement he felt hugely satisfied, and grinned from ear to ear, his belly shaking and flapping like a slack

sail, with inward laughter at the astonishment he created on every side. Then did the College cover him with a noble undergraduate's gown, woven of cob-webs, and did place upon his head a wondrous academical cap consisting of an inverted mare's nest, on the top of which was fastened horizontally a sham geological stratum, the whole being sumptuously upholstered with an ass's hide, instead of the customary black cloth, and surmounted with a bell instead of a tassel.

He was truly a glorious figure as he set out from his rooms arrayed in this costume to march across the garden quadrangle to the Hall, where dinner was being served to the graduates and under-graduates of Balliol. It being evening in October the whole establishment accompanied him with torches. They led him up the great staircase of the New Hall, wherein he entered and took his seat at the high table with his back to the undergraduates: for seeing that none of the tables were high enough for him he sat on a stool on the ordinary floor with the table on a daïs before him. All being seated, the victuals were brought in and the assemblage fell to with might and main; and it was well that they made haste to get a smack: for Morgante devoured every thing that came within reach of his extensive grasp. Having cleared the High table of every eatable, thereby depriving the dons of more than half their rightful commons, he turned him round and seeing sundry ribs of beef and legs of mutton in the body of the Hall he went for them, and without more ado gulped them down without as much as deigning to masticate his mouthfuls. Then rubbing his belly with the palms of his hands, he declared that he had eaten a sufficiency, and demanded some wine wherewith

to wet his whistle. They brought him a couple of decanters of superior old port, as black as night, from the college stores, which he poured into a plate-bucket in default of a suitable glass or goblet. This he raised to his lips, and took a prodigious draught of the liquor, which no sooner had he felt touch his intestines than he roared like a bull, at the same time squirting a strong jet of wine from his mouth right into the eyes of the Master with such a telling force that it knocked the said functionary down backwards, chair and all. "By the four winds," quoth Morgante, "but I am poisoned —oh dear, oh dear, what quintessence of filth: and to think of the dangers the guts of the youth of the United Kingdom are exposed to at the Universities—the gut that requires even more delicate treatment than does the brain, being by far the most sensitive, impressionable and nervous organ of the two. For have not even the ancients borne me out in this assertion? In witness thereof the saying 'Mens sana in corpore sano' may hold good. And have not all modern physicians given it as their opinion that the good and the bad actions of mankind are to be attributed to the particular condition of the belly of each particular individual at the time of his or her committing said action? And, moreover, do I myself not know that when my puddings are rattling with hunger, or are scarified or otherwise injured with bad food or drink, they impede the vapours of ecstacy from rising to their natural resting-place, namely, the brain? Therefore it is most necessary and important that at a seat of learning, (even more than at other establishments, whose sole purpose of foundation is for the improvement of health,) the belly should be the first object of attention and care."

This remarkable speech, arresting the attention of everyone, immediately put an end to the confusion caused by the port wine *douche*; and there was nobody present upon whom it made a greater impression than upon the Master himself, so that at once, oblivious of his discomfiture, he turned with unfeigned avidity to hearken to what Morgante was saying. At the conclusion of the oration he was more than convinced of the future genius of this new light, who had come to study within the shelter of his walls; and of the qualities of genius he was *facile princeps* the first judge in the country; for how could he have been otherwise, considering that he presided over the studies of more men of genius than any professor of whom the world has ever heard? We say more men of genius, because every year from Balliol there was a far vaster quantity of men who carried off "firsts" than from any other of the colleges in the University, it being an incontrovertible axiom that a First Class cannot be obtained without the said divine quality, and that *vice versa*, nobody who has failed in gaining the former can in the least degree ever afterwards, no matter what may be his performances, lay claim to the possession of the latter. To appease Morgante therefore, he ordered up a barrel of good English ale, and having hammered in the bung, he applied a tundish to the mouth of the giant, who lay on his back on the ground, when four scouts poured the contents of the cask down his throat, while at the same time a couple of the dons assiduously rubbed his belly. Then, amply refreshed, the notorious one arose, and muttering that at last he had got a comfortable wash for his inside, he marched back to his abode.

Across the end of the library they hung a drop scene

from a theatre, so as to cut off a space to make a sleeping chamber, where they set up a large and noble bedstead, curtained with divers prevarications, doubts, and plausibilities. For the furnishing of this bed most of the colleges sent something. Magdalen sent a coverlet made of rose-leaves; Lincoln a pillow filled with dust; University College a second-hand wet blanket, which it had picked up cheap and valued much; Keble a fine pair of hair sheets; and Christ Church a mattress filled with dried thistles, etc., etc. We may mention that the contributions of the two last colleges caused great offence at Balliol, and were, of course, refused.

In this manner was our little man installed and settled in his Alma Mater; and he was not in the place many days when literally the eyes of the whole University were upon him. He could not stir about or walk out without being followed by the pertinacious gaze of hundreds. Some were enthusiastic, some were disgusted, some were enraged, some were flippant; all wondered; consequently he was happy. And his happiness so distinctly showed itself upon his face that his admirers (themselves restless, earnest intelligences, who in this enlightened century wander mentally to and fro seeking truth and happiness and finding it never) envied him his condition, and would never let him out of their sight, thinking perhaps, by persistent observation of his demeanour to arrive themselves at last to that state of his they so eagerly coveted. They noticed that in their presence he would, in an absent sort of a manner, inhale much air. This did they likewise, but without any effect or difference to them; for, alas! they had not yet learned the precious secret. It was their good fortune to

discover it very soon—a fitting reward for their fidelity and perseverance.

Meanwhile, both at lecture time, and in the manner he executed his Greek and Latin exercises, Morgante more than satisfied his professors of the solidity of his scholarship. His memory (that grandest of intellectual gifts) was immense. He could repeat by heart the whole of the Greek Grammar, all the rules of the Greek accents, the Organon of Aristotle as used in the schools, Mill's System of Logic, all the books of Euclid, all the forms of the Syllogism, the University Statutes, and all Bohn's translations of the classics. Nor did he ever forget the meaning of a word that he had once looked out in the dictionary. It was therefore no wonder that the college had the highest opinion of his genius, and looked forward to his distinguishing himself and his professors in the schools.

From time immemorial at Balliol the good custom prevailed of requiring each undergraduate to write an essay in the English tongue weekly, and to submit the same to his tutor for examination and correction. So remarkable were the essays of Morgante, that he was very soon directed to bring and read them to the master, instead of to his tutor —a privilege conceded only to the most brilliant students in the college. The surprise of this dignitary duly increased as each successive production was read out to him by his great pupil. He found it naturally difficult to criticise what in the opinion of the supporters or opponents, as the case might be, of the notorious one, was in a great part above or below criticism. He contented himself, therefore, by expressing his wonder, and by granting to the writer the unpre-

cedented favour of choosing his own subjects for future essays

This arrangement proved entirely successful, until one day Morgante brought to the master a treatise, which made the latter's usually imperturbable locks now veritably stand up with astonishment. It was entitled *A Critical Enquiry Concerning the Use and Advantages of the Abdomen as a Vehicle for Emotions.* In this wonderful enquiry he sketched some of the leading principles of his ancestors, and showed how his theory logically arose from their teaching. He proceeded then to assert that, since the spiritual nature or the soul of man has been declared by all true philosophers an empty myth, consequently the form of felicity or ecstacy derived from the subjection of bodily desires, from self-abnegation and from undisturbed mental contemplation, must be supplanted by a felicity moré material and suited to the wants of rational beings. Thereupon he defined his own agreeable discoveries and sensations arising from the action of his stomach, which he announced for the first time to be the true seat of intelligence, and the brain to be only a show-room, so to speak, where joys and prospects mounting up from the workshop, the belly, might be "subjected to a private view" by the individual before they were exposed to the world for its improvement. Such is a brief analysis of the stupendous system of Morgante, abstracted by us with vast pains from his lengthened and very obscure essay, which for genius and invention may bid fair to rival any of his forefathers' works.

During its perusal the master felt a growing discomfort within him: for, in spite of his wonder at the writer's originality, he could not help remembering that he was

himself a Christian clergyman, however broad might be his views. But this discomfort was changed into positive alarm, when at the end, Morgante triumphantly announced his intention of forthwith publishing his treatise. Very irritated, the master sharply replied that he would most peremptorily forbid the publication of this or any such work by a member of his college, as tending to place himself as head in a false position.

"But, why?" quoth the most notorious Morgante.

"Your own conscience ought to tell you the reason," quoth the master.

"But I cannot see it."

"Very well then; I won't argue. I forbid it. Good-morning."

Then the notorious one, seeing that argument was out of the question, had recourse, as was his wont, to threats. With an expression resembling very much that of a reptile, he said:

"If you interfere with my resolve in any way, I think you will regret it. I feel myself, you know, to be a growing force, and am confident that I am on the eve of taking a foremost place as a leader of thought of my time. What power I shall then possess and use, you may very easily imagine. Therefore if you have any care for preserving your reputation of being endowed with intelligence, discernment and liberality of thought, you must not offer a bigoted opposition to this latest development of modern philosophy. By such action I promise you, you will injure yourself far more than you will inconvenience me."

The reverend gentleman, shaken and whirled topsy-turvy by this half-menacing, half-flattering speech of the

growing force, bowed to what he imagined to be the inevitable, but asked to have, at least, the most offensive passages expunged from the essay.

Then did the most notorious Morgante proudly draw himself up and in a theatrical manner answer with a wave of his hand:

"Oh, no; that would be impossible. For then would my treatise lose its personality, which is the stamp of true art. Before all—country, friends, relations, everything—I place art. I am an artist, and with art I can allow nothing to interfere. For goodness' sake, let us, in these conventional times, be fearless and conscientious artists. I, for one, shall now show my respect for art."

With that he oscillated out of the presence of the bewildered master, and having made his way to a publisher, he handed in his great work, which was soon published over the University and world.

Upon its appearance at Oxford the excitement was unprecedented and immense. Truly, as a thunderbolt it fell in the midst of the learned. For a while it aroused no kind of criticism—nothing everywhere but bald, gaping wonder. Presently many former admirers began to fall away from the notorious author, frightened by such prodigious doctrines. At length a few bold spirits in the University, abetted by outsiders elsewhere, stood forth, and pronounced the work to be full of deep philosophy, significance, and originality. They were met, on the other hand, by those whom the very presence of the giant filled with indignation and disgust, and who now opposed them gravely upon all points, denying each of the fine qualifications, which they would discover in their master. With these

Morgante's followers disputed fiercely, so that to an ordinary observer they appeared to regard their opponents with the bitterest hatred. This was not really the case; if anything, they secretly liked them; for by the fierceness and earnestness of their attacks their opponents only too plainly showed the Morganteites the degree of respect and importance in which they held them. But there was another class of individuals whom the admirers of the great one pretended to ignore and despise altogether, whom in reality they feared and detested, and whose remarks often drove them to the verge of frenzy. It was composed of men who, while being quite as hostile as the others, had the folly and bad taste to go into immoderate fits of laughter at the very sight of Morgante, or whenever any subject relating to him was broached: for we are sure that all our right-minded readers must agree that there is no greater sign of imbecility than to laugh at persons and ideas which are essentially serious, original, and sublime. Of course, stupidity of this sort was infinitely annoying to the Morganteites, who, as we are aware, were for the most part enthusiastic and infallible metaphysicians. It was in vain that they sought to explain the manifold truths and beauties of the essay to these laughing adversaries, who, in the intervals of their screams, took hold of the work, and having in a most brutal manner torn it to pieces, asked its admirers so many questions, which they could not answer, concerning its drift and purport, that they were completely silenced, and driven to such desperation as to fall upon their tormentors; when a riot took place, the seriousness of which had never before been equalled in the University.

Pulling themselves together once more, the Morganteites

held a conference, wherein were debated the various questions raised by their opponents. All sought to supply sufficient answers to the objections, but somehow or other, after much speaking and mutual congratulation, the general opinion of those assembled gradually and insensibly drifted to the conclusion that, although they were perfectly aware of the stupendous grandeur of the Morgante system, still, when driven to the point, they were quite unable satisfactorily to explain what the system really meant.

Thereupon a leading spirit suggested that they should go in a body to meet the great man himself, and thereby have all their doubts cleared up by a detailed statement, which more than probably he was even now in the act of committing to paper for the future guidance of the world. This resolution was unanimously accepted, and duly agreed upon; and having ascertained that Morgante would joyfully receive them at his habitation on the morrow at the hour of three in the afternoon, they repaired at the appointed time to Balliol.

Morgante had just finished his lunch, which had been unusually copious in anticipation of the labours of the occasion, when he received them. Dressed in a lounging suit made and worked over with beautiful devices by the loving skill of his mother, and having a cask of ale at his side, out of which he would now and then take a huge draught, he smilingly arose to welcome his visitors upon their entry. Upon his coat they noticed representations of balloons, bubbles, and bellows, down the legs of his trousers marvellously natural chains of sausages, and when he turned round they were charmed and awestruck to see worked with inimitable art upon the posterior portion of

the same garments the twelve signs of the zodiac. Most magnanimously he at once set about to put the gaping fellows at their ease, which he did by wagging his head and grinning facetiously—his grin being like unto the fissure of an open dust-bin.

Thus assured then, the leader of the visitors, who was himself a young don of prodigious enlightenment and great promise—(and a reputation of youth and promise at Oxford happily endures with a favourite, though he may have attained the years of threescore and ten)—came forward, and in chaste and beautiful language began a panegyric upon the wonderful qualities of Morgante, whom he apostrophised as "The Pride of Humanity, the peripatetic Philosopher's Stone," etc. Then approaching with consummate art to the object of the interview, he told how he and companions assembled having read with avidity and mighty improvement to themselves the stupendous treatise entitled, "A Critical Enquiry Concerning the Use and Advantages of the Abdomen as a Vehicle for Emotions," they were immediately struck with the weighty matter therein contained and with the fact that it was destined to supersede all previous systems of thought; how, nevertheless, they understood of it not as much as one jot, but at the same time were convinced of its hidden subtlety, being aware of the unapproachable brain-power of its author; how they now came to solicit from him an explanation, which they felt certain he could most easily furnish, of the main features of this his recent work.

Then raising himself up to his full height with his arms akimbo, and in a voice of thunder, Morgante spoke as follows:—

"I am a genius; you are all but pedants,—dons, undergraduates, and all who compose this University; for without such as you Universities throughout the entire superficies of the globe would at once cease to exist." (Here he took an unusually large draught of ale.) "You mean-spirited pack of pedants, then, do you think by coming to me and by obtaining a smattering of my thoughts, that you will even arrive at an infinitesimal part of my greatness without at first proving by the daring and originality of your deeds your fittingness to receive my instructions? So you say that you believe my system to be excellent, although you understand none of it. Well, now that is really very good and very much as it ought to be; for before a new truth is laid bare to the sight of a people, it is necessary that it should previously float about on the winds for a while and prepare the stomach of said people to receive it afterwards in full force from the lips of the teacher. I suppose you have no conception of the work I propose to carry out, nor does it for a moment enter into your parched-up hides to know who I am, or what position I occupy. I am, then, the champion of Humanity—yea, humanity in its merely animal form—but why do I speak of its merely animal form (just as if any other form exists) unless to banish from your thoughts once and for all the fallacious notion that human beings have souls?"

Loud cheers greeted this welcome announcement, and great was the joy of the audience at what it considered the final settlement of this question. Morgante grinned, and having taken another draught of ale, continued—

"My ancestors have steadily led up to this, my most perfect metaphysic—notably the glorious La Matière, and

the superior Baron, who are dead, and the equally superior evolutionist, Fitz Ego, my father, who is getting an old fellow, and whom I expect to snuff out very soon. Having constituted myself, then, the champion of humanity in its only and true sense, I hereby admonish each and all of you to assert your humanity by gratifying in every manner your various whims and instincts; and the pleasure you will derive from the wonder bestowed upon you, by the world, will be indeed most keen. The more notorious your deeds, the more will admiration be accorded to you; with which rapture-giving commodity you may easily fill your bowels, provided you are brave enough to swallow down a sufficiency of the wind in which it is contained. There is one thing against which I particularly wish to warn you, in your search for admiration. It is that you must carefully guard against any insidious temptation of wishing for fame, which can only be attained by exceedingly few, whose talents are exceptional and great. Besides, the pleasure it produces is of a different and decidedly inferior character to that produced by notoriety, which is, happily, within the compass of the meanest capacity, and to the study of which I now recommend you wisely to confine your powers. In order to excite attention, then, begin with something simple. Do—oh—anything. For instance, pull the nose of an Anglican bishop. Get you gone now. Go."

With that, perceiving the wonder and enthusiasm of his followers, and finding the general atmosphere so exceedingly overcharged with admiration, he forthwith fell into one of his frequent ecstacies. With delight did they watch him drink the air, for they had now at last fathomed his mighty philosophy; and as they watched his belly and cheeks

gradually become inflated, and his eyes turn inward, until he lost sight of everything without, they wept tears of thankfulness and reverence. In fact the whole scene was marvellously touching.

Presently, however, they all found it most difficult to breathe, on account of the immense amount of air that had been swallowed, and still held by the big man. In order to relieve his comrades, the aforementioned young don rushed to open the nearest window, and, in so doing, upset a very heavy bust of Plato, which came down with such telling force upon Morgante, just below his diaphragm, that it sent all the gas hissing out of him like steam from a locomotive beginning to move. Terrible was the notorious one's fury at this rude awakening, the like of which for pain and general discomfort, had not been experienced by him since the famous assertion of discipline by Ferula. It was useless for anyone to make excuses or to apologise. "Did not I tell you all to leave long ago, and here you are still?" he kept roaring repeatedly. And with that he swept the company out like so much rubbish. Then perceiving the bust of Plato—the immediate cause of his hurt—he took and cast it into the fireplace, where it was shattered to atoms, the while he murmured: "Curse the old idealist. To think that after all these centuries he should have so much power to molest me."

Meanwhile the Morganteites having left the presence of their master paraded the streets inflamed with triumph. They were enraptured with this newly discovered system, which for convenience they called the Enteristic Philosophy from the Greek word ἔντερα meaning the "bowels." They declared that in it they had at last discovered the pro-

digious final utility, for which the world since the earliest ages of its creation had been waiting. "Here we have," quoth they, "the completion of metaphysics. It must be so. We know it. We feel it. It is part of our nature. The world must come over to Morgante. What a marvel he is. Such a clear logical intelligence, &c., &c." All the above assertions and predictions must of themselves, we are assured, stand as strong and sufficient collateral proof of the validity of the new philosophy, since we do not remember ever to have heard of pupils on previous occasions discourse of their teacher and his system in any such terms of praise and prophecy.

With feverish eagerness they meditated how they might accomplish in effect Morgante's advice to them regarding the pardonable attack upon a bishop. After all bishops are not to be had in every street; and as it would be necessary to travel some distance to meet with such an august dignitary, who, when discovered, might be in private surrounded only by the delights of domesticity and fatherhood not spiritual—a state so essentially ecclesiastical and eminently conducive to that lofty spirit of austerity befitting a minister of the Gospel—so that an attack for all practical purposes would be useless, they determined to wait until the Bishop of Oxford should next come to visit publicly the University —an event which was expected in a very short time.

At length the momentous day arrived upon which the deed was to be attempted. The Bishop had been closeted in conference with the most important men of the district, for some considerable duration. He was expected every moment to emerge into the street, which was fairly filled with loafers of divers conditions. The Enterists had

scattered themselves about among the spectators in order to avoid suspicion; and their hearts beat high with excitement. In a few minutes the Bishop appeared, and no sooner did he step upon the foot-way than he was set upon by at least fifty of them with such eagerness that he was knocked down, and soon hidden away under a heap of philosophers all striving to get a pull at his nose. The consternation among the clergy and other spectators was immense. Some thought it was a plot of the Low Church Party: others thought it was the work of the Papists: in fact everyone surmised something different. Soon however the young don, the most promising of the Enterists, was seen to emerge from the heap having had his pull, and then before the eyes of the wondering multitude gradually to swell out in the cheeks and belly until he looked as if he were about to "go off" in a fit of apoplexy. Then one by one all the rest arose likewise, in whom exactly the same symptoms manifested themselves, until at last the Bishop was left free of his persecutors, but still in a most extenuated condition, lying upon the pavement with his clothes torn and dirty, and his nose swollen and bleeding.

As soon as the bystanders recovered their natural surprise, they approached the outraged dignitary, and having ascertained that he suffered from no injury which could in any way be considered serious, they helped him to his carriage, wherein being conveyed home he experienced at the hands of his wife and daughters a loving care, which rapidly healed his bruises and restored him to that equable frame of mind consistent with the habitual ease and pomp of his position.

Concerning the other features of this memorable trans-

action, or whether the Enterists were punished for their offence history is discreetly silent. But this at all events is certain, that the knowledge of Morgante's system spread rapidly among all persons in the University, where he found many adherents in a general way, although few who followed him in his atheistical and materialist excursions. There was something so exceedingly broad and human about Enterism, which touched the natural feelings of most of our race. Still owing to the limited intelligences of the Enterists, and to the fact of their being pedants, as the great man himself most justly remarked, it took time before his teaching so completely became absorbed in their nature, that they could use it at a moment's notice, without further reference to the fountain-head. For instance, when they had once pulled the nose of a bishop in order to excite the admiration of the world, it became exceedingly difficult to repeat the same feat. News travels fast in this country; and consequently every bishop in England was on his guard. Many did not venture in public for months, none without a very strong escort, in order to avoid the repetition of so daring an indignity. The Enterists therefore were in despair. How could they possibly experience such rapturous pleasure again, since the only instrument to attain it was now taken out of their power? What were they to do? for they would not dare to hazard anything without the direct authority of their master, whom they now feared to revisit after the stormy ending of their last interview. After much further discussion however, and taking into account the grievous needs of the case, they resolved to send a deputation to Morgante for the purpose of obtaining his advice about their future course of action. He in due order received the deputation,

and when he heard its demand, viz. : that he, if it so pleased him, might direct it for the benefit of the whole school to a new and equally successful method of attracting the world's attention, he answered simply, that the school must in future use its own judgment in such details, and must cease from ever disturbing him with trifles of this sort. Whereupon the head of the deputation producing from his pocket a roll of illuminated parchment, petitioned Morgante to write thereon for the guidance of the petitioner and his followers, a long and copious list of actions, which the giant's great experience might suggest to him as calculated to attract attention. By so doing he felt sure that the notorious one would be freed from all further vexatious molestation.

Then did Morgante without as much as answering one word, take the parchment, and in order to show his contempt for his admirers he did tear it into pieces of about a foot square, crush it, and forthwith stow it away in one of his pockets. This done he kicked the deputation one by one out of the college gateway like so many dead cats.

When they had sufficiently recovered the effects of their kicking and fall on the hard stone pavement of the Broad, they one by one stood up looking at each other and rubbing their posteriors. By a mutual and tacit consent they all agreed that it was useless to have recourse any more to this terrible master, whom nevertheless they still admired and loved with that undying persistency peculiar to pedants. They sought without delay the other members of the school, to whom they related the unfortunate result of their mission. All agreed at once that for the future each individual must act according as his intelligence should best prompt him :

for it seemed that the master had weightier business to perform than to trouble himself about the details of his pupils' education.

Left now to their own resources, it was an instructive intellectual exercise to observe the Enterists, while they sought to fix the attention of the world upon their persons. The young don immediately produced a free-thinking pamphlet. Some entertained and paraded about the University an infidel demagogue well known for his invaluable and chaste writings on questions of morals. Others were outrageously profligate or drunken. The youngest posed as cynics. Others again affected pride or despair. There were women who pretended to despise men. There were men who sought to astonish by appearing to have perfect confidence in the judgment of women. In fact, if we were to mention one quarter of what they attempted, it would alone suffice to fill a volume as large as this our immortal work.

As a result of all these achievements the streets of Oxford presented a strange and novel appearance. Never were so many fat people seen about before. Puffed up and distended, they hurried along, heedless of all outward things; for their eyes being turned inward and the whites alone visible they had not the least idea whither they were going, and to spectators they seemed to have the vacant, dead gaze of marble statues. This peculiar turning inward of the eyes was technically termed by the school "Self-consciousness," without which great quality no person, as it is now universally agreed, can lay claim to the smallest degree of intelligence or philosophical insight. Blindly hither and thither they perambulated, occasionally knocking against other pedestrians, who usually endeavoured to keep out of

their way, until some coming into violent collision against another of their ilk, both parties exploded loudly, and then with awakened consciousness set to pummeling each other with might and main. Others bumped against lamp-posts or like obstacles with similar awakening results. Some have even been known to crash through shop-windows to the terror of the counter-jumpers and young persons within. Then at street corners and other public places individuals might be seen grinning, screwing up their eyes and contorting their bodies as if in great pain. These were persons, who, having failed by reason of the insignificance of their effort to excite admiration, swallowed in their delusion air in an unmixed form, which to them became only wind on the stomach, producing, as is well known, the most exquisite agony. Surely in the whole of ancient and modern history there is no more pathetic record extant, than this, of the failure of high endeavours.

From repeated indulgence in this new ecstacy there followed many important and natural results in the mental and bodily organism of the Enterists. Born amidst nineteenth century progress, which has worked such wonders for mankind, considering that now-a-days there has never since the beginning of the world been so much mental and physical happiness, and reared by Science, whose crowning and complete benefit to the world, being on the eve of coming for centuries past, is expected to arrive most certainly in a year or two at farthest, the most notorious Morgante proclaimed as the watchword of his metaphysic, "Assert your Humanity." Thus his pupils, by reason of their loyally following this advice which led to a noble and unspeakable ·ve of each person for his or her own particular self, and

because of their frequent states of ecstatic "self-consciousness," became like true philosophers more and more blind to the existence of external objects, and totally so to the manifestation of spiritual forces in the world. In truth, the delight which they discovered in looking into their own insides, rendered them practically unfitted for any other occupation. Now, it is an undisputed fact that blind persons have their other senses sharpened in an unusual degree, so that by the sense of touch they can find their way without assistance through the most intricate places. Hence it is in no wise surprising that the blind professors and undergraduates, together with their notorious leader, should have attained to a perfection of feeling, tasting, smelling, and hearing equal to that of the lower animals, and quite unheard-of among human beings heretofore. The power then of these senses, which became so useful to their possessors, when moving about in ecstacy, overmastered their intellects to such an extent that they soon refused altogether to believe in the existence of anything which they could neither touch, taste, smell, nor hear. Therefore numberless superior persons from doubting at first the existence of a soul in man, and from proclaiming themselves agnostics, not on account of conviction, but merely for the purpose of attracting attention, arrived by degrees, after the manner we have described, at a real belief in the reasonableness of such opinions.

We have said that the senses of the Enterists, with the exception of that of sight, were curiously and bestially keen. Nevertheless in spite of their excessive keenness, they could in nowise serve as sufficient substitutes for the sense of vision, which an Enterist always, when in his best moods,

lost; so that in several cases, especially among those men advanced in years, it became necessary for the followers of Morgante's teaching to have keepers in constant attendance upon them, lest, through inadvertence, they should meet with any accident. But as those attendants were almost all very unreliable or useless, being chiefly recruited from the honourable society of "Scouts," who had been dismissed from colleges for too flagrant dishonesty, the arrangement worked very badly. Some of the philosophers were robbed, others led into bad company, others deserted by their scouts and left in most helpless circumstances, &c. &c. At last the University after a fierce debate, and taking into account the large number of its dons who required this peculiar looking-after, decided to allow the Fellows to marry, judging, that since it became imperative that they should be thus led, the best persons to lead them would be their wives. This is the origin of the institution at Oxford of married fellowships.

In the foregoing disquisition concerning the characteristics of "the School," we have for a while almost lost sight of the superb personality of Morgante—a delinquency which we fear was very grave. Henceforth we shall use our best endeavours not to repeat such a blunder. Well then, what was the great man doing, the while his followers were exposing their enlightenment? Why, he was eating, drinking, and reading hard in his room or making a progress through the city or district in order that by showing himself, he might keep up the spirits of his admirers. He had by this time taken a first-class in Classical and Mathematical Moderations, much to the pride of his college and to the satisfaction of himself. This extraordinary feat he

found easy of accomplishment as having learned the translation of all his books off by heart, and having a natural capacity for problems and the chopping of logic, he quite "floored" the examiners, who, for fear of themselves being confounded by his prodigious knowledge and love of arguing for its own sake, asked him mighty few questions, and were immeasurably relieved when the ordeal of his *viva voce* was over.

Since he had "come up" in all his notoriety and pomp he had never once returned to his home. He loved the sympathetic atmosphere of Oxford very much; it suited so completely his habits and whims. Besides he felt just a little shy and envious of his father whom he disliked somewhat accordingly. "To tell you the truth," he would whisper to his intimates, "my father is not much. He may be a very superior person, and all that; but he never had real talent, and is now becoming a fogy. I assure you, I am immeasurably greater than ever he was. With all his talk about his Evolution he is nothing but a poor shadow of my grandfather Baron."

The parents of the notorious one were much put about by his long absence, and more than once wrote to beg of him to pass an occasional vacation with them; but they could not entice him. Just about this time we find a letter from Fitz Ego, which for epistolary style and sound paternal advice to a young man is unsurpassed in our language. We, therefore, deem it our duty in this faithful history to quote it *verbatum.*

LETTER OF FITZ EGO, THE EVOLUTIONIST, TO HIS MOST NOTORIOUS SON MORGANTE.

MY DEAR SON,—Sensations of pride and pleasure are awakened in the breasts of both your mother and myself, when we hear of the many triumphs, which you are daily, I may say hourly, gaining at the Great University, where we have placed you so creditably.

College successes cause such a luxuriant crop of laurels to sprout from the youthful brow, as necessarily suffices to establish a person's imperishable fame, even supposing he elects to accomplish nothing extraordinary in after life. It is, however, an extremely rare coincidence, that those who win academical triumphs, fail subsequently to add to the glory of their commencement. A prodigy once, a prodigy always, is my motto. You are on the road to almost as great an eminence as that which your father has ascended. My career proves what I assert.

I was, as you have often heard, a most distinguished student, winning innumerable prizes, and astonishing by the precocity of my genius, teachers and examiners alike. Since those brilliant days, I have steadily increased my reputation.

Bringing a keen and altogether superior intelligence to bear upon the philosophical problems of our ancestors, I have evolved therefrom a wonderful system of evolution. The envious have said that my evolution is exactly the same as my father's evolution: but I assure you, it is a totally different sort of evolution. How annoying to a superior person to have the originality of his discovery uestioned! Yet I feel much consolation in the conviction

that I have upheld my position ably, and that all superior persons, whose approbation alone I value, are amply assured of my power in the end to repulse all assaults.

Nevertheless, for several years past, I have laudibly refrained from making further discoveries, satisfied with the conspicuous success I have already acquired: for I rest assured that the world collectively, in spite of the churlish envy of a few, must know how easily, if I only desired, I could invent fresh metaphysical systems. But I do not so desire: for which disinterested and magnanimous resolution, I deserve the genuine approbation of the enlightened.

Our present era is in the main critical. Therefore, anything in the shape of original production ought, in my opinion, to be rigidly discountenanced. That irresponsible individuals, then, outside the refined brotherhood of superior persons like ourselves, should accomplish, what we deliberately refrain from attempting, seems to me to be audacity inexpressibly shocking. We are wise in restricting our talents to general criticism, which is the proper occupation of superior persons. By such action the mind is satisfied, while no risk of unpleasant comments upon our literary labour is incurred.

But I would know how your leisure is occupied. While you are thus absorbed in your studies, I sincerely trust you are not neglecting those social advantages so easily within your reach at Balliol, which, owing to the wise management of its master, is no less celebrated for its aristocratic and fashionable, than for its talented and learned undergraduates. I wish to impress upon you, the necessity of your cultivating the society of youths of position, because it is most important that now-a-days philosophy, which

professes to be a universal teacher, should emerge from seclusion and walk forth into the world.

There is, I understand, a club at the University called "*The Calfingdon*," to which I hope you belong. You will there meet those best worth knowing at Oxford! But there are two offshoots of the Calfingdon, both very small and very select, named "*The Trousers*" and "*The Loafers*," whose members, living apart from what they call the general "smuggishness of the 'Varsity," speak only to each other,—so fashionable and intelligent are their sympathies and tastes. My son, notwithstanding all your successes, it should be your highest ambition to insinuate yourself by hook or by crook into becoming a member of the "Trousers" or of the "Loafers," or of both. I assure you, the affair is not nearly so difficult of accomplishment, as it might at first appear. Witness my extraordinary success in the polite world; and if you carefully follow my example, you will most certainly receive a similar reward for your pains.

The chief lesson you must learn is to restrain yourself. This you will find difficult because you are a genius. Indeed there is no more formidable barrier to social success than the possession of such a quality. Still, with care and perseverance you may surmount all obstacles, remembering that the sole aim of an intellectual man ought to be so to regulate the powers of his mind that they may not seem superior to the capacities of the average person of fashion. For, after all, in England, is it not almost everyone's highest ambition to move in fashionable society? I should like to know what is the use of philosophy, art, literature, everything, if they do not lead to this result?

It has been a decided misfortune to you not to have passed

a few years at a good school. Although once of a different opinion, I now see that I ought to have sent you to Eton. There you would have been moulded to that conventional and excellent pattern so dear to people of good breeding, and would doubtless have made friendships of infinite social service to you in after life. But there is no use discussing this matter. The chance is gone by: so you must now apply yourself with redoubled energy to utilise whatever opportunities remain.

I am most anxious that you should return home soon, as I want personally to test your general progress. Also, I would show and explain to you the admirable work at which I am just now engaged, and which I expect to redound much to my credit. Here is a sketch of what has lately occupied my attention.

In the first place, I have just been elected a County Council-man. I cannot help being filled with the importance of this high post. Perhaps you are not acquainted with the real wisdom and usefulness of County Councils. Well, you must know that outside the august walls of Parliament there are in this kingdom a good million at least of able men with an honourable passion for public speaking, who can never expect to sit in the House of Commons. To these persons such ordinary local institutions as Poor Law, Parish and School Boards afforded very inadequate means for the display of their debating powers. Consequently much valuable oratory was in serious danger of being dammed up and ultimately suppressed with incalculable loss and damage to the State, until the pressing voice of the nation forced a tardy Government to prevent such a danger by the establishment all over the country of numerous

County Councils, wherein public business might be transacted with unprecedented intelligence and despatch, while at the same time each person might have an opportunity for the practice of elocution and deportment. This is an age of criticism; and no action is of any efficacy that does not arise from a very great deal of talk.

I may also mention that I shall shortly preside at a banquet to celebrate the opening of a local exhibition of machinery for the destruction of household vermin.

Moreover I have started a project for utilizing the abilities of inmates of work-houses by ceding to them a measure of rational control over the rates.

But pray return to us soon in order that I may the more fully explain my ideas.

Meanwhile I remain your affectionate father,

FITZ EGO.

We regret to mention that the noble seriousness of Morgante's aims prevented his cultivating acquaintanceship with the "Calfingdon," "Trousers" or "Loafers" as satisfactorily as his excellent father would have desired.

He was now reading for his final schools in Litteris Humanioribus, Mathematics, Physical Science, Modern History and Law; and it was a foregone conclusion that he would take a first class in each of every one, so prodigious were his gifts of memory. Already he had gained the "Hertford and the Ireland Scholarships," the "Junior Mathematical Scholarship," the "Vinerian Scholarship," the "Boden Scholarship," the "Taylor Scholarship," the three Chancellors' Prizes, viz., for Latin verse, English essay and Latin essay, the "Arnold Historical Essay," the "Stanhope

Prize Essay," the Gaisford Prizes for Greek prose and verse, the "Johnson Memorial Prize Essay," the "Conington Prize," the "Cobden Prize," and Sir Roger Newdigate's Prize for an English poem, which last has been won by a long line of distinguished men, and which immediately stamps upon its winner the impress of genius and future immortality in song. Having already carried off so many honours there was no reason to doubt but that he would easily obtain a first class in each of the five schools for which he was reading.

But although he was busy at his books, and consequently somewhat out of sight, still he was never out of the minds of his followers, and even he found time occasionally to take exercise by rowing on the river in order to work off the large quantity of food and drink which he took into his bowels for the nourishment of his brain. As no ordinary river boat was large enough for his fine frame, he bought a barge from a bargee who lived by Marlow-bridge so that he (the bargee) might be near the famous inn where they made puppy-dog pies dear to the palates of all bargees. Then having taken the deck out of his barge Morgante would sit in it canoe-wise, and thus "paddle his own canoe" up and down the river between Oxford and Ifley and through the gut, running down in a noble fashion, to the admiration of all, every other boat that came in his way. At the "eights" he was particularly conspicuous, adding lustre to the occasion, and whenever there was any "bumping" to be done, he did it with terrible havoc to any boat that threatened in the race to "bump" the Balliol craft.

In this glorious manner he spent his time, until one by one he passed through all his five different schools with the invariable result of obtaining a first class in each. The

pride of his college was boundless at his unprecedented success, and at the unapproachable honour he brought upon it. Never was there a man who had obtained a tenth of the honours of this man, and never was the usefulness of examinations vindicated hitherto so completely. On the degree-day he was invested with the title of Bachelor of Arts, and at Commemoration he presented by far the most remarkable figure in the Sheldonian Theatre, where the public orator alluded to him as "Morganteus vir praeclarus venterque scientiarum plenus." Then he stood up amid deafening cheers and bowed to the orator, to the body of the theatre and to the gallery, the applause of which latter division he always coveted; and indeed he was usually held by the gallery in especial esteem. Upon this occasion from the place in question there was suspended a large banner whereon was portrayed a noble painting of an ostrich, which had just jumped from a cliff and was gloriously flying with what appeared terrific speed downward into a dark abyss beneath. The enthusiasm on the whole was very great; and Morgante returned to Balliol having had the final stamp imprinted upon his brilliant University career.

Immediately there were fellowships from different colleges offered to him. This must not be taken as a proof that these establishments favoured or admired atheism and materialism. No—such views have seldom found votaries at Oxford. It was the notorious one's useful invention of happiness, open to all, combined with his unprecedented academical successes that led so many of the University to wish to retain this prodigy in their midst. Morgante himself would gladly have consented to stay; but his health—

nay, very existence—depended upon his speedy departure. For some time past he found the atmosphere of the place well nigh insupportable. It was only by prodigious eating and drinking and hard exercise on the river and in the country, that he was enabled to remain so as to finish his magnificent course. We have already stated that the number of his followers in the University was daily increasing. It had now increased to such an extent, that living in the said University became extremely difficult for an ordinary person, to say nothing of one of such gigantic physique as Morgante. The vast quantity of pure fresh wind swallowed daily by the Enterists, and again ejected from their bodies in by no means so pure or so fresh a condition, rendered the air of the place, to say the least of it, unpleasantly oppressive; nay, even to this day the relaxing and stifling atmospheric condition of Oxford bears witness to the marvellous influence exercised by the school and its founder. Assuredly, there can be no other sufficient cause adducible for the mental and physical depression, indigestion, and bad humours, at present prevalent among the graduates and undergraduates in residence, seeing that the streets of this city are broad and beautiful, and the surrounding country cheerful and salubrious. But there was no doubt that the mighty respiratory organs of the big man were suffering from want of a proper quantity of fresh air, and that unless he soon left his present abode, he would surely die. Therefore he began to make his preparations to go away from that place, where, for the last few years, he had met with such appreciation and happiness.

It is needless to relate the consternation which the intelligence of these preparations caused among the Enterists,

or how many addresses and testimonials the notorious one received from his numerous and devoted admirers. Enough, when we say that he was escorted to the station with as much honour as on the day of his arrival therefrom, and with such visible tokens of regret now, as of joy upon the whilom happy event of his approach. Thus the train, which bore Morgante, rolled out of Oxford on its journey to London, whither his notorious deeds on the wings of rumour had preceded him.

BOOK V.

THE GREAT WORLD.

"Il y a de légères et frivoles circonstances du tems qui ne sont point stables, qui passent, et que j'appelle des modes: la grandeur, la faveur, les richesses, la puissance, l'autorité, l'indépendance, le plaisir, les joies, la superfluité. Que deviendront ces modes, quand le tems même aura disparu? La vertu seule, si peu à la mode, va au-dela des tems."

La Bruyère.—Caractères, ch. xiii.

UNLIKE most young men who, having finished a brilliant course at the University where they excited admiration, come to London to find with bitterness that they have no distinct original ideas to work out, that the higher education has fitted them just to take a mediocre part in almost any department of the world's labour mart, and that there humanity is too much composed of units like themselves to consider the claims of any, who are neither conspicuous for genius, great social position, wealth or monstrous behaviour, the most notorious Morgante immediately filled a position of authority and renown. As we have already mentioned, the fame of his philosophy had preceded him; and all people were anxious to welcome the great man whose wonderful discovery had contributed so much to their comfortableness. He took especial care that his hopes of success should not altogether depend upon his very noble genius, being perfectly aware that real, nay, the

highest genius is often unrecognised by the world, until perhaps years after the death of its possessor. "No posthumous fame for me," he was wont to say: so he accordingly resolved to ensure an immediate acquisition of universal attention by the addition to his various fine qualifications of a behaviour quite beyond the limits of what mankind has hitherto deemed allowable in the great.

Of course his enormous proportions were in themselves more than sufficient to arouse the admiration of the Londoners, notwithstanding all their application to business and their habitude of seeing exhibited in their midst every conceivable freak of nature, whether human, or animal, or giant, or dwarf, or male, or female, for which their huge city is the refuge. So great was the attention which they vouchsafed to Morgante, that for some weeks he was besieged by an army of showmen, who besought him in the most touching terms not to exhibit himself so much in public, but at once to hire himself out to them, promising to give him such a salary as would in a very short time make him a millionaire.

He invariably refused with anger such proposals, as derogatory to his high position as a teacher and leader of men; and at last being so incensed at their offensive reiteration, he resolved by an ingenious device to rid himself of the nuisance once and for all.

Having advertised to showmen all over the world for contracts, since, as he alleged, he was now determined to show himself for hire, he easily prevailed upon a vast number of those gentlemen to meet him at a specified hour. No sooner had he them assembled, than he set upon them with his immense hands and kneaded them all up together in a

mash which he moistened with a preparation of saliva, slime, grease, and salt, previously at hand. Then having gathered the whole matter he placed it in a huge vat, into which he jumped without either shoes or stockings and there kept churning away like a treader of the vine, until the copious sweat, which flowed from his person with the might of his exertion and perseverance, rendered the contents of the vat quite a thin liquid. This he treble distilled in a machine also ready for the purpose; when the essential spirit unadulterated of a showman, after a good deal of trouble, was obtained. He then poured the spirit into a refrigerator whereby he rendered it hard and solid; and from this block he carved out the figure of a man.

Being, as we have more than once hinted, a profound biologist, and perfectly acquainted with the origin and nature of every phenomenon in the universe, he knew, of course, that all phenomena without exception may easily be reduced to matter, and that consequently, *vice versa*, from the proper description of matter any phenomenon may be evolved, created and set in motion. Therefore utilizing the fitting matter for his purpose, he had no difficulty in furnishing this figure with life, intellect and experience: so that in an incredibly short time he had the profound satisfaction of having created the one ideal showman that the world has ever seen.

To this pretty creature, who had an unbounded love for Morgante, but who was otherwise wonderfully cold and calculating, the notorious one gave the name of "Bucco," and his affection for him was exceedingly great; so that to the day of his death he would never allow him to stay much away from out of his sight.

Immediately the superb Morgante set about to find a suitable residence for himself and his very dear friend. He tried successively various localities in the Metropolis. Some situations he found too high, others too low, some too bright, others too gloomy, some too damp, others too dry, some too warm, others too cold. He tried Bayswater, but he found it too fashionable: he tried Kensington, but he found it too boisterous: he tried Brompton, but he found it too pretentious: he tried North Pimlico (or Belgravia as a few call it), but he found it too dowdy: he tried Mayfair, but he found it too austere: he tried St. James, but he found it too Bohemian: he tried the Temple, but he found it too respectable: he tried the Seven Dials, but he found them too prigish. Then seeing that no one district completely suited him to the exclusion of all others, he cudgelled his brains to find out a plan whereby he might procure for himself a residence, which would afford him at the same time the conveniences and advantages of the various localities in London.

In order to force his wonderful inventive faculty, he ate only a whole sturgeon for breakfast during several mornings, having heard that fish was the best food for the brain. He then spent a vast time each day in making preparations to begin his work. He would sharpen his instruments, clean his retorts, polish his mirrors, mend his nets, verify his weights, test his measures, examine his calculations, wipe his pens, point his pencils, cut his nails, rinse his ink bottle, scratch his head, whittle his table, poke his fire, build castles in the air, talk to himself, in fine, put everything in order, so that he might commence operations early on the following day. But the following day arrived, and instead

of commencing operations, lo, he proceeded to make similar preparations again. This prodigious intellectual activity continued for several weeks. At last, by the merest accident, he sat down upon the stove in his apartments to think; when, the generous heat having ascended into his frame, he felt stirred up within him an unusual inspiration. Calling Bucco, he commanded him to take a large sledge hammer and to hammer him (Morgante) upon the head until he should tell him to stop.

The pretty creature, always ready to obey his master, immediately fell to pounding at the latter's skull with might and dexterity for the space of three whole days and nights, until at last the notorious one, now rendered malleable by iron and inspired by fire, bade him hold, declaring with consummate joy that he had discovered a means whereby he might accomplish the tremendous work which he had in view. In this, as in all undertakings, his profound knowledge of physical science was of inestimable service.

Before anything could be begun, it was necessary to wait for a foggy day, which, of course, arrived very soon, London being celebrated for its fogs in winter. On a day of this kind, then, the most notorious Morgante, filled with ecstacies, went forth to a public place in the thickest part of the fog, and there yielded forth the said ecstacies, which he could dimly see floating about upon the heavy atmosphere. Whereupon he skilfully recaptured them on specially prepared mirrors washed with the strongest solution of iron. He then allowed them to evaporate; when off they invisibly travelled over the whole city and its suburbs, becoming quickly impregnated with whatever was most desirable in each district, taking this from that, and that from this, but

absorbing more of Wishes, Desires, and Strivings, than of any other commodity. Then did Morgante provide himself with the largest and most powerful of magnets, and sitting upon the gilded ball on the top of the Monument, he did hold the magnet high above his head in the air; when immediately he attracted back all his wandering ecstacies, now become solidified and mightily enlarged with the Thoughts, Wishes, Desires, Struggles, Affections, Aims, Fashions, Morality, &c., &c., of the whole vast Metropolis. He at once employed Bucco in cutting up these huge solids into convenient sizes of ordinary building bricks, with which he very soon built for himself and his friend a noble mansion, containing among its other conveniences such a spacious drawing-room, as was never seen or heard of in the world before.

Thus did Morgante gather round his immediate person everything that was best worth having from each district in London. Meanwhile, he had grown so popular and was so generally sought after by society that he bid fair to become the lion of the approaching season. For this post he possessed qualifications in a pre-eminent degree. A prodigy in mind and physique, to say nothing of his manners, which alone were more than sufficient to make him a great acquisition at social gatherings, he speedily found the rank, beauty, and talent of the city at his feet, each vying with the other who should have the monopoly of his presence and attention. He passed from reception to reception, from drawing-room to drawing-room, from club to club, receiving the adulation of the highest and the lowest, the greatest and the smallest, the wittiest and the dullest, the richest and the poorest, the youngest and the oldest. He knew the right thing to say to everybody, and never failed to make

himself most interesting in whatever company he might be placed. Thus to royalty he talked of bohemians, to the nobility he talked of royalty, to self-made Britons and to Americans he talked of the nobility, and so on down the ladder. However, there were certain solitary beings of a nondescript class whom he always dreaded and avoided, and who may in general be designated by the title of gentlemen.

He would write occasionally for the newspapers, and soon proved himself in that admirable and unconventional school of letters to be an able writer like all journalists! His dealings with the editors (men of ripe judgment and armed with deadly shafts of mechanical satire against harmless insignificant objects), were always most successful. These superior persons, who could wither with a look or a sentence obscure literary aspirants, and who could so intelligently ridicule an ambitious work, no matter how great its merit might be, provided it came not from the hand of a celebrated author, found their satirical muse now paralyzed and themselves as lambs in the presence of the notorious one.

He would also constantly frequent literary and artistic circles, where, standing in the middle of the drawing-room, his head thrown back and chest forward, he passed his fingers through his hair and kept repeating for the benefit of all within earshot, "Ah yes, you know Giorgione, you know Giorgione, yes, you know Giorgione, you know," and so on: while a whole bevy of females surrounded him, all lost in admiration of his beauty and good sense.

At one time he visited the self-constituted guardians of English Literature—a female and three or four male journalists, who were wont to contribute to a weekly paper, occasional "copy," on subjects of tremendous importance,

which was afterwards partially collected and published under he striking title of "Social Squitters." These persons, whose undoubted genius was universally famous and acknowledged throughout the land, spoke to him very gravely of their awful responsibility in upholding and defending our justly glorious literary tradition, protesting with much solemnity, that nothing could induce them to countenance any work, which did not conform to their infallible taste, by reason of their respect for literature. Moreover, they passed some severe strictures upon certain celebrated authors living and dead, whose works appeared to contradict their reasonable canons of art.

"By the four winds," quoth Morgante, "our friends do seem to take themselves right seriously. But, I suppose, it is not ridiculous that the author of so great a work as 'Social Squitters,' should naturally assume the character of a literary Atlas!"

There were certain politicians, too, over whom he possessed unbounded influence: notably one old man of unsurpassed energy and volubility, who, although he never in his life uttered aught but the common-place, being devoid of the least originality, judgment or humour, still by the sheer force of this energy and volubility may be said to have succeeded as none other before him, in pushing the common-place to genius. Morgante easily won this politician's heart by the invention of a soothing syrup, which was to free him from all future annoyance. It was prepared from the condensed breath of the mob well spiced with stale fish, onions and rancid gin; and when the old man drank, he immediately became so happy that he was ready to be advised in several matters by the author of his felicity. Then did the noto-

rious one at once persuade him that he (the old man) was the greatest, the most perfect, nay, the only infallible being that ever lived; that any person who should have the temerity to differ from his opinion, must be a fool; that expediency and right were synonymous terms; that consistency and resistance meant only mental paralysis; that wisdom's food was one's own words; that the truest patriotism was to keep in office at all cost: and, smiling with delight, the aged statesman hugged the giant, vowing that of all comforters he was the sweetest and the best.

There was another youthful politician also by the arts of the notorious one enslaved, who among the many obscure followers of his trade deserves a passing recognition both on account of his success in aping the afore-mentioned old man, and because it is wholesome to show the wonderful resources which Morgante ever had at hand for the accomplishment of his noble designs. To suit this patient, he caught the essential surprise of the world in a magic lantern, the contents of which he emptied into a bath, and added water. When all was duly mixed and ready, he made the young man bathe therein, who forthwith came out marvellously transformed, as it were, at once, into a hero, ready to do all things; to venture or to die, if only he could become an object of wonder and discussion. Then did Morgante find it easy to explain to him, that, in order to arrive at this happy state, he must always keep himself before the public; that his first consideration must be not what is useful, but rather what is showy; that an individual caprice must take precedence of the interest of a nation; that political science is a sham, and learning a delusion, &c.; and even as the old man, so the young man having taken to heart and fol-

lowed out this wise counsel, which resulted in so much happiness to his own particular self, honoured the giant as the most comfortable friend in the world.

Truly Morgante was a great success in the big city. He became the fashion; and that secured his notoriety. There was no party, function, reunion, gala, gathering or deliberation, which was complete, or went properly so as to become a success, without him. Indeed, there were some of the more serious order, as there ever will be in every age, when some startling personage appears, who denounced, opposed and endeavoured to stem the vast current of favour that was effusively poured on this notorious one's head; but all their efforts were useless. They were trampled upon by the large majority of their very human country men, who declared them to be old-fashioned, pedantic, surly book-worms, unacquainted with the ways of the world and of society, and unfit to judge of its manners and requirements.

Truly Morgante became very much in fashion amidst the society of the gay and the learned. Fashion, enigmatical word, expressive of the sheepish quality in man. Fashion, stumbling-block in the paths of sage promoters of universal suffrage, and of believers in the multitudes' capability to wisely judge. Fashion, phantom standard borne aloft by many a noble leader, who has lured after him helpless millions over the edge of a precipice into a bottomless abyss. Fashion, nay, the notorious one not content with being in the fashion, aspired to lead it, and in fact did lead it: for his restless personality could brook no superior in the field of notoriety. With what success he fulfilled this high duty we shall presently see by the prodigious acts

which he compelled the fashionable to perpetrate cheerfully at his bidding.

These "smart" folk he found even easier to manage than the learned, by reason of their far less complex natures, which required no elaborate metaphysical formula to receive that absolute animalism with which it was the life long labour of Morgante to thoroughly imbue the human race He had only to say the word; and forthwith a fashion of extreme dissoluteness prevailed.

With the perspicuity of genius he saw that the first institution to be attacked was that of marriage, because it was the safe-guard of the family, and the foundation upon which the morality of society rested. He therefore encouraged to the utmost the fashion for divorce suits. He countenanced men in debaucheries even more excessive than those to which they are usually prone. He caused it to be considered the "smart thing" for spinsters to behave like harlots. He made it the fashion for marriage to be held as mutually binding for the contracting parties in no sense, but rather as a free license to matrons for the practise of a general polyandry. And all this he accomplished with the greatest facility, many obeying him with alacrity, because of the pleasure and convenience afforded them thereby, the rest following like sheep, just because it was the fashion. It may be considered then by some remarkable, but if we keep in view the theory of Enterism, it is really most natural that, as a result of all this "smartness," many "society" females took far more pleasure in the exposure which their conduct brought upon them, than in any indulgence in vice.—Nay, their activity to attract the needful notice, whereby they might enjoy flatulent delights, became so

enormous, that even those who shrank from real guilt and who were often in fact perfectly innocent, gloried in "compromising themselves," as they called it, with another party, provided their "compromiser" was of high enough social rank or otherwise sufficiently notorious for a fair share of wonder to arise out of the matter.

Then did the notorious one further suggest that many of the most remarkable female Enterists should make such use of their beauty, as would exalt them into the highest spheres of fashion. The English are nothing if not a business people; and forthwith there bloomed out amidst "society" a goodly show of professional beauties, who glided about, their usually bulky carcasses distended with much wind like the bellies of malt-house cats, and who were generally received with rapture, as being the last inventions of Fashion's huge dictator. Nor did Morgante neglect to divert himself by making experiments with a view of seeing to what lengths of folly and absurdity "society" would go, when he so ordered the fashion. True to his traditional instincts, he played upon persons of quality a series of little games and tricks which were infinitely funny. Thus on one occasion he instituted and promoted a wheel-barrow race, which consisted of several women of fashion being wheeled in as many barrows by men of fashion. During this novel and amusing performance in a public place, he himself stood by holding his sides with hilarity, as the mashers and grave bearded statesmen with sudatory exertions propelled their laughing burdens to the winning post.

On several other occasions he invited many "smart" people to dinner and regaled their admiring stomachs with the water in which he had washed his feet.

He made butchery a fashionable amusement; and would have a large number of deer driven through a narrow defile, where he was stationed with a brave supply of guns, in order that he might glut his insatiable thirst for the carnage of helpless animals. He also favoured the invigorating modern sport of holding shooting-parties in hen yards.

He made "society" shake hands high up in the air, as if a big wall were between the two parties thus saluting each other. However, it may just be possible, that this method arose from the necessity which certain "smart" folk were under, of raising high their hands for the purpose of grasping that of the giant, like very young children when they shake hands with adults. In order to prove, then, to the world that they were on hand-shaking terms with Morgante, just as Mahommedans wear green turbans to show that they have made the pilgrimage to Mecca, these sensible persons continued ever afterwards this habit, which gradually became common among all who considered themselves people of quality.

He would also find much diversion in taking different individuals up in his arms and in fondling them until their happiness appeared complete; when all of a sudden he would drop them from their exalted position on to the hard ground, and then shake with merriment, while he watched their grimaces and rubbing of their posteriors by reason of the grievous hurt attending their fall.

Again, if a person, upon whom he might have played innumerable pranks, thus seeming to lead him on, should attempt to play pranks in return, the notorious one had a way of quickly putting the offender in his place, viz., by looking as if he had received a back-hander in the mouth, oscillating off,

and never in future noticing the poor worm that had turned.

Thus we might fill a volume, indeed, with an account of all Morgante's notorious actions in his capacity of "society" leader; but the limited space of our great work only permits us to mention at present these few, with which we trust the public will be satisfied.

Amid the detailing of all his social successes and in our anxiety to show how he became, nay, how he in fact directed the fashion, we have suffered our readers for the time to lose sight of the more serious aspects of his life's work, and have neglected any mention as to how that great school of thinkers, the Enterists, was thriving since the departure of its founder from the University.

We have already mentioned that the fame of the notorious one had preceded him to London. In a philosophical sense this assertion was perfectly accurate. Many of the scientific and literary men there having heard of the Enterists' deeds were led to enquire into the teaching of Morgante, and finding it in most respects marvellously adapted to the gratification of their natural instincts, they adopted it unhesitatingly. In consequence they were adepts in his system before even they saw the founder, and spread his fame, and excited the expectation of others before his arrival. Thus Morgante upon entering the greatest mart of the great world may be said to have found a mighty large and ever growing off-shoot there established of the Enteristic School.

This rapid growth of Enterism was very much due to the wide-spread existence of agnosticism, materialism and atheism among the learned; for, as in a previous book, we have shown

how Enterism often ended in agnosticism, so, in like manner, atheism and materialism, from depriving the individual of any hope of a felicitous future life, and thereby urging him to make the most of present gratifications, must reach their legitimate and logical conclusions in the earthly paradise of Enterism. In other words this sublime sect was nothing more than a large combination or trade's union of superior persons bound together for the purpose of thriving upon and gaining rapturous delight from the admiration of the simpler children of humanity. Thus was Enterism published and noised about, gaining ground in England and on the Continent, nay, everywhere where atheism was anyway rampant; and thus was Morgante's name carried beyond the seas, yea, a household word among people who had never set eyes upon his fine person.

In a curious manner, also, he influenced and utilized the middle classes for the furtherance of his purposes, so extraordinary was his power of ingratiating himself with people of different dispositions. Among these interesting Britons he advanced the cause of materialism by appealing most eloquently to their sordid interests, and by encouraging as much as possible their greed and selfishness to the detriment of all patriotic or better feelings. Thus he had little trouble in convincing them, that there could arrive no danger to the state, while they continued daily to amass wealth, and that, consequently, any proposals for strengthening the national defences were morally vicious, because they involved extra taxation, which was hurtful to the trader, and so ruinous to the whole country.

Therefore he was feasted and paraded as the matchless Radical, whose wisdom was unbounded, and who told all

persons what they liked to hear. But amid so much notoriety he never for a moment forgot to actively promote his life's work; and he now bethought him how he might further use some folk to that end, at the same time causing his own particular self abundant diversion.

Observing, as he looked about him then for his purpose, the strange ramifications of Dissent which British Protestantism had shot out, and which lent themselves so innocently to ridicule, he determined to play upon certain classes and individuals such a brave joke by the invention of a new species of Dissent, as might tend to turn religion into broad farce.

With the help of Bucco, the treble-distilled quintessence of a showman, he soon found a fitting instrument for his purpose in the person of a wonderful fanatic hitherto pining in obscurity, whom he now easily persuaded to carry out a project, wild, daring, and fantastic beyond aught ever known in the annals of religious vagaries.

This fanatic, then, although the reverse of an atheist or materialist, fell readily under the larger influence of Enterism, as did many, who either abhorred, or did not understand the atheistical and materialistic notions of the notorious one. By nature this same fanatic was a man of great ingenuity and boundless self-confidence, possessing a grotesque religious feeling that was real, and a racy flavour of the showman withal, which last was the means of his being successfully smelt out by Bucco. He was one of those very rare specimens of showmen, also, who, apparently devoid of humour, become ever more seriously in earnest as the absurdity of their behaviour increases. This fanatical solemnity of his had the effect, as we shall see, of so com-

pletely influencing the minds of the English masses by reason of their innate passion for canting, that they were prepared at his bidding to go to any extremes of extravagant fervour.

Before proceeding, however, we propose to make a short digression in order to enquire into the nature of Cant, and, if possible, to arrive at a correct definition of this extraordinary growth so firmly rooted in the hearts of well nigh half the inhabitants of the United Kingdom. We approach this stupendous task with feelings of the greatest diffidence, knowing but too well how many most profound philosophers in their attempts to explain the enigma have wandered in their minds hopelessly, and have eventually been forced to relinquish the enquiry in despair. Some have defined it as a quality inseparable from Protestantism: others as hypocrisy; others as simply a sing-song habit of speaking: others as slang, &c., &c., all of which conjectures, in our opinion, are manifestly erroneous.

In the first place, to assert that Cant is inseparable from Protestantism cannot be maintained by facts: for although it is an established truth that it exists only among those of the Protestant persuasion, still there are a vast number of the said persuasion among whom it is utterly unknown, for instance, quantities of Protestants on the Continent and a large proportion of the same in the United Kingdom.

Secondly, that Cant is only hypocrisy is quite absurd, since we ourselves have known several excellent upright and sincere persons, who were all canters of the most pronounced type; nay, did not Oliver Cromwell push this uncouth quality to genius? and who possessing a fair knowledge of that mighty bulwark of his country's greatness,

or reading impartially the history of those times can say that canting is only hypocrisy?

Thirdly, that Cant is simply a whining sing-song habit of speaking, is but partially true in that the definition gives only the quality's frequent outward manifestation, without any of its inward nature and significance.

Fourthly, that Cant is slang, besides leaving us unconvinced, is far too wide a meaning for the word, leading us, in order that we might refute it, into boundless fields of speculation, and necessitating, primarily, that we should give a full explanation of the term slang, which would carry us altogether beyond the limits we have set for the reader's patience in this useful digression. We must therefore beg of him or her, as the case may be, to consider this fourth assertion as refuted.

Having thus far been at the labour of proving what Cant is *not*, we shall now set about according to the best of our ability to discover what in reality it *is*.

To begin, we may safely conclude that it is a peculiar growth in English, Scotch and Irish Protestantism, since we have seen that it is nearly unknown on the Continent. What then is this curious habit of mind, resulting often in most strange behaviour, which seems a product of nationality as much as of religion? The answer is to be met with in the peculiar constitution of the British race. When Napoleon said the English were a nation of shopkeepers, he, no doubt, thought that he had made a very cutting epigram. In reality he passed unconsciously a deeply philosophic judgment upon the Anglo-Saxon character. For, after all, what are the English if they are not a business people? Business pervades every grade of society, from the itinerant tinker to the duke. The shop-boy and all merchants, to-

gether with those who have taken professions, are, of course, business people, as in every country. But then what is so curious is this, viz., that the nobility and the rich, in default of having any commercial or professional business to transact, turn the pursuit of pleasure into a very serious business indeed, so much so, that we are told by persons who have "gone through" a London Season, that the amount of wisdom, dissimulation, foresight, meanness, lying, begging, servility, toad-eating, physical endurance, and convenient forgetfulness, required for accomplishing, in a befitting manner, the labour in question, is so great, that there is hardly a trade in the world which causes an equal strain upon the ingenuity and system. In the same manner, English women, no matter how exalted their rank, have all stamped upon them the undelible mark of the trades' woman. For example, see the high-nosed, smooth-faced lady of fashion as she sits in her carriage in the Park: look at her! the show specimen of her country: there she is, as rigid as a corpse: and this she calls pleasure, while inwardly she must feel weary of the toils of her trade, and adopts this cast iron expression in order to stifle her true feelings, if there are any left, and to prevent her nerves from running riot within her. Truly, there is no grace about English women. They are a race of dromedaries. How different their demeanour from that of their Spanish, French, or Italian sisters.

Seeing then that the quality of the tradesman takes such a prominent place in every phase of British life, in fact, that all British life is saturated therewith, it follows, as a matter of course, that the national Religion and its hundred ramifications must necessarily likewise be deeply affected by this

burgher characteristic. Now the burgher instinct is universally admitted to be opposed to the aristocratic, or, in other words, to be vulgar.

Indeed, from the description of the British character occurring in the foregoing thread of our argument, this seems unnecessary for us to state. It is the business instinct, therefore, that discloses itself in the low church portion of the upper classes by the vulgarity of their hatred to any species of beauty or idealism in their church decorations and services, let them protest ever so much to the contrary or persuade themselves that it is only their dislike of appearing to resemble thereby the ritual of Rome: for if this latter reason were correct, their æsthetic perception would certainly have taught them to substitute a ceremonial, beautiful, although entirely different from the one of which they disapproved. No—it is this same counter-jumping materialism with an innate horror of ideas and beauty that chains them down to a gloomy and earthly manner of worship; that makes them see evil where there is none, and that gives to their outward signs of devotion a grotesque appearance of hypocrisy, heaviness and distortion. To this commercial force then, in religion, we are constrained to assign the origin of Cant. Passing on to the lower classes, we find mingled in their religion precisely the same forces. But these good people being without the superficial refinement of manner of the upper classes and almost wholly callous to the sense of the ludicrous, express their devotion in a form of Cant louder and more distasteful. It is on such occasions that a truly pious person is often shocked to hear strange mingling of piety and blasphemy to which they have recourse, in order to relieve the overcharged state of their

human feelings too long suppressed by the hum-drum exigencies of their business operations. We might therefore safely define Cant as the Ritual of the Low Church in the United Kingdom.

Having now, as we confidently hope, settled this most important question on a satisfactory basis, we will return to the thread of our story, craving the reader's forgiveness if we may have prolonged the digression beyond intended limits—a fault which in the present case it was impossible to avoid.

Urged on by so strong an influence in his life as the irresistible Morgante, the fanatic prepared his stratagems in order to demonstrate to the world the length to which British Cant can go, when aroused in a thoroughly efficient manner. Having observed the weak hold of the Church of England upon the masses,—(a fact which may be accounted for in many ways, but principally by reason of the wealth and ease of the superior clergy, and of the domesticity of almost all. For how can a rich married bishop who, like a good family man, must first devote himself to his wife and children, and maintain their recent social elevation, be expected to give all his most serious thoughts to the advancement of his spiritual mission, any more than the poor curate with his spouse and quiver full of offspring?)—he resolved, by a bold stroke, to carry over to his side an immense number of men and women, and to instruct them himself instead.

He knew well that nothing was too preposterous to set Cant a-canting; that, in fact, the more far-fetched the cry, the more certain would be the following. This is accordingly what the fanatic showman did.

Having purchased a superannuated penny steam-boat, he anchored her in the centre of the busiest part of the Thames. He then set about rigging her out after his own fashion, with masts and sails, and ropes and banners, and from her prows he painted out her original name, and inscribed thereon instead "The Deliverance," and on the sails he wrote in huge black letters, "This is the ship of Deliverance, let every one come and be saved. Rescue here for all," and other advertisements of a similar nature.

Whereupon the gaping Londoners of various occupations were immediately aroused to nibble at the fanatic's bait.

In a very short time the whole steamer was crowded, as much as it could hold, with men and women all eager to hear "truth" preached. The fanatic walked up and down the bridge bawling out fanatically in the intervals of his address, "Are you saved? Oh men, oh maidens, oh nations, re you saved? I am appointed to bring to you deliverance." Then they all sang a hymn to the tune of "Oh, what a surprise," one of the verses of which ran as follows:

"Oh, what a surprise!
Two new opened eyes,
So we'll now keep from follerin'
Satan who's 'ollerin'—
Oh, what a surprise!"

After the service, of course the hat went round: and a large sum was collected, which, with frequent repetitions of services, soon amounted to sufficient to pay for what was spent on the purchase and equipment of the superannuated penny steamboat.

The show took prodigiously! Every individual with a taste for spouting allied himself to the fanatic, and acting

under his orders spread the new cry far and wide. The money poured in fast, and new superannuated penny steamboats and indeed every species of used-up craft were purchased, over each of which a "spouter" was placed in command with the title of Captain, the fanatic taking the immediate charge of his own original ship and nominating himself Lord High Admiral of the Navy of Deliverance with full authority over all persons who should join the same.

The show took prodigiously! Hundreds came eagerly every Sunday on board all of the ships, which besides the captains were each officered by lieutenants, second ditto, and midshipmen, according to their seniority in this service, the common sailors (by far the greater number) being those who had most recently joined. There was, of course, too, an enormous quantity of females, who invaded the ships, and became enrolled in the Navy of Deliverance. At first the Admiral was in great perplexity to know what part they should act in the system and by what name they should be designated: for it seemed absurd that they should be called sailoresses, midshipwomen and so forth. On the other hand, it would be highly unprofitable if they were banished from the service altogether. However, after a while, his matchless ingenuity removed this difficulty by suggesting the happy compromise of retaining such valuable supporters under the appellation of *Marines*, a force in modern warfare of an amphibious and hybrid order, which may mean everything or nothing, and whose duties are shadowy and undefined.

The show took prodigiously! In came the money in shovels-ful. Thousands of pounds were entrusted to the Admiral by individuals and societies: for British cant had

been aroused, as it had never been aroused before, and it raged like a prairie fire. Soon at every sea-port or town situated on a river there was a squadron or a single ship of Deliverance stationed, according to the importance of the locality. The religious services (if they may be so termed) conducted upon the ships were most outlandish and preposterous. Sermons were delivered surpassing in strangeness of thought and diction the wildest utterances of the old puritans.

Individuals from the body of the congregation would cry out that they were moved by the spirit to pray, and would hold forth apparently with an intention of never ending. Hymns were sung, a curious mixture of music-hall mummery and devotion having a most blasphemous effect. And all this was carried on with an evident seriousness and sublime unconsciousness of there being aught ridiculous in the performance.

Nor were the marines prepared to play a minor part in the movement. Such excited times present splendid opportunities to females. Armed with long crooked umbrellas for muskets and with poke bonnets for shakos, they marched into the interior of the land with bands playing and banners flying and performed, like true marines, glorious deeds wherever they went. They did beat up new female recruits to their ranks, taking instead of giving the shilling (often much more) which eventually found its way into the Admiral's big pocket. They encouraged and persuaded many men to join the navy of Deliverance at its nearest station, each marine who might happen to be unmarried making continual and often successful efforts to catch a husband with the crook of her musket. Their ardour and activity re wonderful. They invaded Ireland; but, as they held

out no hopes to the crafty people in that country, of obtaining possession of the land for next to nothing or for nothing, they were laughed at ignominiously and put to flight. They invaded France with a somewhat similar result. In Switzerland they were ordered to quit the country or to go to prison for provoking breaches of the peace. They chose the latter alternative, and having bellowed a good deal, and having been the cause of much bellowing and protestation on the part of the navy in England, which on the continent was heard with supreme indifference, they were very glad to be released at the expiration of their sentence, and to return quietly to their native land.

Our friend the Admiral, meanwhile, not satisfied with the very handsome sums of money which continually flowed in as voluntary contributions, and knowing the commercial instincts of his people, determined to turn the show into a barefaced business concern, so that in future it might be independent of those purely emotional aids which profound students of humanity are apt to consider capricious and transitory. He established therefore with the huge capital which he had in hand, at each naval station a store, in which every possible commodity required by man was sold, strictly enjoining all, as they valued themselves true sailors and marines of Deliverance, to deal with him. As his goods were fair, and his prices moderate, he did a monstrous fine business, selling through his agents across the counter *halleluja tea-pots*, *hue-Agag-in-pieces knives*, and so forth to the crowds who daily came to buy.

The show took prodigiously ! in fact so great was the Admiral's influence over the minds or rather the feelings of thousands, that the Archbishop of Canterbury of the time

stated publicly in the house of Lords an opinion to this effect: viz.—that the Church of England, if it desired to stir the hearts of the masses, must adopt in its mission to them some mode of procedure similar to that of the navy of Deliverance. Strange people, who can only understand religion when thus travestied!

Thus did the notorious Morgante play his little joke through the instrumentality of this obedient agent, whom all along he persuaded that the work was the finest in the world.

It now only remained for him to influence and to elevate the generally discontented, which labour of love he commenced with his usual light-hearted eagerness by at once setting in motion among them atheistical and communistic doctrines. He wrote for their guidance pamphlets composed of the ordure of his brain. He opened a shop, in which he sold blasphemous, anarchical and obscene literature, in order to illuminate the intelligence, and humanize the nature of the ignorant poor. He formed Jacobin Clubs and held meetings in Trafalgar Square, where he excited loafers to seditious acts. He promised everything, fulfilled nothing, and always infused belief. In fact he was a marvellously successful socialist.

Meanwhile many of the learned from at first professing agnosticism and atheism for Enteristic purposes and then drifting, as we have already shown, into real disbelief, found, after sojourning for a while in the latter enlightened stage, great mental discomfort and an indescribable but no less certain natural craving to worship something, although what they did not know. Tossed in an ocean of doubt and de-

ir their intellects were sufficiently keen to perceive

ultimately, however they may have thought otherwise at first, the manifest incompleteness of all things on earth; the inexplicable refinement of anguish that gnaws at the heart of even those who are so favoured by the world as not to know what it is to have a desire; the strange wan fears irresistibly aroused by nature in her unfathomable sphinx-like workings. And thus experiencing so much suffering in this life with the hope of nothing in the future beyond dark annihilation, they were brought gradually to be convinced of the misery of their ever having been born. Since they lost by means of their most rational philosophy all faith in Christianity, while they observed in their isolated state the supreme rest gained by millions through a sincere belief in and practise of Catholicism, they were very much put about to invent some new worship, some strictly scientific method of organisation which should bind all classes together, and should afford to each individual similar comfort and satisfaction. After a great deal of thought and consultation, with, as usual, no results, they of course resolved to wait upon Morgante, since they were assured that he, and he alone, could discover a solution of their difficulty.

The notorious one received them in his big drawing-room, and to their enquiries for his direction concerning a suitable object of worship answered them as follows:

"I am surprised or rather not surprised (for after the amount of pedantry and stupidity which I met with at Oxford, where every body is supposed to be so clever, I am prepared for everything) that the study of my system has not long ago taught you all men and women here present the only logical and plain solution of this problem, which you now, like double-distilled human moles, wish me to

elucidate. Why, you lugubrious sparks and hoydens, is it not clear to your shallow understandings, that, since you completely deny a spiritual nature to human beings and assert their sole and absolute dignity corporeally according to the dictates of Enterism, the only proper worship which I can possibly recommend to each of you, if of necessity you must have something, is the worship of yourselves in particular, and of abstract humanity in general impersonated by myself. Now that your presence here to-day has suggested it to me, I feel very confident that a new, pretty, modern, scientific, naturalistic religion might be established with Morgante, Socialism, and the Service of Man as its cry, whose members, while they each indulged freely their instincts, would be most careful, by reason of their love of humanity, and enthusiasm for scientific progress, not to infringe in the smallest degree upon the similar rights of neighbours to gratify all their own instincts in turn.

"And now a word about your temples and the manner of conducting therein this new worship. In the middle ages when the Percivals, the Rolands, and other such persons flourished, the churches were cold, masculine, and to my mind barbarous structures, as many well preserved specimens of the same testify to the present time. But since the genius of Enterism is calculated to produce characters the exact opposite to those whom I have just mentioned, it follows that our temples must be warm, effeminate, and according to our ideas, which alone are correct, refined places of assembly. I have had long in my mind, then, a thought, which this occasion has verified, so that now I feel perfectly convinced of its justness. It is that the real place of worship for Enterists must and can only be the Drawing-room.

Such a thought in embryo it was, that instinctively urged me, when building my house, to construct this gorgeous and unparalleled saloon, which in future must serve as the chief conventicle of our religion. Let your drawing-rooms then be your temples, and let them be well furnished, even as is the drawing-room wherein you are now assembled, with many mirrors, the most important instruments of our rites, whereby each person may contemplate and adore his or her particular self as the case may be. And as modern literature is your Bible and every writer with a new cry your Prophet, so you may worship humanity in general in the persons of such writers, whom in a place like London it is always easy to secure at a gathering, provided, of course, that I myself cannot be present.

"I wish also to point out to you, that poverty must never be an excuse for not worshipping. There is no one so low in the social scale as to be without equals and debarred from human intercourse. A socialist assembly of the poorest males and females, may make of a squalid tenement a drawing-room: and looking-glasses were never so cheap as they are now-a-days. Moreover, the deeper the poverty of folks, the easier for them to discover worshipful impersonations of general humanity.

"Oh! my pretty Enterists, think of the unbounded capabilities of this new religion of ours. May it not truly be said to embrace the innumerable army of liars, rogues, libertines and harlots from among the highest as well as the lowest classes, all of whom shall find in it the matchless consolation of knowing that they are under no necessity to alter their conduct!"

With that, being swelled out in an ecstacy at their admira-

tion, he dismissed the Enterists, who immediately prepared to act upon his suggestions. According to agreement, each individual in the first place set up in his or her bed-chamber or private apartments an especial mirror upon a small altar, which was tastily adorned with flowers and lighted candles, and before which he or she might kneel at pleasure and pray lovingly to the dearest of all objects therein reflected. This preliminary experiment was tried by everyone with, as might have been supposed, marvellous results of moral improvement. Nothing was so humanly sweet as this beautiful private devotion. It became vastly popular. Many passed hours thus on their knees; and no one ever heard of Enterists growing weary or shirking prayer, like some members of other religions. Then did the Enterists make the drawing-rooms everywhere openly, what in an unconscious manner they were making them for a long time, namely, most ornate places of worship, the respective hostesses or priestesses (for now females held an acknowledged superiority) taking considerate care not to allow their rooms to be more than half filled, lest perchance a general inflation of a crowded assembly should cause the walls to burst outward, when the enraptured would be rudely awakened for an instant and then slain, by the house falling on the top of them, as happened of yore to their bug-bears the Philistines. It was truly wholesome to the bowels of mankind thus to witness these faithful ones proclaiming their love and reverence for their own particular persons before the numerous mirrors set up in their temples, and then encouraging each other by word of mouth in the active performance of those elevating rites, while at intervals they paused to worship and to hear the most notorious

Morgante or some deputy of his, who loudly held forth for the general good with his back to the mantel-piece.

The invariable discourse of these impersonations of abstract humanity consisted in a panegyric upon that which they personated and which they modestly named the new deity. They spoke of the service of man as the religion of the future, which was certain to awaken quite an unprecedented enthusiasm among all classes. They repeatedly explained how this religious organization was the outcome of Enterism and of the marvellous advance of physical science which reduced earth, air, fire, water, sky, stars, plants, birds, fishes, animals, man, intellect, experience, fancy, affection, hatred, love, theory, practice, goodness, and evil to so much machinery which any individual at will might take asunder, or put together, or set working, or keep at rest, or smash completely to atoms. They proved to the satisfaction of their hearers, how their religion, being built on so solid a foundation, was destined to last through all time: how cohesion and harmony among its votaries would most certainly be preserved by its wise exhortation to each to gratify without stint all human instincts: how its present existence was due to the experience of past, and to the expectation of future humanity: lastly, how it embraced the forces of socialism, whose leaders were of that lofty type of nature and intellect, which fitted them in an eminent degree to take a leading part in any movement connected with Enterism.

It was on an occasion of one of these gatherings, after a particularly eloquent discourse from the notorious one himself, that an incident occurred which deserves mention. Whether it was that the expectation of hearing

Morgante drew such eager crowds as the priestess could not prevent from entering, or that the ecstacies of the congregation were unusually numerous; certain it is that the temple failed to afford anything like adequate space for the comfort of all who felt in a rapturous mood. There was manifest danger of the walls bursting open; and a general panic spread among those who had no room to inflate themselves and thus gain happy unconsciousness. It is a fact that can hardly obtain belief, but it is nevertheless true, that these superior persons then in their terror fell to laying about them with their fists, sticks, umbrellas, &c., until they knocked all the wind out of their neighbours, when they themselves, having thereby secured space, immediately went off into ecstacies. Whereupon the newly awakened savagely set upon their assailants in turn; and there raged a famous battle, in which each fought for his or her rights, and the hand of every one was raised indiscriminately against the other.

It was impossible to hinder this unhappy business from gaining the utmost publicity. For a long time the enemy used it as a gibing reproach, which to such superior earnest persons as the Enterists must have been infinitely annoying. In vain did these latter urge that, if it had not been for the crowded state of the temple, such a misfortune could not have happened; that with the proper precautions, which should certainly be taken in future, its recurrence would be rendered most unlikely. In vain did they assert their unbounded confidence in humanity, &c., &c. It was of no use. Their opponents would for ever continue to cast this unpleasant fact in their teeth.

Meanwhile the most notorious Morgante continued among

many and divers sorts of human beings to be a name that kept in beautiful unity every shade of Enterism : for although numbers of that body differed on endless subjects of detail, still they were heartily agreed on the main grand point, viz., that of paying a dutiful tribute of worship to their notorious founder. To the atheists, agnostics, and those who had adopted the religion of self-adoration, it became a matter of the greatest felicity to worship Morgante at his temple. For them it was logical, nay, most fitting. On the other hand, for the fashionable and other species of Enterists, who had not formally abjured the tenets of Christianity, to offer similar homage might at first appear strange and anomalous. However, upon a close examination, it will be found not altogether so extraordinary as might have originally been imagined. In embracing Enterism, whose ideal, as we have frequently demonstrated, is entirely opposed to that Christianity, these distinguished people may be said virtually to have abandoned, although perhaps they might still keep up an outward semblance of adhesion to the Christian religion. For in those matters which did not clash with their Enteristic views (for instance in going to church where they could exhibit their fine clothes and meet their friends ; in visiting the poor and sick where there was no danger of an infectious disease, and where they would probably come across a Duchess on their errand of mercy : and in subscribing to charities whereby a handsome donation might appear opposite their names in the public papers, &c., &c., &c.) they still professed to act up to the ordinances of their persuasion. But as for making any sacrifice of Enterism for the Christian faith, such action was, as far as they were concerned, completely out of the

question, and not to be expected. Accordingly when the movement was started that all good and true Enterists should make a pilgrimage on a certain day to the drawing-room or temple of Morgante, and there pay him homage and worship, of course they acquiesced and set about to make such preparations as would render the event ever notorious and memorable.

Immense excitement at once prevailed among all classes. Deputation after deputation waited upon the big man, in order to settle the manner, order, and precedence of each body and individual in coming up to pay their respects. The question of precedence caused the greatest difficulty, it being almost impossible, however ingenious were the arrangements, to satisfy in this respect the female Enterists, whose turbulent jealousies went nigh on several occasions to wreck the whole undertaking. At last after an infinite amount of thought and trouble the Committee of Management succeeded in appeasing, with a few irreconcilable exceptions, these indomitable sticklers for etiquette; and it now only remained to deck and refurbish in a manner suitable to the event, Morgante's temple, where he was to receive his worshippers.

Wherefore they polished its mirrors and added new ones: they laid down an immense turkey carpet of English manufacture: they papered the walls with æolian patterns: they darkened religiously the windows with heavy blinds and curtains: they crowded in a brave supply of sofas and of small, low chairs, (mere masses of upholstery without shape) and of rickety tables covered to the ground with tea-cloths: they stationed about with no apparent plan, many little screens deftly perforated so that the wind

might whistle through them: in fact, they sacrificed luxury for design, and design for luxury, in the embellishment of this egregious temple of a truly notorious idol.

At length the momentous day arrived. All the Enterists were in a fever of excitement and expectation. Whatever else might have been their persuasions, irreligious or otherwise, their one genuine feeling,—from the indulgence of which they hardly ever abstained—was that of absolute devotion to their beloved chief, whom now they were about to do themselves the ecstatic pleasure of worshipping. Never was there a cry that aroused the purely human nature of man more than this. Never was such a large body of pilgrims so earnest and enthusiastic. In they trooped to the temple of Morgante—an immense procession of human beings of all ages and conditions,—princes, peers, statesmen, divines, layers, soldiers, stock-jobbers, liquidators, merchants, misers, spendthrifts, actors, agitators, showmen, jockeys, bookeys, scientists, philosophers, cadgers, poets, painters, bohemians, atheists, agnostics, liars, profligates, plumed jays from the streets, gluttons, drunkards, half naked hoydens of fashionable society, young men anxious to make their mark, old boys, frivolous dowagers, and many others of a nondescript character. The ecstatic happiness of all, the happiness of expectation, was truly prodigious. They waited patiently until past the time when Morgante was to appear. Bucco came forward to inform them that his master would satisfy them directly. They waited a while longer, but the giant still delayed. Bucco again made excuses; and again they waited. Soon the excitement became intense. The pretty creature did his best to allay it, vowing that Morgante would certainly

crown their joy; but he soon fled in terror before the wild eagerness of the Enterists, who, unable to contain themselves any longer, broke from the temple into the various other parts of the house. Upstairs, downstairs, to the roof, to the kitchen, backwards, forwards. sideways, they rushed, knocking each other down in their mad career. But wherever they searched they found not Morgante, in whose hands alone, they believed, the perfection of their felicity was preserved.

BOOK VI.

PEREGRINATION.

"Ideoque in illa sapientes ejus, secundum hominem viventes, aut corporis aut animi sui bona, aut utriusque sectati sunt, aut qui potuerunt cognoscere Deum non ut Deum honoraverunt, vel gratias egerunt, sed evanuerunt in cogitationibus suis, et obscuratum est insipiens cor eorum, dicentes se esse sapientes, id est, dominante superbia sua, se extollentes, stulti facti sunt."

St. Augustin. *De civ. Dei. cap.* 28.

At the end of the last Book we left the many worshippers of Morgante crowded in and about his house expectant of his appearing; but, upon his failing to satisfy them, they became so overwhelmed with chagrin and sadness of heart that each returned to his or her home pale and weary with the reaction of rapturous excitement.

In the meantime what had become of the hero, who had so suddenly vanished? In order to clear up this mystery we must go back ever so little in our narrative.

For some considerable time past, by reason of the ever growing admiration which Morgante received, our precious and never-to-be-lost-sight-of friends his human ecstacies had, with unlimited indulgence, like an unchecked propensity to inebriety, at length well-nigh obtained absolute mastery over him; and during those recent stupendous preparations for his jubilee, so to speak, their frequent recurrence and extreme intensity began to create among the more favoured of the school a certain anxiety as to the injury which the

inevitable transports resulting from such a festival might cause to the system of their notorious teacher. This anxiety was very much increased by a discovery of Dr. Galen M'Guesswork, who was periodically deputed by Fitz Ego and Amentia to examine and report on the state of health of their big man, who would persist in continuing to absent himself from his loving parental hearthstone. The nature of the discovery was as follows. Upon a careful inspection of Morgante's abdomen the doctor detected unmistakable traces of small cracks over the surface of the skin, which was becoming somewhat like the rind of a ripe fig, or rather like the canvas of an old master, which had received at one time a few thick coats of varnish from the brush of an unskilful cleaner. It may well be imagined what uneasiness and doubt this curious bodily or rather abdominal symptom awakened in the mind of the great physician; so much so, that he could not rest satisfied until he had called in two others of the profession as eminent as himself for a consultation. Having duly met, the three made a thorough examination of Morgante's belly, paying special attention to the dangerous state of its outer skin. They rubbed it, they sounded it, they peeled it, they punched it, they stuped it, they burned it, they froze it, they kneaded it, they oiled it, they washed it, they ironed it, they painted it, they glued it, they papered it, they swathed it, they plastered it, and cased it in a covering of pliant gutta-percha. Whereupon the three retired to a secluded apartment, double locked the door, stuffed paper into the key-hole and proceeded to hold a consultation upon the health of the patient. Their conversation was first directed to the fineness of the day, to social subjects, and to enquiries as to how each would fare upon

the coming jubilee day with regard to accommodation inside the temple. By degrees then the discussion assumed a political character. Dr. Galen M'Guesswork, being Scotch, was, of course, an ardent admirer and unquestioning follower of that great and wise man, Mr. Gladstone. The other two were Conservative and Liberal Unionist respectively. As may be imagined, the argument very soon waxed hot; indeed, so hot that the contending parties fell to belabouring each other with their stethoscopes. Of course the Liberal Unionist and Conservative were too strong for the Gladstonian, whom they eventually knocked down and kicked into a corner. Thus ended a memorable medical consultation productive of much satisfaction to the physicians themselves and of boundless advantage to the future health of the patient.

When the other two physicians had left, after having executed their vengeance, Dr. Galen M'Guesswork arose, and having felt all his limbs, so as to assure himself that no bones were broken, he set about turning his mind to the consideration of what had better be done regarding Morgante. It seemed beyond doubt, that the big man's diaphragm was beginning to be overtaxed; and there was no knowing what disastrous results might not follow, if it were called upon to sustain the many and fervent ecstacies which would certainly arise from the reception of such unwonted admiration as the celebration of the jubilee would call forth. After taking the advice therefore of the beforementioned young don of Oxford and other prominent members of the Enteristic body, it was agreed that Morgante should be persuaded to absent himself from the festivities; but that the cause of his non-appearance should be kept

rigidly secret for fear that his enemies should discover what a real danger threatened the new teaching.

Accordingly, very early in the morning of the day when all were assembled to do him honour, the young don with great difficulty got him down by train to Newhaven, concealed in one of those large Pickford vans made for the convenience of "families removing," lest he should be arrested on the way by a disappointed populace. The van was wheeled on board the packet which started soon afterwards; and everything went well enough, until about midway in the channel, the sea becoming very rough, various groans and wheezings followed by the rush of many waters were heard within Morgante's hiding-place. Then came much knocking from inside, and a piteous voice cried out

"Kind friends, let me out. I have been very sick in the stomach and have soiled my garments, and, moreover, I am nearly suffocated. Oh dear! Oh dear!"

They opened the doors of the van; and forth he crawled on all fours, looking very pale and wretched, with his tongue hanging out and his clothes in a woeful condition. As soon as he caught sight of the waves tossing over the deck of the little toy steamer that is wont to ply between Dieppe and Newhaven, a mighty qualm of fear agitated his interior. "Oh, merciful Heaven, I am lost—we are lost—we shall all certainly be drowned!" he roared. "Oh, would that I were at home, and safe with my father, notwithstanding all his pettiness. Why did I ever wish to become notorious, and to shine before men? I heartily repent of it all now. Oh, my dear godfather Chaos, why was I so ungrateful to thee? I solemnly abjure all my disbelief if only Heaven will save me."

Whereupon he knelt down and began to pray very fervently. Then did the young don who, being accustomed to the sea, knew that there was no danger, rise up, and having laid hold of a stout umbrella, set to belabouring Morgante about the shoulders.

"Miserable one," quoth he, "art thou going to disgrace thyself and the whole school? I tell thee there is no cause for alarm, so get up."

At this a deep blush, which, in cold weather, might have warmed those at hand, suffused the huge face of the giant.

"Oh! ah!" he retorted, somewhat confused. "Did you say that there was no danger? Are you sure? Oh, what have I been doing? Say nothing about it, please. I must have been dreaming. Great Heaven, do you see that mountain of a wave approaching us; we shall certainly be swamped this time; and not a sight of land anywhere. Oh, I repent of all the evil I have done. If only I may be saved from this peril, I will change my life."

Here he sank on his knees again, and hiding his face in his hands began to bellow.

"Get up, I say," roared the young don, who had now broken the third umbrella upon his master, "there is no danger, I assure you. Such unreasoning fright is only caused by inexperience of the sea. If your conduct gets wind we are all lost." Then with a hiss, "Get up or I will prod you with my knife."

This last threat made the ever-brave Morgante jump up, indeed, with surprising agility; and during the rest of the crossing he remained a miserable prey to the conflicting feelings of fear of the elements, fear of the young don, and

fear of the wrath of the Omnipotent, Whose existence was manifested to the innermost depths of the scoffer's heart amidst conviction of peril.

Meanwhile the little packet sped gaily over the billows, which tossed her up and down considerably, and after a few hours drew near to the French coast. The captain shouted his orders, which the crew in all haste obeyed. They slackened speed, jibbed the topsail, ported the prow, steadied the rudder, shortened the bowsprit, readied the hawsers, manned the yards, coiled the ropes, took in the reefs, prepared the capstan, oiled the cranes, mopt the decks, spun the yarns, boxed the compass, clouted the figure-head, harassed the helmsman, danced on the paddle-box, tarred the cat, fired the funnels, watered the furnaces, climbed the masts, squirted the passengers, tumbled the baggage, jostled the cook, scrubbed the cabin-boy, kicked the purser, nailed the hatchways, sanded the engines, spiked the guns, greased the gangways, banged the portholes and shivered the spars. In fact they did everything necessary with the skill and despatch of jolly tars. Whereupon, all being in readiness, the gallant little boat steamed up a cliff-bound estuary into the harbour of Dieppe, after a roughish and, for many passengers, a stomach-pumping passage.

When she was securely fastened to the side of the pier, and the gangway shot across, out marched everyone, tumbling on their noses, or their haunches, on account of its greasy state, and looking very pale, some with handkerchiefs tied round their heads, others overladen with bundles, and none sorry at having arrived at the end of the crossing. When Morgante's turn came to land he stepped

like all the others on to the gangway, which immediately broke under his weight, so that he tumbled up to his knees into the water, and would inevitably have sunk lower, only he got one hand on to the pier and the other on to the paddle-box of the steamer, whereby he was enabled to raise himself up by the force of his muscular ability. Arrived at length on *terra firma*, he stretched himself, yawned, and feeling a general sense of voidness, or intolerable hunger, went straight into the *buffet* hard by in order to fill his provender holder. There he seized everything he could lay his hands on, and swallowed it up in a thrice. Bread, chickens, hams, cutlets, vegetables, fruit, and all the wine and beer on the premises flowed gushingly down his guzzle, until he was forced to stop for lack of further provisions. Then throwing himself back, and wiping his mouth with his sleeve, he began to laugh; for the liquor fermented within him.

"Ha, ha, ha, he, he, he, ho, ho, ho, who's afraid? Him ha. Methinks," addressing the young don, "that thy heart somewhat failed thee during the rough crossing. Bah, man, thou shouldst never give way. There was no danger. Look at me. See how fearless I am."

Then the young don, mindful of the terror, which he had lately inspired in his master, and hoping to maintain a lasting supremacy, said fiercely,

"Well, upon my word, this is too much. Why, but for me your unconscionable fright would have made you before all the public deny the incomparable tenets of Enterism which you yourself established."

With that he prepared to inflict some more corporal punishment upon Morgante, who however anticipated his

action by catching hold of him by his long straight hair, while he muttered,

"The licence which thou givest to thy tongue, young man, may some day bring thee to the gallows. I tell thee that it was thou who was afraid, and not I. Aye?" and he shook him right effectually.

"Ow, wow, yes it was I who was afraid and not you," screamed the young don in excruciating pain; and he never again attempted to bully Morgante, except when the latter felt fearful of anything.

The train being now ready to start, the big man with his follower the young don rolled himself into a large empty waggon which they saw attached, and so arrived at the appointed time in Paris, where they took up their residence on the top of Montmartre.

By this time, as we have previously stated, Enterism had been noised about generally all over the Continent, and had gained steady ground in most European countries. Nowhere was it so popular as in gay, witty, intellectual—yea, first of countries, France. This coincidence was surely most natural: for have not our most delightful neighbours, the French, been from time immemorial the most assiduous seekers of admiration? To their most advanced of free-thinkers Enterism came as the philosophical expression of what was deepest engrafted in their natures. They welcomed it, they wrote it up, they spread it abroad, they declared that it was the final solution of all metaphysical problems.

Standing then at his full height on the top of Montmartre, the most notorious Morgante surveyed the whole of Paris, as it were, at his feet, and was in turn admired very much

by all her people. He particularly delighted M. Eiffel, who took several hints from those noble proportions for the final design of his celebrated iron tower; for it must be remembered that the giant's figure resembled nothing so closely as a huge champagne bottle, his shoulders slanting up into his neck, which was crowned by a small head, the whole presenting a most sympathetic and attractive architectural manifestation.

When he got tired of standing he took his companion by the hand and walked at a swinging pace down the Rue Lepic and through the Boulevard at bottom until he came to the celebrated *Café de la nouvelle Athène*. Within reigned a very pandemonium with shouting and violent gesticulation. This was the evening resort of many great poets, painters, sculptors, dramatists, novelists, essayists, journalists and *blagueurs*, of the French Metropolis;—for the most part philosophers with ideas at least two centuries in advance of their time, who were among the first to recognize the mighty importance of Enterism.

As soon as Morgante and his friend walked in, they were greeted with a perfect yell of applause and welcome. The best place was allotted to them; and all crowded round to hear the pearls of wisdom which were sure shortly to fall from the notorious one's lips. They asked him a bushel of questions, and were rewarded with a volume of gas. There was scarcely a topic around which the conversation did not at one time or another sail. He spoke most authoritatively upon the subject of Style, which he pronounced to be the only requisite in literature. "If you possess Style," quoth he, "you can afford to dispense with all originality and matter. A curious style, in truth, itself will necessarily bring

forth qualities immeasurably superior to these. For my part, when I write I first carefully sketch out with long and short prosodical signs the rhythmical balance of the beginning, middle and ending of every sentence in my treatise. Then regardless of any meaning I fill in each sentence with the choicest phrases I can invent. Lastly, I give the whole a general revision or welding together, when there usually arises from my treatise such a wealth of singularity and sense, as fairly astonishes the world. This is the new Enteristic method of writing books—a method in which the intellect has deservedly least and the senses most to accomplish."

A storm of applause proved how profoundly sympathetic to the audience were these wonderful and useful opinions. Morgante then volunteered an account of the state of literature in England, declaring that never was it so vigorous and flourishing as during his time. He told how authors in that country, by reason of their careful attention to style to the exclusion of aught else, had arrived at such a complete mastery over the instrument of their profession, as to gain fame and affluence by the assiduous practice of saying artistically just nothing at all; how they were endowed, of course, with vast originality and inventiveness, but wisely restrained the same, fearing a deleterious effect upon their exquisite refinement of expression; how no such institutions existed among them as literary cliques, whose members were bound together to keep outsiders from contributing to the journals for which they themselves wrote, and in which they "puffed," turn about, each other's productions and abused almost all else; how editors, ever on the watch for rising talent, gave a fair reading to a stranger's MS.; *how journ*alists never presumed to hold up as a standard of

education to men of letters the contemptible curriculum of the Press; how the dramatists were the greatest writers in the land, and, having their mummers well under control, could produce plays of real merit; how men of letters, as in France, rejoiced in the society of their brethren, and could never be brought to understand the "snobbishness" of seeking acquaintance with circles, however "smart," whose narrowness and stupidity they would be forced to conciliate; how—but suddenly in the midst of all this discourse there entered the café an individual whose appearance even in such a place created considerable attention. In truth he was a veritable Orson—very dark, with a profusion of hair growing in all sorts of queer places. He had hair growing on his head, and hair on his face, and hair on his eye-brows, and hair flowing out of his ears, as well as out of his eyes, and nostrils, and hair on the back of his hands nicely combed and parted; and he had one charming love-lock hanging from the tip of his tongue; added to that he wore a hair-cap, a fur coat, and no shirt: so that he might be rightly described as a very harmony in hair. After a few rallying remarks from the men of genius of his acquaintance he joined the group, of which Morgante was the centre, and entered into the general conversation with vehemence and spirit. In the course of his numerous remarks and assertions he was listened to most admiringly by the young don, who being in a strange place very different from the somewhat somnolent atmosphere of an Oxford Common Room, and anxious at all hazards to make himself agreeable in such incomparable intellectual surroundings, kept his eyes immovably fixed with what he thought respectful attention upon the speaker.

Whereupon the man of hair began very soon to feel unpleasantly convinced of the young don's power of eye. It was a hard determined eye, that quite unconsciously to its owner would often go through and through a body like a strong dose of salts causing great pain. Holding his stomach with both hands the man of hair first ran to one corner of the café, then to another and another, always followed by the inexorable eye. At last unable to contain himself any longer he cried out passionately,

"Who is this gentleman who looks at me in such a manner? I won't be looked at; it hurts me, it maddens me, it weakens me, it incommodes me; it makes me feel hot. I tell you, sir, I won't be looked at." With that he leaped into the air ten times; then turned four somersaults and lay motionless on the floor. They rushed to revive him; when, opening his waistcoat and cravat, lo, they found nothing underneath! Thus he passed away quickly, and was never heard of any more. Everybody naturally was thunder-struck at this wonder, everyone, we say, except Morgante, who immediately by the help of his large intellect and boundless scientific knowledge gave a full and lucid explanation of the phenomenon, which completely satisfied the reason of his hearers.

Meanwhile Bucco had arrived; and the following day they spent in viewing the beautiful and characteristic sights of the queen of capitals. In the morning before breakfast Morgante went to visit the Morgue, and then to a café, where, with a keen appetite after what he had seen, he ate a hearty meal. Afterwards he walked on all fours for an hour or so under-ground through the sewers. He then went see the principal slaughter houses, remaining a consider-

able time in each for the luxury of splashing and mud-larking in rivers of beasts' blood. Having washed himself in the Seine, he sat watching the Parisians pass by and drinking absinthe until he got drunk; after which he went to dinner, where he ate and drank himself almost sober again. In the evening he danced at the Elysée Montmartre to the admiration and astonishment of all the élite of that fashionable resort. He waltzed first round from left to right, then from right to left, reversing all over the place in the most graceful manner, and knocking everyone down who came in his way, so that he very soon carved out sufficient space for his bold and beautiful evolutions. Then being weary of all his useful exertions of the day, he was led home very drunk by Bucco and the young don to rest and recover his vigour.

The notorious Morgante did not long delay his labours for the promotion among the facile Gauls of his standard hobby, materialism. The prodigious ingredient of French blood, that gurgled all through him, proved an invaluable and instructive help to the discovery of the best means whereby the people of that land might be led to welcome this animalism of his. He knew their passion for bravado and for attracting attention to themselves;—so ardent a passion indeed as to place them among the enthusiastic embracers of Enterism the loudest and most enthusiastic. He knew of the deep vein of irreverence and innate brutality in the heart of the nation, despite all its superficial refinement. He also knew of the widely pervading influence of literature and art among the French, who in such subjects were the leaders of Europe at that time. He therefore determined to direct the disposition of their litera-

ture and art, so that it should arrive at a state of brutal licentiousness unparalleled in the history of the world. One day as he was silently walking with his friends through Paris and pondering how most conveniently to accomplish his purpose, his attention was directed to a personage with the shabby dogged appearance of a newspaper reporter who followed him wherever he went. As the notorious one was by no means unaccustomed to be escorted by gentlemen of the press, he just looked, and took no further heed. Presently the individual in question approached, and said,

"Most gifted at solutions, I would confer with you on important matters."

"Not now, little man. This is not the place or time, in which I allow myself to be interviewed for press purposes."

"But I tell thee," insisted the stranger, "that I am commanded by no journal to interview thee. I wish to consult about myself."

"Oh, very well," quoth Morgante, seating himself in the gutter and taking the interrogator as well as Bucco and the young don upon his knee; "now, my little man, who art sturdy and rotund like myself in miniature, tell me thy name and the nature of thy need."

"My name is Stercutius," said the stranger. Then emboldened by much encouragement he continued: "I have always mightily admired thy notorious deeds, and have grown vastly miserable with the conviction, that what I can appreciate so well must ever be above my power of accomplishing. In truth I suffer an unquenchable thirst to become myself notorious; but woe is me, I am only a poor journalist without any knowledge how to attain my desire. My frequent endeavours have invariably brought on

desperate pains within me; and still my desire is so great that I must needs try, and yet try again, in spite of my agony. Canst thou not help me to notoriety and fortune?"

"I suppose your efforts up to this have been mostly in the literary way? What have you done, eh?" asked Morgante.

"Altogether," answered Stercutius, "I have written various articles, which have not succeeded too well. However, my real strength lies in newspaper reporting. In this branch I am without a rival. But after all what notoriety can possibly come out of a trade so obscure, reverberating and impersonal? I am in despair."

All of a sudden a prodigious expression of elation lit up the face of the notorious one.

"Eureka; I have found it; I have it," cried he. "My little friend, you say you are an incomparable reporter; and from your open declaration of your difficulties I have no reason to doubt your assertions. Obey me implicitly then, and I promise you, you shall after a while become one of the most notorious of mortals."

"How so?" quoth the surprised Stercutius.

"Never fear. I'll engage he will do for you," quoth the young don.

"You must invent a new literature," cried Morgante to Stercutius.

"Alas I have often tried and cannot," moaned the latter.

"But with my help you can and shall. In fact I am so pleased with the project I have just discovered, that my first thought was to execute it myself alone. However I now perceive that my quick wit could never endure the

long mechanical drudgery (for that is all it is) involved in the execution, which I will therefore entrust to you,—a work admirably suited to the plodding nature of a reporter. I shall merely suggest and guide you. You shall fulfil my bidding. My metaphysic shall progress. You shall gain vast notoriety. This is my project,—listen. It must be your aim in life to reduce the literature of your own country and then of the whole world to the level of newspaper reporting—a laudable endeavour, because by nature each man seeks to mould all others to his own particular pattern. To this end you must write a series of novels—bald statements of the meanest actions of mankind. It does not require much trouble or intelligence to educate the public to an appreciation of such work; for although the masses cannot understand art, they can always understand photography. Since, however, the endless detailing of commonplace actions is sure to deprive you gradually of readers, you must exercise a process of selection, which will vastly interest the dullest, most animal, or otherwise the majority of all classes, by crowding into your books an amount of obscenity beyond fact, or aught hitherto attempted by any author. Meanwhile you will write from time to time at my suggestion various essays asserting your position as the discoverer of a new art and the founder of a school, which you may call the Naturalistic School. You will, of course, be fiercely attacked by some; but you will be buoyed up by the tremendous support which I can lend you, by the great sale of your works, and by the unique notoriety of being the chief corrupter of your age. You may defend your claim to the title of artist on several grounds: among others on the ground of physical science, which now-a-days

seeks to reduce all to matter, and of which you may call your works the epic :—on that of Enterism, which leads to the absolute gratification of the senses ; but chiefly on the ground of the afore-mentioned process of selection, in the monstrosity and improbability of which your productions will cease to be mere photographs of manners. For thus you can always hold in reserve against your enemies the argument that you have loyally made use of selection, that selection is one of the first canons of art, and that therefore you are an artist.

"I really think that all these my suggestions may easily be carried out, as the bent of the novel since the death of Balzac manifestly favours such a scheme. You have no foolish scruples, I suppose, against obeying me in this matter?"

"Scruples," quoth Stercutius, "I should think not. What do you take me for? Am I not an Enterist? Am I not only too overjoyed at learning a means of obtaining notoriety? You have my thanks. Farewell; I shall begin at once."

Forthwith, then, did Stercutius rummage through the sewers and dust-holes of humanity, duly reporting his experiences, and adding thereto a prodigious amount of exaggerated and invented obscenity, in order to ensure the sale of his dull lucubrations. He perfectly revelled in describing bestiality, and found a strange delight in the degradation of his fellow-creatures, never expressing a sentiment of longing that they should be otherwise than what he made them appear. "The age is scientific and material: men are only animals; this is how they must act," might be read between the lines of nearly all he wrote.

As Morgante promised, the sale of these books of Stercutius' was immense. They were translated into most foreign languages: and the notoriety of their author was assured. There were fools or knaves, who saw, or pretended to see, in them terrible exhortations against immorality. A host of imitators started up in many lands with various success. In England the public would have none of it; for, notwithstanding all their Enterism, they found this naturalism really too much for them. A publisher who issued translations of Stercutius was sent to gaol, and all further attempts at promoting the movement were generally tabood.

In the domain of the fine arts also, as in that of literature, did Morgante advance his designs for the improvement of humanity. He opened to artists the easy way to notoriety by urging them to choose simply the most brutal and sensual subjects for painting; and very soon the Salon became crowded with such a collection of gross, bloody, hideous, and carnel pictures, unrelieved by any happiness of execution or artistic aloofness, as weakened the nerves of a visitor, and aroused ghastly sensations, similar to those awakened by wax criminals in the Chamber of Horrors. And people wondered at these artists:—how they could bring themselves to paint such monstrosities without even the sophistical excuse of a strong original handling; how from an opposite point of view, they could commit the same blunder as did those effete painters of classical subjects, against whose execution so many inveighed. And still they wondered, and would ask each other: Were authors and artists going mad, for surely this must end in madness? Was the country at last sunk in absolute animalism? Was that wit, for

which the French were once so famous, dying out of the land? Was the future to be nothing but darkness and brutality? Who or what was the cause of such changes? Was it the Republic? Nobody knew except the artists themselves. But then everybody wondered prodigiously; and the general wonder was a source of rare happiness to the slaves of the world-subduing giant.

The most notorious Morgante also found French politics in a state that rendered it easy to turn them to account for his purposes. As in the study of art and literature people generally devote some attention to ancient specimens before passing to the products of more modern times, so he, before exercising his influence over the marvellous machinery of public affairs, resolved to spend a short interval in observing some of this country's older forms of government, hoping thereby to arrive with a richer store of experience at his examination and control of her present statecraft. He repaired, therefore, armed with excellent introductions, to one of those museums of ancient political personages situated in the Faubourge de St. Germain. There he found assembled a bevy of old ladies, who held their heads so high from a constitutional habit of perpetually gazing at the moon, that their necks became joined to the backs of their craniums, and their eyes had mounted to the summit of their crowns, their chins being in the position of ordinary people's noses. There were also present some worn specimens of men and youths with legs noticeable for their pliant insecurity. The conversation of these strange beings, when not discussing the merest society common-places, turned upon the ever absorbing topic, whether the king should be on the throne in a week or in a

fortnight hence; and they considered any individual, who dared to doubt the probability of such an event, as a dangerous lunatic carefully to be avoided. To the notorious one's questions, then, concerning what were their various schemes or theories of government, they either said that they did not know, or returned such answers as were almost incomprehensible, making various allusions to the king whom they said they would consult, &c. Whereupon he boldly asked who was the king? This question produced profound alarm and excitement: several ladies fainted; and all prepared to fly from this lunatic of such enormous proportions. Perceiving, however, that he remained perfectly calm with evidently no intention whatever of inflicting bodily injury upon anyone, they rallied, and looking at him in amazement said,

"Not know who the king is? well to think that there should be anyone in the world who is ignorant of the existence of our great and mighty king;" and they wept bitter tears of disappointment and mortification.

But Morgante, ever of a strong persevering nature, was now determined not to be baffled, since his curiosity was fairly aroused to know about this mysterious being: so after a great deal of questioning and coaxing, he got them to tell him that they had in their midst a real king alive, and complete in every respect save indeed the rather important requisite of his possessing a kingdom. Having ascertained this interesting fact, he desired that he might be permitted to have an audience with his majesty. However the old dames solemnly shook their heads, declaring that such a thing was at all times most difficult, and that in his case it would be perfectly impossible, unless he could furnish

proof that he had been received at court in his own country. Whereupon the adroit Morgante, who was never at a loss for a lie, informed them that, since the Queen of England led now such a retired life, and was otherwise so occupied with the promotion of every great work—whether political, literary, artistic or scientific—for the benefit of her people, she could find absolutely no time to receive anyone; so that consequently nobody in his country ever went to Court; but that he himself was an intimate friend of the Prince of Wales, and as such claimed all the rights of one who had been presented to the Queen. This piece of intelligence seemed at first to puzzle them a little; and they remained consulting for a while. At length they appeared (we suppose owing to the proverbial French ignorance of all English customs) to be quite satisfied with his explanation, and after a great many cautions as to the manner in which he was to behave himself in such an august presence, they conducted him to the audience chamber.

Following his guides he mounted such a number of steps as never before it had been his fate to attack at a time, so that his breath fairly left him, his perspiration spouted out in little jets, and his short thick legs became very weary at the joints. Arrived at last at the very top of the house, they entered a splendid suite of rooms brilliantly lit with tapers.

"You perceive," quoth his guides, "the king never wishes to see the vulgar world by daylight. On nights, however, when the moon shines, we draw back the window curtain and quench the tapers. Then he will often gaze for hours at her pale beauty, which softens for his delicate vision the garish horrors of modern Paris, and helps him to imagine the city as she was in the days of his ancestors."

They passed through saloons exquisitely furnished with genuine tables, chairs, sofas, cabinets, pictures, &c., of a bygone age ; and the notorious one felt transported back to the time of the Grand Monarque. At the end of the suite was the throne-room, a spacious chamber lit with tapers in the same manner, and hung with portraits of a periwigged dynasty. There seated at the far end opposite the doorway in a large glass case upon a dais and dressed in full regalia appeared at last the king. Approaching the throne, Morgante made a series of low bows, which caused such a strain on his nether garments that they split at the seat, becoming thereby the height of fashion according to the Portuguese, who, we all know, adopt this peculiarity in their pants. Nothing daunted, he still advanced, until he arrived quite close to the glass case, where he immediately began a very pretty speech, but finding that his words were making absolutely no impression upon the hermetically sealed monarch, who stared steadily into space, he desisted and was mightily disposed to punish the company for what he supposed their temerity in thus trifling with his importance. His attention, however, was suddenly diverted by a ticking noise at the back of the glass case, resembling the sound created by a person working the telegraph. Upon asking what this might mean, he was told that it was only the Prime minister employed at official business, and looking round he saw sure enough an old lady setting an electric battery in motion, which communicated by wires with the head, legs, and arms of the king, who was beginning to grow quite lively under the treatment. Very much surprised and interested now, Morgante began to scrutinize closely and to examine the king. He looked at him this way and

that way, but finding, no matter what way he looked at him, that he was a real human being, and not a wax figure, which they were seeking to pass off under the semblance of a royal personage, he exclaimed,

"By the four winds but this is the most living imitation of a puppet, that I have ever seen :—in sooth a very ideal old lady's king. In my country I have known scions of noble houses, who are continually in the hands of their mothers or old aunts, to improve into something like this potentate."

Then tapping at the glass, whereby he excited at once the attention of the great king inside, he began a suitable exordium to his discourse, well interlarded with compliments, which were received most graciously, and passing to the relation of the object of his visit, he proceeded at once categorically to the various heads of his inquiry. To his question as to what were the present prospects of the monarchy being established in France, the king answered that he did not know, and did not care: to the question as to whether he had any wish to be king of France, his answer was at first a look of amazement supplemented subsequently with the remark, that he was already king, and that, as long as he lived, no one else could possibly become king of France: to the question as to what were his projects for the policy and government of the country, he replied that, until the nation humbled herself and voluntarily and unanimously begged forgiveness for having thrown off the yoke of his ancestors in the last century, when such a yoke so eminently conduced to the growth of her people's talent and industry, he distinctly refused to mention any of his intentions on this point: finally to the question whether it

was not true, that the kingdom was practically offered to him, and that he might have had it if he liked, he somewhat pettishly retorted, "Yes—yes—my countrymen are most ungrateful. They wanted me to rule over them; but of course I would not consent unless I could have everything my own way. Their delegates agreed to all my conditions except one, namely, that all the public buildings, gates, railings, &c., throughout the country should be painted white—the traditional colour of my ancestors. With this latter condition they refused to comply, for the reason, as they alleged, that it would only bring ridicule upon the nation and upon themselves. Of course I remained firm in such an important matter; and, although I took special pains to explain to the authorities the various advantages—(even on the score of cleanliness) attending the painting of public property white, still they had the folly to refuse to consent. Thus all our negotiations ended in nothing."

"Oh, high-minded soul!" exclaimed the chorus of old ladies.

Quoth Morgante, "All this is most remarkable. There is a character of somewhat, I know not what, about the whole proceeds and proceedings, that renders all most charming. Grave fastidious majesty, in whose proud veins run the tawny dregs of thy illustrious ancestor's blood, I am beholden to thee for giving me such abundant and valuable information, which will no doubt aid me much in the study of thy country's affairs. With an exuberance of constipated respect I take my leave." And bowing and retreating backwards, he oscillated down the staircase into the street.

Very much impressed then with the usefulness of the information which he had received at the museum, he made

all haste to frequent the circles of modern politicians in power. He therefore caused himself to be invited to a reception which was given by the burly President of the Chamber of Deputies, M. Gambetta, who was of course only too happy to be of any service to such a dear friend of his own very dear friend the Prince of Wales. At this gathering of great statesmen and profound philosophers the conversation naturally took a most liberal turn. Clericalism was inveighed against as being the source of every evil under the sun, and many were the instances alleged where the Church in previous centuries interfered with the licence which some of her children allowed to themselves. Then there were several projects started for the future government of the country, each (with wonderful diversity and ingenuity) having for its object in some particular way or other the suppression and destruction of religion. Meanwhile the notorious Morgante listened most attentively to all the wisdom which it was his good fortune to hear from such noble and distinguished public men, and bethinking him of what he had previously heard, he allowed all past and present information to adjust itself and ferment for a while in his inside. Then awaiting one of what Sidney Smith called those "brilliant flashes of silence" in the general conversation, which are so rare in a French salon, he loudly cleared his wind-pipe of all phlegmy impediment and spoke as follows :

"Most distinguished and unapproachable masters in the pacification and wise government of your country, there is, I tell you, much in what you are all saying at the same time; for since a great nation is never at any period without her modicum of great men, so from finding yourselves in im-

portant positions you may rest satisfied of your matchless worth. Wherefore you may be perfectly certain that the fly alighting on Cæsar's helmet is a sufficiently able commander of Roman legions. I have given much time to the considerations of the political question in France, and, like a true philosopher, have arrived at once at an infallible conclusion as to what constitutes your difficulty, and as to the best means of remedying your defects, so that you may become perfect as I am. I have lately arrived from visiting the king, who dwells in your city, and who may at any moment assume the reins of power, provided that his one all important condition be allowed. But as a prodigious influencer of humanity, I would exhort you to have nothing to say to him or to any form of settled government, because under such circumstances clericalism might obtain a certain influence, which would conduce to the maintenance of order: and the genius of Enterism is disorder; for is it not truly a system of every man for himself? You are all quite correct, it seems to me, in attributing most inconveniences to clericalism, because in every age when its influence has predominated, it has interfered with the free action of man to do whatsoever each passing inclination prompted, and by persecuting and tyrannising over our generous animal passions, has become a grievous provocative of contention; for otherwise most of us ere this might have peaceably elected to wallow in our dung to the end of our days, instead of having had to fight and suffer martyrdom for the glorious privilege. My mighty statesmen, I am sure we are all agreed that what was once called Evil is in truth the highest Good, and that there is really no evil in the world except clericalism, which has had the barbarity to coerce and persecute us. How-

ever, now, thanks to the strength of our instincts, we seem to have got the upper hand; so let us at once form ourselves into an Enteristic Inquisition, and in the sacred name of liberty let us proceed to grind down and in every way persecute clericalism, and indeed all other isms, which may not strictly conform to our own orthodox notions of life."

This remarkable oration produced an instantaneous and profound effect upon the statesmen, who from before being spasmodic and aimless in their policy, at once recognized the influence of a master intelligence, and started on that memorable war against the Church, which has since been productive of so much national advantage and glory to France.

But here as in London the young don and Bucco began to fear that the excitement of so many triumphs was beginning to overtax the distending power of Morgante's stomach. They therefore must respectfully intimate to him that, as he valued his precious existence, he had better proceed on his travels to some quieter place than Paris, where, if possible, he might bloom in an atmosphere of comparative inattention and repose. Having at length successfully aroused his fears as to the state of his health, the three fell to consider where would be the best place to make for, since when first leaving for the continent, they had no settled plans of peregrination. Many countries were passed in review, and were dwelt upon or dismissed according to the fitness or inaptitude of their leading features. After awhile their choice seemed to be divided between visiting Russia and Spain as being two of the most convenient and feasible countries in Europe. Then by degrees it became apparent

that the latter country would be their ground; for it was feared that, owing to the remarkable figure of Morgante and the fame of his enlightened philosophy, the Russian authorities would prevent his passing their frontier from a just apprehension of the enthusiasm which he would surely rouse among the Nihilists; that, moreover, if he were by any chance allowed to pass, he would be compelled, because of the unsafe state of the railways and embankments, which might possibly crumble away under his immense weight should he travel by train, to accomplish his journeys on foot, a considerable annoyance where distances are usually so vast.

Spain, then, having been unanimously chosen, as the best place for retirement, Morgante, attended by his two trusty henchmen, Bucco and the young don, made shift to get there as quickly and as conveniently as possible. The journey down from Paris was hot and dusty; and when he arrived at Bordeaux and saw so many casks of splendid wine about, he felt such an uncontrollable thirst in his big throat, that he would fain have tarried there awhile, until by dint of drinking he had made himself sick of drink, and incapable of ever feeling thirsty again. However, his companions intervened. They drew a terrible picture of the results to his constitution of the sad intemperance which he would be unable to avoid, placed in such tempting surroundings. Whereupon he felt so frightened, that he at once continued on his road, and never dared to trust himself with anything stronger to quench his thirst than a prodigious quantity of lemons which he kept continually sucking, and which proved most lowering and acid to his sensitive interior.

On then they travelled, entering Spain by S. Sebastian

and rolling ever onward through mountain tunnels and woody valleys at tremendous express speed. "It was said by Napoleon," quoth Morgante, "that a country's civilization might be judged by the number and quality of its roads; and verily if pace and general efficiency in railway locomotion be a test now-a-days of civilization, this country must be the most civilized in the world; for I protest that we are going so fast that I cannot as much as venture to jump out to gather those pretty flowers I see yonder, and by running after the train, hope to catch it again. It is wonderful! most wonderful!"

On they rolled at the same terrific rate, until they arrived in the evening at the ancient city of Burgos, where they determined to make the first break in their journey. They engaged a handsome suite of apartments in the principal hotel—a large and commodious edifice, replete with all modern improvements and luxuries. A sumptuous repast consisting of many courses of garlic, blue-bellied chicken, and oranges, and of oranges, blue-bellied chicken and garlic, &c. &c., was served, to which they did ample justice. Then each retired to his respective room for the night, the well-refreshed Morgante being provided with a soft bed made of several skins filled with wine.

On the following day, they decided not to visit the Cathedral or the Cartuia, since it was feared that the sight of an ecclesiastical edifice might arouse the fierce seas of indignation in Morgante's breast and lead to acts of violence on his part, similar to those upon the memorable occasion of his first entry into Oxford; but they spent the time until evening, when they were to leave for somewhere else,

luxuriating in an atmosphere of civilization and comfort among a proud and refined people.

By this time the electric telegraph had flashed through the length and breadth of the land the magic intelligence that the notorious giant had arrived; and when it was ascertained that he was on his way to Madrid, an immense deputation of the republican party went out to the Escurial in order to meet and escort him in triumph to the capital. Upon the arrival, very early in the morning, of the train which contained him, there was all at once much ado on the platform, much shuffling of feet, pushing, and peeping into carriages. At last he put his fine head and crane-like neck out of the door of a large saloon carriage, on the floor of which he comfortably stretched, thus settling once and for all the question as to his whereabouts. When the long and deafening cheers which greeted his appearance had subsided, the head of the deputation stepped forward and solemnly unrolling a parchment, read the following address.

"May it please your Majesty (for you are the monarch whom the majority of mankind obeys), we, the Enterists of Spain, the most august nation on the earth, beg to approach your supreme Majesty with sentiments of the most exaggerated admiration, and to declare to you our joy at seeing your arrival in our midst. The brilliancy of your genius and the fame of your learning have aroused throughout all civilized states the enthusiasm of the wisest and most gifted individuals, whereof our ancient country possesses, and has ever possessed, the largest share. We hail therefore your presence in our midst, as that long-desired succour, which will enable us at last completely to annihilate all parties and persons who may persist to differ from us. The leader of a

party is a host in himself; and fortune does not always favour those who have made the best preparations; nor is a bulky satchel a proof of the wealth of the pedlar. However, now that you have arrived, we trust that your sonorous Flatulence may tarry long and help us to make ourselves effectually troublesome to everybody else."

Being puffed up a good deal, much to the alarm of Bucco and the young don, the notorious Morgante made the subjoined reply.

"Him! ha! I really feel very happy: I feel, mark you, an ecstatic tremour reverberating against the inner coating of my diaphonic diaphragm (sympathetic cheers) at the magnificent reception with which you have this day greeted me: and I need not tell you how it is in the power of each of you to experience the same rapture, since the world by this time is well cognisant of my system. (We owe you everything.) You have upon this occasion been to me most agreeable and have admirably served my purpose. How then shall I make a suitable return for such services? You are not only a great people, but the greatest people in the world. Your noble country, as I see it at this moment, is not only beautiful and fertile, but the most beautiful and fertile in the world. Your habits are not only clean and refined, but the cleanest and most refined in the world. Your food and cooking are not only delicious, but the most delicious in the world. Your persons, both male and female, are not only comely and sweet, but the comeliest and sweetest in the world. You are not only gentle and civilized, but the gentlest and most civilized in the world. Your soldiers are not only brave, but the bravest in the world. Your railway travelling is not only fast and con-

venient, but the fastest and most convenient in the world. In fact, in all ancient and modern times, there never was a nation like yours. (Tremendous enthusiasm.) You are doubtless aware that you must not pack eggs in sacks; and that it is not safe to have a drunkard for an engine-driver; that it is better to be wise than foolish; that women make the worst drudges and best politicians; that an occasional dip in the river will often ward off from a man the danger of being eaten alive; that our passions are our best guides; that vice is easier, and therefore better than virtue; and finally that nothing is a more certain proof of a nation's capability for great achievements than the fact that her inhabitants have ever at hand an inexhaustible store of aphorisms. (Cheers.) The time has now arrived for you to make a supreme effort. (Hear, hear.) You have incomparable manliness, energy and common sense, and with me at your back your victory is certain." (Loud and prolonged cheers, during which the notorious one put in his head again and shut the door.)

Then, all at once, the whole body of the deputation did make a rush at the engine, which it straightway unharnessed and removed from its position in spite of the protestations and terror of the officials, and attaching a strong tow-line to the couplings of the train, itself enjoyed the inexpressible honour of dragging Morgante in triumph into the city of Madrid. He was naturally very much flattered at this delicate attention on the part of these Spanish illuminati, and as he went gaily along he remarked in a pleasurable manner to Bucco and the young don: "By the four winds, but the natives of this land make brave beasts of burden. I declare to my constitution that they are

able to bring us along even faster than their own express-engines."

Arrived in Madrid, he found the whole city in a turmoil of excitement; for there was to be a bull-fight held there on that day. People rushed wildly to and fro; flags and bunting were liberally hung about, and at every street corner were posted placards announcing that the great Frascuelo and the lovely Mazzantini were to perform alternately on this memorable occasion the glorious offices of the "spada." So great was the general enthusiasm and expectation, that even the Enterists could find no time then for devotion to Morgante or to the work of the school, but insisted upon his immediately starting off with them for the bull-ring, to his very considerable annoyance that anything should receive greater notice than himself. The scene crossing the Prado and all along the road leading to the said bull-ring was curious and novel. Vast crowds in parti-coloured rags lined the thoroughfares and watched those who passed on to enjoy the "sport." Young dandies and men about town flew by in phætons drawn by high-stepping horses. English men and English women (the latter sights for gods !), half ashamed to be seen going to such an amusement, but with no doubt excellent reasons for so doing, limped along in hired flies. Then came a score or so of bull-fighters dressed in all the colours of the rainbow, and smoking cigars, while from the axles and sides of their carriages hung, like swarms of bees, such a cluster of ragged fellows as might do honour to any great civilized city. Meanwhile, amid all the aforementioned different types of "sporting-people," there were immense quantities of smart carriages filled with neat and graceful Spanish ladies in white mantillas.

"By the four winds," quoth Morgante, when he saw such an enormous number of fair ones bent upon seeing the fight, "by the four winds, but these females are mighty beautiful and demure on the outside like clean white shrouds which cover a multitude of freshness, savour, and comeliness within. Verily the most cruel and blood-thirsty pastimes since the beginning of the world have ever had women as their most enthusiastic supporters," which sentiments, so contrary to his usual urbanity and so offensive to the gentler sex and their ardent admirers, we can only attribute to the fact that the notorious one must, when he uttered them, have been suffering from the natural irritation attending the lowering reaction after an ecstacy, or from a sense of not receiving at the time the admiration which he considered his due. We cannot otherwise account for the grave slur, which he here cast upon the angelic nature of women, and upon the elevating and humanising sport of the bull-ring.

Then along with the dandies, the ladies, and the masses, did the notorious Morgante take his seat in the huge amphitheatre and see enacted that heroic and invigorating sport a bullfight. It will be sufficient to say that he saw the usual amount of blood and entrails spilt; the usual amount of bulls goaded to madness and then butchered; all amid the usual amount of enthusiasm and hats in the arena. The beautiful ladies were especially transported at the sight of so much pain and blood, their soft, brown eyes standing at least two inches straight out of their sockets. with the alacrity of genius, Morgante at once grasped the situation and determined, by a bold stroke, to fix once and for all the blood-absorbed attention of this people upon himself. Turning to Bucco and the young don he said, "It

was a dictum of Napoleon that if you scratched the Russian you would find the Tartar, so with equal truth I say that, if you scratch the Spaniard, you will find the Moor. Since then, my worthy folk, it is blood that delights you, you shall have it in plenty." Whereupon leaping into the middle of the arena, he seized at random eight ladies by the nape of the neck between each of his ten fingers and stuck their noses in the blood and offal that lay plentifully about, and repeated the process with great precision until all present had their rightful share of what they loved best. The success which attended this action exceeded his wildest hopes. Not only did he at once take his rightful position as the most remarked and admired man in the country; but the ladies, charmed with his delicate attention, voted him their prince of cavaliers, and insisted upon his being present at every future bull-fight throughout the country, in order that they might again receive at his hands the same gentle treatment.

Thus he succeeded in pinning the attention of all those wavering Spanish Enterists both male and female, and he travelled over most of the land meeting everywhere with his accustomed success, until the country, instead of being to him a quiet place of retirement, became, owing to his incorrigible imprudence, even more exciting and detrimental to his health than Paris. Accordingly, one day at Cadiz, Bucco and the young don placed the seriousness of his condition before him, and having again worked successfully upon his fears, persuaded him amid the lamentations of his inconsolable admirers to take shipping, and to commence some long voyage, judging the monotony of the life on an ocean steamer the quietest and safest for one in his present alarming state of bodily health. When all preparations

were finished and bitter farewells sobbed forth, the steamer bound for Rio and the River Plata passed out between the pillars of Hercules, and ploughed through the lone Atlantic her silvery way.

BOOK VII.

HOW MORGANTE WENT DOWN INTO HELL.

"Woher denn anders hat Dante den Stoff zu seiner Hölle genommen, als aus dieser unserer wirklichen Welt? Und doch ist es eine recht ordentliche Hölle geworden."

Schopenhauer. Die Welt als Wille und Vorstellung.—Buch. IV., § 59.

It is with a feeling of very considerable diffidence, cognisant as we are of the views of so many distinguished personages for whom we entertain the most profound admiration and reverence—that we have resolved to lay before the world the contents of this seventh Book; a feeling which would have altogether over-mastered our resolution, if we were not convinced that it is our bounden duty at all hazards to withhold nothing of important documental information, which throws light upon the notorious life of the colossal subject of our useful work! This particular Book then, as the title indicates, tells of how Morgante went down into hell. Now, we are perfectly aware of the terrible dangers to which we expose ourselves by a narration of such a fact: for we are certain to have up in arms against us, two classes of the most intellectual and trustworthy of mankind, who have already satisfied themselves that such a place as hell never did and cannot exist, viz., the Broad Church Protestants or latitudinarians, and the free-thinkers, agnostics and atheists

the former passing with exquisite logic from an original belief in eternal punishment and a disbelief in purgatory to an exact inversion of the same doctrine, the latter scouting all ideas of a future life as extremely inconvenient to that sense of rapture which they have learned to derive from the enteristic enjoyment of the material world.

Well, then, we see no other means of anticipating their indignation and wrath than by most humbly reminding them that the heroes of some of the greatest Epics of the world have always been brought by the poet to the infernal regions. Witness Homer in the eleventh book of the Odyssey: how magnificently he tells of the Necyomanteia or the intercourse of Ulysses with the inhabitants of Hades. How elaborately Virgil relates the experiences of Æneas,—when in the sixth book of his sonorous epic, he makes that hero visit the gloomy city of the dead. Moreover does not the grim Dante himself describe at great detail the various sufferings of the damned, and the people of whilom fame and eminence whom he met in the course of his travels through the circles of his Inferno? And why should not we, with so much unimpeachable authority at our back, conduct Morgante, who is every inch as magnificent a hero as either Ulysses or Æneas through hell likewise in this present literary undertaking, which we firmly believe will at once take its place as the scientific Epic of the glorious Nineteenth Century?

With these few remarks by way of an apology, we beg leave to return to our historical documents, and so continue our interesting narrative.

On the second day of her voyage the steamer which contained Morgante and his two faithful followers, Bucco and the young don, was caught out in the Atlantic Ocean by a

terrific gale, which blowing with unexampled force from the south-west drove her far out of her course into the Bay of Biscay. There she lay several hours with her jib-boom smashed, her rudder torn away, her engines out of order, her main-mast broken, and herself tossed about in a woeful condition. When the fury of the tempest had abated, a dense fog set in, lasting for two days and two nights, during which time the dismantled vessel rolled heavily in the interminable swell of the sea, her wretched crew and passengers every moment expecting to be swamped, since it was impossible for them to see or learn whither they were drifting. On the morning of the third day their fears were brought to a climax, and they abandoned all hopes of being saved, when it became apparent to everyone on board that the steamer was gradually, but surely, descending, so that it was only a matter of a few minutes before she would become completely submerged. Then Morgante, Bucco, and the young don, believing now indeed that it was all up with them, sank upon their knees and began to pray in their terror, as did likewise the rest: for the vessel's boats and rigging having been all torn away by the late storm, there was nothing for it but to stick to her until she went down. In this manner these unhappy human beings prayed and waited on deck for the angry waves to pour in upon them, since they now felt themselves sinking faster than ever. However, to their immense surprise, after waiting long enough to have been swamped twice over at the rate they were sinking, no waves came in; nor when the captain looked over the sides could he discover any proximity of water. Whereupon, letting down a long stave, he found that the sea had not risen at all above the ordinary mark on the side of the

steamer; and yet she was certainly descending. It was incomprehensible. In this state of half terror and half surprise, the people remained for some hours until the mysterious downward motion ceased; and the vessel seemed to be resting in a calm sea. Then a drizzly rain began to fall, and the fog lifted, disclosing to the half-dead but now overjoyed wretches their close neighbourhood to a hilly coast, which they believed must belong to some part of France or Spain. Whereupon the captain tried to ascertain the latitude and longitude, but found it impossible, as no trace of the sun was visible, the whole rainy sky being an equally dead tone of gray. Moreover, when he consulted the compass it seemed to point to no particular direction,—a fact which he considered very extraordinary and in keeping with the late strange sensation of descent. The excitement and curiosity of everyone was now at its highest pitch; and each eagerly asked of the other where they were. But every mother's son, from the captain to the cook's boy, was equally ignorant as to the whereabouts of the wreck. In sooth, it was all like enchantment.

They had perforce therefore to wait until their vessel arrived nearer to the land whither she was visibly drifting for some considerable time. They might then signal to any houses or persons on the shore to have boats sent out to their assistance. Presently, as they drew nearer, they were able with the aid of glasses and telescopes to discover some of this country's features. The mountainous coast appeared gaunt and repellent, without a trace of vegetation or of human habitation, or of any living creature's presence. All on board were much cast down at sight of such inhospitable shores under circumstances so desperate. Nevertheless

they set about making signals of distress in the hope that after all there might be some inhabitants in this dismal land who would come to their assistance. They hoisted flags, they fired guns—nay Morgante himself stood towering up on deck and floated the tail of his red flannel shirt in the breeze in order to attract attention. However their signals were of no avail to awaken a response from the gloomy chill solitudes. On they drifted helplessly until they came within about four miles of land, when, all of a sudden, the vessel struck with great violence upon a hidden rock, and after a few minutes sank, leaving her miserable crew and passengers struggling in the sea.

Whereupon Morgante having Bucco and the young don on his back, holding to his collar, struck out for the shore, with his whole strength, urged by the best of all aids to exertion, viz., most stimulating terror. On he swam, panting and spluttering, and keeping as far away as possible from the other drowning wretches, lest they too should cling to him for safety. In this manner he continued swimming for about a mile, when he felt utterly tired out and unable to advance any further. He made desperate efforts to hold out, but to no purpose. Down went his legs in spite of him; and he thought all was over, when to his supreme relief and surprise he found himself standing upon a sandy ground with the water just up to his shoulders. Turning now to look in the direction where the steamer had sunk, he could discern nothing but a bare stretch of sea. All then must have been drowned, he thought; so, after resting himself for a moment, he proceeded with much caution to wade slowly towards land. Arrived at last on shore, after sundry splashings and trippings over stray

rocks, he lifted his two friends from his shoulders on to the ground, and the three, although in a wet miserable condition, fell to congratulating themselves upon their lucky escape from destruction. However, when their first ebullition of joy had subsided, and they gazed about them at the land they had just reached, a strange sense of desolation and despair, which they could not restrain from communicating to each other mutually, crept over their shivering persons. It was truly an appalling region. Mountains and valleys consisting of nothing but dark flint, without a tree or blade of grass anywhere in sight; universal barrenness, barrenness of human inhabitants, barrenness of animals, nay of solitary sea-birds. These were its lineaments and characteristics.

"Merciful Heaven!" cried the three wretches, simultaneously, as they rushed into each other's arms, "did you see that? Look, there it is again. We are lost." And as they spoke, they noticed every now and then that the mountains would suddenly assume different shapes. "Let us hurry away from this awful place," chattered Morgante. "Perhaps, if we go inland, we may come upon some people, although it does not seem likely that we shall meet any mortals in so weird an abode. At all events we shall perish if we tarry here."

Whereupon they immediately set out to scramble along a ravine into the interior, feeling desperately shaken and frightened, and as they went, they observed that the hills were moving around them like waves, only very much slower, so that they would at one time find themselves borne upon the top of a mountain, and at another descending again into a valley. Thus they trudged along with

their arms extended out on either side in order to balance their unsteady gait, Morgante first, and the other two following in his wake. After awhile their fears began to abate; for notwithstanding the strangeness of their position no danger seemed at present to threaten them. With returning courage the jocularity of the notorious one began to assert itself. "By the four winds," quoth he, "but if I were not certain that I had not tasted liquor these twelve hours back, I should imagine that we three were nicely fuddled, so famously does the land go up and down about us." Presently they became aware that the universal gloom was gradually growing deeper, and then looking at the horizon, they saw for the first time lights as if from furnaces, and immense volumes of dense black smoke, which evidently caused the peculiar concealment of the sun in this benighted region.

"See," cried Morgante, "is it not lucky that I thought of penetrating into the country? This is evidently some city. And it has not appeared a bit too soon; for I am beginning to feel most horribly hungry." Delighted at the prospect of rest at last, after all their toils, they pushed forward vigorously, so that in the space of an hour or so, what with their exertions and the movements of the land being in their favour, they found themselves in close proximity to what appeared a large collection of human dwellings slowly rising, swaying and falling like machinery in the engine-room of a large steamer. They paused for a moment to take counsel with each other as to whether it would be safe to advance immediately among such a mass of tumbling edifices, which might crush and overwhelm them at any moment. As they thus conversed, gazing

wonderingly upon this enchanted city, they caught sight of a solitary figure at about a hundred yards distance from where they stood. Whereupon, without more ado, the most notorious Morgante did hail this person, who looking up and beholding such a monstrous intruder, showed every sign of astonishment, and curiosity. Approaching without fear he deliberately inspected the giant and his two companions, who in turn took equal interest in the appearance of a dweller in this strange land. He was a small, thin, old man, with sharp features, wonderful brilliancy of eye, and a smile or grimace of senile ghastliness and mockery; yet, withal, he carried about him an air of such misery and solitude, as transformed him into a living impersonation of Pain. He wore a long garment, and a cap trimmed with fur, and leant upon a crutch stick which shook in his feeble grasp. Morgante was the first to speak.

"Tell me, oh, mournful person, what land and city is this whither we have wandered, and whether we may obtain suitable lodgings and refreshment now after our grievous perils and exertions."

Thereupon the old man, with a queer look, made answer, his speech being strongly marked with a foreign accent.

"I perceive, my friend, that, although your proportions are so prodigious, you are a mortal man still in the flesh, as also are your two companions. But how you three in your present condition ever arrived here, is a mystery which I must first beg of you to disclose, before I enlighten you as to the true nature of this agreeable place."

Morgante then, in as few words as possible, recounted to him their adventures on board the wreck, laying particular stress upon the strange coincidence of the ship's compass,

although in seeming perfect order, failing to point in any one direction more than another. He also told how all perished except himself and his friends, and the manner of their landing and travelling to where they now stood after unprecedented terrors and hardships.

Having listened attentively, the old man rejoined:

"I am only surprised at the fact of your having been able to arrive here at all, not that you should have experienced such strange adventures, and that forces and laws which ordinarily govern the world should be suspended in this place, where everything is in confusion and where shams oust realities. For you must know that you have come down into that part of hell which is reserved for the punishment of those great wits, whose lives on earth have merited this terrible retribution. The inhabitants of the restless diabolical region whereon you are cast are the most damnably dull of the whole demon-brood, and are divided out into various cities such as this, in which one wit is confined by himself, so that he may have none of his mental calibre with whom to fraternise. And as for myself, I am the solitary wit condemned for ever to neglect and indignity in this infernal abode,—the unhappy spirit of the once brilliant, adored, and terrible Boltair."

The notorious one having heard this marvellous information, became well nigh overwhelmed with excess of admiring pity for his ancestor's ghost, who of all others most effectually prepared the world for that final and most comforting of systems, Enterism. He said: "Oh, most unconventional ancestor, who on earth wast ever bravely inflated, and, as it were, at full sail, notwithstanding the diminutiveness of thy corporeal bulk, but who art now, meseems, reduced

to the insignificant condition of a mere puff of wind blown hither and thither at the will of so many dull devils. I recognise at last with difficulty thy notorious features. Prithee, I would introduce myself. I am Morgante, the son of Fitz Ego and Amentia, the most recent of thy descendants. I have invented a monstrous fine metaphysic, which has become vastly popular with a large portion of mankind." Here he entered upon a detailed account of Enterism in its various ramifications to the evident surprise of the shade of Boltair, who at its conclusion replied:

"What a strange place the world must be at present. Yet the secrets of this Enterism which you describe were long ago known to me, although in a more delicate form by reason of the limited capacity of my late corporeal person. Nevertheless, the refined quality of the adulation which I imbibed more than compensated, to my mind, for any failure to contain a larger quantity of a necessarily coarser description: so that, I fancy on the whole, I must have enjoyed at least as pleasurable human ecstacies as ever fell to your lot. So you are my last descendant; and you are seeking to establish the reign of supreme materialism in the world, although you say that many ardent followers of Enterism, while they admire you prodigiously, refuse to accept your teaching in that respect. Well, your materialism was never my aim; but perhaps if I were living in the world now and had not my present experience, it might have been. Anyhow, my leanings thereto were in themselves sufficiently mischievous, and opened the way for kindred spirits of a later age to develope from them, systems such as yours; otherwise, I should never have been con-

demned to witness, as I do here, the awful results of practising such precepts."

"Methinks," answered Morgante, "that thou, my master, art sadly changed from thy former self. Is that store of epigrams and mockery, with which thou wert wont to astonish and delight so many on earth, exhausted within thee? I should have thought that thou wouldst be the last to preach."

Then the little old eyes lit up for a moment, as Boltair launched forth his retort. "Ah that was before I ceased to be a philosopher, when epigram and mockery seemed sufficient for all purposes. In this pleasing abode there is no room left open for doubt or speculation as to the future. But you shall see for yourself."

"Is it safe, my master," quoth Morgante, "to enter that city, where all the houses are tottering and where their falling must be a matter of common occurrence?"

"Oh you may ease your mind on that score," answered the other. "We are all here a very scientific and mechanical people. The buildings are constructed of iron with posts imbedded in the solid rock, and with girders and plates held firm together by innumerable bolts, screws and nuts, which are nevertheless not fastened very tight so that all may yield to the movements of the land, just as the frame is left more or less loose to allow for the swinging of a great bell. You or your companions therefore need have no fear that the houses will fall upon you in the nocturnal city of perpetual Disquiet. Follow me."

"Most eagerly," quoth Morgante, "for truly we three are abominably hungry, and should very much like some victuals wherewith to fill ourselves. Let us have a round of

beef, a score or so of capons, pig's face and green vegetables, an honest plum-pudding and a pipe of good strong wine; and, prithee, let us have some fresh caviare—I adore caviare—"

"You shall have all, if you can only eat," said the old man with a queer look.

"Eat?" growled Morgante as accompanied by Bucco and the young don, he followed his guide through some sparse suburbs into the hideous and ever memorable city of Disquiet, where he was destined to meet with so much that was constitutionally disagreeable to his system.

The extraordinary appearance of the citizens at once arrested his attention. The men were a good deal smaller than the women, who were about the ordinary height and size. The faces of both, which were ever bent downwards, turning restlessly from one side to another, bore an expression of undefinable ugliness and cunning, and resembled each other so closely, that it was impossible to distinguish one male or one female from another of the same sex. Their foreheads were exceedingly low and narrow: their eyes were close set and had an evil expression: their noses were aquiline and of a hard polished substance like the beak of a bird: their mouths were very broad: and they had no chins. However, what was most remarkable about them was this, viz: that there grew upon their heads instead of hair abundant crops of black feathers. The costume of both sexes was the same as that which obtains in any modern European city. As soon as the giant appeared in the streets, the pedestrians fled in dismay shouting in shrill voices "*crickram veenix, crickram veenix.*" Then immediately all the windows in the neighbourhood

were thrown open; and innumerable faces (ever the same as to feature) peered out. A deafening cry of "*crickram veenix*" rang through the lamplit gloom; the faces retreated; and the windows were clapped to nearly simultaneously, emitting sounds like the firing of musketry. In a somewhat perturbed manner the notorious one asked his guide what the meaning of this phrase "*crickram veenix*" might be.

"Oh! it is of no consequence," answered the old man who nevertheless writhed with anger. "'*Crickram veenix*' means in their language simply, 'The towering fool,' an epithet which they are at present applying to you, the name *veenix* or fool being invariably given by these conceited brainless devils to anyone who, unlike themselves, does not happen to have a feather head.

"What dreadful persons to live with," sighed Morgante. The four then turned into a vast eating-house, where they created such a stir among the customers, as the entrance of cockneys into a French saloon might occasion, a stir of mingled surprise, contempt and shrinking, as of people who were unable to explain how such individuals had succeeded in penetrating into their midst. Nevertheless, since they were arrived there, they were served (the dishes being hung on poles and invisibly pulled towards them by wires) with such delicacies as the establishment afforded. There were thus placed before them soups of drivel, fish of the fishest, ragouts of scandal, slices of criticism, chunks of abuse, chops of logic, sirloins of bluster, muddle pies, tarts of satire, problem nuts (very hard to crack), apples of discord, and an unstinted supply of the wine of all hatred and bitterness. Rubbing his hands and smacking his lips at the sight of such a feast, the notorious one proceeded to the

attack with a mighty gusto; but at the first mouthful, feeling a sudden nausea seize him, he found himself able only just to taste each of those several viands, which heretofore were wont so to gratify his complex palate; and for the remainder of his sojourn in the infernal region he had no stomach for such victuals or liquor as the place provided.

"I knew your hunger would soon cease," said his guide smiling sardonically. "I have eaten nothing myself these many, many years. You will probably soon begin to understand why my demeanour differs from the image which you conjured up in your mind as necessarily representing my personality."

"I certainly feel a vast depression," quoth Morgante; "for here so far everything has turned out contrary to what I should have imagined, with the exception of the general mournfulness of the place, which is beyond all yea or nay. To begin with, I have mostly heard that demons are subtle, capable and well used to associate with men on earth, having a prodigious knowledge of the world thereby: so much so, that many of us—especially youths—feel highly flattered if we are compared to devils. I have often experienced that pleasure myself, and have boasted that I am the devil in hope of creating astonishment, and of shocking certain people, which, as you know, is a source of rapturous delight."

To these questions the spirit of Boltair made answer, "What you say and surmise, friend, is also correct. The usual race of devils is only too well acquainted with humanity together with its foibles and wishes; but these devils whom you now see are really too dull-witted to succeed in inducing human beings to evil, which is

saying a great deal for the Cimmerian night of their understanding, considering how prone mankind is to fall into every species of sin. They have therefore until this day never seen a real living man in the flesh, being left behind in hell as useless by the more astute of their brethren, who consider that they have turned them to the best advantage by constituting them the guardians and half involuntary tormentors of departed men of genius. For the sufferings, which I undergo here, surpass anything that mortal man can conceive, as well as all attempts at adequate description on my part. But, you may say to me, why do I associate with people whose company is so distasteful? Why do I not rather retire into some secluded part of this city and there abide in solitary contemplation and study? Alas, for my punishment and despair this is impossible. Would you believe it that I, whose past facility at executing each literary conception was so unrivalled, am now deprived of all power to give effect to the ideas that burn within my brain? Thus when I endeavour to write, my understanding is immediately reduced to a state of hopeless confusion; when I read, the letters dart like flaming sparks into mine eyes; when I try to rest quiet and to think, my head swims round threatening at every moment to burst into a hundred fragments. And so I am forced to fly from myself to the society of these mean-witted hords, among whom I wander eternally as a necessary distraction, still conscious of my vast imprisoned powers, and condemned to every species of the most dull ridicule and contempt.

"And those with whom I am forced to associate, well, you see them. They are all the same in character and mind as

in feature and outward appearance, although they maintain the most rigid distinctions as to class. Knowing the hopelessness of their condition and overwhelmed with despair, still they are driven by some fatuous instinct to seek amelioration of their misery. They have pushed utilitarianism to its utmost extent, and have sacrificed everything to the study of science, whereby they may invent luxuries in order to deaden their pains which only develope more subtle stings after each remedy. Instead of meeting suffering, then, with resignation and fortitude, these wretches shrink like cowards from it perpetually more and more, seeking in vain to escape its torments, and pursued by the shrieks of their despair. As a consequence of their absolute attention to science, their minds have become incapable of appreciating aught that does not minister directly to material luxury. They cannot understand how advantage may be derived from literature, the fine-arts, and those eternal gifts of intellect and imagination which elevate and render men masterful and brave, but which they despise as vain dreams. They boast that they have got beyond such a stage; and herein is the reason why I am held by them in such contempt. Thus the science and materialism, to which they have exclusively devoted themselves, have stunted their understanding and reduced them all to the condition of mere machines of exactly the same appearance and capability; and the luxuries into which they have indiscriminately plunged, have only left them weaker and more degenerate. The males are become smaller and feebler than the females—not because the latter have grown stronger and masculine, unfortunately far from it. But luxury, acting upon the

former, as is always the case, with greater malignity, has brought it about here, that the government and management of everything have fallen into the hands of women. Accordingly the boasted progress of these wretches is a matter of interesting study as illustrating how absolute material civilization produces results akin to those attending absolute barbarism. It is a true saying, that extremes meet: for here, as among the lowest savages, there is no sense of the beautiful, no imagination, no purely intellectual interests, no literature, no art. But the utmost animalism prevails, and by reason of the inferiority of the male to the female, polyandry has become a recognised institution. However you shall judge of everything in good time. We have tarried here long enough. Let us walk through the city, when I can point out to you some of its chief features. As eternal darkness and perpetual unrest preside over all, it matters not what time we choose for our expedition, the present being as fitting as any other."

They arose and departed. Outside the streets were brilliantly lit with electricity, while above, were dense clouds of smoke from the factories. The great iron houses rose up on either side of the straight highways in monotonous and unvaried ugliness.

"Mark how the boasters of civilization resemble animals in the sameness of plan and absence of design manifested in their dwellings, which appear as if instinct rather than intelligence had prompted their construction!" ejaculated the guide.

There were many carriages and other vehicles about the streets, of a strange and novel description. Each vehicle was provided with a pair of wings, set in motion by stored

electricity, the whole being directed at will by a woman seated on a box-seat. It is a very curious spectacle to see carriages, drays, omnibuses, carts, cabs, &c., thus flying along under, over, or beside each other, according to convenience. As the dwelling-houses were generally in flats, vehicles often remained stationary in the air at the first, second, third or fourth floor. Others moved along scarce a foot from the ground. In fact, they seemed endowed with the same facility for aerial travelling as birds.

Then their guide conducted the three mortals through several of the huge factories, which cast over the city such a dense gloom. There they witnessed the most ingenious machines for the fabrication of every known and unknown commodity. In one establishment they saw iron houses built and finished, before the material for their construction had arrived on the premises.

In another they saw steel forged out of lard.

In another was made a vast quantity of furniture which remained completely invisible, because it was altogether destitute of shape.

In another they saw hats made of fire, shoes of mercury, and cloth woven from water.

In another soap was extracted from boiled rags.

They entered one large chamber filled with all sorts of roaring, hissing and cutting engines. It was here that lies slander, scandal, licentiousness, injustice, bullying, meanness, illiterateness, and stupidity, were gathered, blended and turned into newspapers, which were circulated among the citizens for their instruction and amusement.

"This is a celebrated city for newspapers," said Boltair, "which the citizens, devoid of all culture and taste, and

hating literature, are alone capable of reading. If these newspapers dealt only of public events and characters, they would deserve no censure; but, indeed, they are even more frivolous and vapid than any I have ever known, when on earth, and contain almost nothing of matter save accounts and notices—often most scandalous—of private persons here in society. Wherefore they are called by the citizens 'society papers'—a name which must sound to you exceedingly strange and ridiculous. You may understand how diseased must be the social state of my persecutors, when private individuals of the meanest capacity may obtain notoriety by having their inane parties and aimless movements chronicled in journals. As if there could be a sale for such rubbish anywhere, except among a worthless people!"

The notorious one blushed, but continued discreetly silent.

They next arrived at a laboratory for the treatment of all distempers. Here lobsters were given for indigestion, port wine and tokay for apoplexy, green chartreuse for high fever, and absinthe for softening of the brain. Here, also, consumption was cured by poultices of ice, heart disease by electric shocks, and piles by applications of printers' ink.

They entered another house where they saw millinery fabricated from paper fished out of cesspools.

In another place they saw numerous males and female squeezed, drawn and twisted by machinery, in order th their persons might be reduced to a becoming shape for t wearing of fashionable garments.

In another they saw crockery made from air.

In another they were much struck with the manne

which dynamite was extracted in large quantities from a single homeopathic globule.

Then passing to a medical establishment, they witnessed the preparation of the strongest and most efficacious patent medicines from concoctions of saw-dust, chaff, and water.

They were much diverted with an establishment where wooden legs and arms were so perfectly turned out that they moved of their own accord.

They came to another huge foundry, where the manufacture of manners, customs, and fashions progressed with prodigious success. From this wonderful establishment were regulated the degrees at which the manifestations of all the citizens' emotions were fixed and settled. Thus, their guide informed Morgante and his friends that none ever dreamt of transgressing by a hair's breadth the rules inscribed on the numerous schedules of emotions which filled the premises, and among which he translated the following as specimens.

(1) An expression of stolid equanimity should be maintained under all circumstances of social amusement.

(2) No one is to think of mourning for more or less than a year.

(3) Nothing is deserving of the name of wit except cheap ridicule and giggling at the expense of some individual, who is not exactly the same as everybody else. All other forms are spurious and carefully to be avoided, as calculated to incur the suspicion of imbecility upon the practisers.

(4) If you consider anyone possessed of ability and attainments you are to jeer and flout such a person: and you will find many others to follow your example.

(5) Beware of indulging in any conversation, except

gossip about the private matters and actions of your acquaintances, lest you get to be thought slow. *Item*, it is recommended that you should walk out at frequent intervals to collect as much information as possible about the misfortunes of individuals, so that you may entertain your cronies, when they call, with the contents of your budget.

(6) If you have made up your mind that a person is to fulfil some expectation of yours, and if he fails to do so, invent and circulate reports about him, which your instinct tells you will cause him most pain.

(7) It is always wisest to attribute to everyone the same mean motives that would have most influence with yourself.

(8) Never hesitate to lie for the attainment of an object in view; and invest with an air of profound mystery the most insignificant of your actions.

"All these great factories show a prodigious, commercial, and scientific activity—apparently at the expense of the more agreeable aspects of life," quoth Morgante. "But what appears to me so extraordinary and so different from kindred establishments which I have seen in other parts, is this fact, namely, that nowhere in those factories which we have just visited have I noticed persons employed or otherwise factory hands, for preparing materials and directing with becoming skill the tremendous forces of the machinery. What can be the reason of it, and how can substitutes be found in their absence?"

Wherefore his guide answered: "Oh, you must know that here they have progressed far beyond such simple needs: for nobody in this city thinks of performing manual labour, which has long since been delegated to machinery: so that I doubt not but that by this time most citizens have

completely lost the use of their hands. For the accomplishment of every work,—even their attempts at ornamentation and production of pictures, likenesses, &c., there is a separate machine, which can be used with the most perfect ease and convenience. Those great factories, which we have just visited, are owned by various companies, whose members visit them at fixed intervals, in order to replenish the electric power necessary for setting their works in motion. The rest of the time the establishments may safely be left to themselves to carry out severally those labours, for which they were instituted.

"Here they all are equal in their dull pedantry and lack of enlightenment, as well as in pecuniary wealth: and machinery does all the work, which fell to the lot of slaves in Antiquity, and to that of servants and the labouring classes in the later ages. An unwritten law of iron, that all must think and act in the same way, prevails. Yet, as I have said, the most rigid social distinctions exist. Since, however, there is no difference whatever between one person and another, there can be no reason for such fictitious distinctions, which are merely invented and maintained by the female portion of the citizens, whose influence, authority, and power are far greater than any possessed by the males. But, I dare say you know that precedence and social inequality are the first principles of the feminine code; and this is *par excellence* the region of precedence and social inequality, the men, who have at length become more womanish than the women, upholding now such institutions with even a stauncher conservatism and reverence.

There is something exquisitely ludicrous, which is even to me in my miserable loneliness a cause of no ordinary

diversion, about the antics towards each other of these all equally contemptible wights. Thus legal and official females refuse to visit all commercial folk except those engaged in brewing or distilling. Factory owners will not know retailers. Plumbers will not associate with tinkers, although the latter are every whit as wealthy and quiet a body as the former. Stockjobbers and speculators would feel highly incensed if they were asked to meet rogues. In fact, there is no limit to the absurdity of these citizens in their social intercourse. Here, the labour difficulty being surmounted, which has in modern times proved an insuperable difficulty to absolute equality, every one has been placed on exactly the same footing as everyone else in a manner that has never been known since the days of the old Athenians. Yet, unlike their great prototypes, these ingenious feather-heads are led into endless folly and meanness by reason of their lack of true culture arising from ignoble luxury due in turn to materialism.

"I have now, I think, prepared you tolerably well for what you are to expect from everybody here, if your curiosity should urge you to seek admission to social circles. Are you ready to encounter a series of disagreeable episodes? What say you?"

To this the most notorious Morgante, who in the mean time had grown very depressed on account of his ancestor's depreciation of those qualities which he (the notorious one) had all his life extolled, replied with melancholy speech:

"Although what you tell me makes me feel very sad, because of my delusion about many things which become now so apparent, seeing, as you say, that indeed we are in

hell—a fact which renders certain much that I have hitherto declared not to be, nevertheless, as I am here, I am determined to see everything of importance in spite of any unpleasantness that may result from my rashness. But prithee, my most wretched master, how am I eventually to leave this gloomy place? For I take it that I am not to remain here for ever like you."

"No, since you are still in the flesh," said the other. "Where do you want to go?"

"Oh, anywhere out of this,—to London, for instance," said Morgante.

"You will have to make your way to a neighbouring seaport, whither, of course, I may not accompany you. There you will find many a returning vessel which you and your companions will probably have all to yourselves. The affair is easy. For I assure you, the passenger service between London, or for the matter of that, between every great city and hell is extraordinarily rapid and commodious."

"Oh! that is a great comfort," quoth Morgante.

"Since you are determined then upon a closer acquaintance with the feather-heads, I shall aid you to the best of my power."

Having said this their guide led them through several streets where they were a good deal observed and ridiculed, to a large edifice resembling an exhibition building which they entered. Electric light illuminated the interior with a mid-day brilliancy, disclosing a fashionable gathering in unique surroundings. This was evidently the public resort or garden of the city of Disquiet. Here were swards of drugget, walks of tarpaulin, beds of cinders, bowers of pinchbeck, rivulets of oil, and blocks of grease; and up,

down, in, out and among these pleasurable accessories, people promenaded, while a large musical box worked by machinery emitted a series of choice sounds resembling the undisciplined fury of Scotch bag-pipes. By this time the news of the strangers' arrival had penetrated into every purlieu of a place, where each feather-head being known to the other, gossip travelled with peerless velocity. When, therefore, the notorious one appeared upon the scene, he did not cause the same amount of surprise as at first. Despite his hugeness, they seemed inclined to treat him ignominiously from the fact that he was introduced on the premises by *leikweit veenix* or the palsied fool, which his guide declared they were wont to call himself. The ladies especially gave unequivocal signs of the distaste with which they viewed the new-comers, whose appearance differed so materially from their standard of perfection. They sneered, tossed their heads, and turned their backs upon the intruders; and the little men emboldened by female precedent strutted forward in brave style, and jostled the legs of the giant with studied insolence. Meanwhile they talked a great deal among themselves, using with such prodigious rapidity and reiteration the word *veenix*, that their whole conversation seemed to consist of this word alone. In fact they were so certain that all persons different from themselves must be mere fools and unable to defend themselves in any way, that the unpleasantness of their conduct became well-nigh unbearable. Very much irritated, Morgante kicked at them with his heels in donkey-fashion, or rather in the manner taught and practised at French gymnasia; but his kicks, which would have felled a bull, took no effect whatever upon the feather-heads through whom they passed

as through smoke, and who only jeered the more at his impotent efforts.

"By the four winds," quoth he, at last, exhausted with the exertion of so much kicking, "but there are some persons, whom it is useless to attack, protected as they are by their most invulnerable armour of shadowiness and insignificance."

His guide shrugged his shoulders.

Presently large numbers of females stood together on the sward arranging themselves in smirking, simpering attitudes, while the rest fell to making preparations as for some vastly important business.

"What may they be at now?" asked Morgante of his guide.

"They are about to carry out," answered the other, "what they consider one of their most creditable customs, which they hardly ever omit at social gatherings. They are going to hold a beauty show."

"A what?" returned the astounded big man.

"A beauty show—a show of female beauty, where the greatest beauty shall obtain a first prize: the next a second ditto, and so on. The judges are a committee of males: and an appointment on this committee is most eagerly sought after, as being the stamp or recognition of the highest social ability and importance," said the old man with a smile of wonderful irony.

"A beauty show—where the greatest beauty obtains first prize," repeated the bewildered Morgante; then slapping his knee he fell to laughing. "Impossible! oh, this is really too much. How can they give the prize to any of these, when all are exactly the same? All equally hideous. No possible choice."

"Quite so," answered the guide. "However, among their other fictitious distinctions, the feather-heads have invented a beauty which they declare to be present in all sorts of curious marks and mannerisms, to us noticeable chiefly as deformities and defects. Thus I have known a competitress to carry off a first prize on account of a peculiar droop in her eyelids; another by reason of the waspish span of her waist; a third because her figure was shaped like a dumb-bell; a fourth from a becoming habit of giggling; a fifth because she had the longest tongue; a sixth because she had a moustache; a seventh because she posed especially to be admired for some unaccountable reason; an eighth because she stared vacantly with open mouth; and so on. You may watch the performance now, and see if you can discover any beauty in this interesting entry."

The preparations for the brave function were now completed. The exhibits, duly arranged and numbered, awaited with anxiety their fate. The judges bustled about, calling to each other, catalogue and pencil in hand. These were dressed for the most part in uniforms, being evidently officers: the remaining minority wore frock-coats, light trousers, tall hats, and lavender kid gloves. On the breasts of all the judges was a distinguishing badge in the shape of a hen triumphing over the prostrate remains of a defunct cock, worked in execrable machine-modelled pinchbeck. Taking their stand then in the middle of the sward, these fine fellows directed the competing fair to walk around in a circle one after the other.

The almost immediate result of this move was, that over three-fourths were ordered out of the ring altogether, although for what reason it was incomprehensible. Nevertheless

the arrangement seemed to meet with the approbation of the spectators, who jeered unmercifully at those habitual competitresses—always doomed at shows to be dealt with thus summarily. The real business of judging now commenced. Pointing from time to time at various individuals among the remaining entries, who continued to perambulate around, the judges eagerly consulted together, uttering audibly the following remarks which were translated by his guide for Morgante.

1st. Judge (officer). "Haw, haw, fine women; but rather too much meat in my opinion."

2nd. ditto (ditto). No. 30 wouldn't be bad if only her nails were stronger and sharper."

3rd. ditto (frock coat). "Look at 46 there; she moves like a camel. Turn her out of the ring." (And out she went forthwith amid jeers.)

4th. ditto (officer). "What an awkward brute 29 is!"

5th. ditto (ditto). "Look here, I have been making out a list by which these twenty may at once be got rid of. Every one agrees to it."

So out went the twenty, receiving the usual salutations, and leaving only half-a-dozen to compete. After further careful consideration, the first prize was at last awarded to a blooming belle with a neck like a snake's belly—a peculiarity of feature which, Morgante learned, was much admired in this place.

"Truly," quoth his guide, with a grimace, "whenever women grow powerful, they invariably make an exhibition of themselves."

"Apparently," quoth the notorious leader of fashions, warming into a bashful blush, under that derisive experienced gaze.

Meanwhile, although the prize of beauty had been awarded, the unsuccessful beauties and their friends were in no wise satisfied with the judge's decisions. In fact, these decisions as well as all others of different natures in this city, according to the testimony of Boltair, were never regarded by any persons except by those in whose favour they were given. Therefore now, the judges were literally mobbed by a bevy of reproachful belles, who bitterly complained of the alleged injustice they had received.

One pointed to a wart on her nose, as an indisputable proof that she should have obtained the prize. Another to the unrivalled elegance of the curl in her little finger. Another to her short upper lip. Another to the sharpness of her elbow. And yet another to the horselike length of her teeth.

"This is the invariable sequel to every show," said the guide. "Each competitress beforehand is fully convinced that she is to be the winner, and when she is disappointed, she at once attributes unfairness to the judges. Is it not terrible to be bound to associate for ever with such a herd as this, and amid such customs?"

"Most terrible, my master," answered Morgante. "Still, although I cannot but despise these degenerate and mean creatures, I am eager, being here, to know as much of their ways as possible. Would you then introduce me to the famale who won that inexplicable prize for comeliness?"

"As you will," returned the other. "But I warn you, you will have rather an unpleasant time of it with her. She speaks French as do many in hell, I believe."

Bringing up the giant then, he with much formality introduced him to the belle, who with the utmost constraint

dropped the slightest possible suggestion of a curtsey. On the contrary, Morgante, nothing daunted, and supremely confident of his ability, by means of his superior qualities and drawing-room prestige, to overcome all opposition, commenced a series of profound bows, which bid fair never to arrive at a conclusion. He stepped to the right and then to the left: he retreated, he advanced, bowing all the time, and sawing the air with his arms, as he brought his hands from over the region of his heart down on either side, wide extended like huge fins. These important preliminaries at last over, he commenced a very pretty speech, to this effect, in that language, which of all others is most suited to the requisites of the drawing-room.

"Madam, the honour of your acquaintance overpowers me; your humble servant." Here he bowed again, at which she almost imperceptibly bowed in return, eyeing him all the while with mingled contempt and fear. He continued, "Madam, deign to accept my most distinguished compliments upon the easy victory which you won at the recent contest of beauty." Again she made the same stiff inclination.

"I knew from the first that you were certain to carry off the prize. There is something unspeakably harmonious or melodious about your form and expression. I assure you, you are absolutely different from all the others in this place."

At this remark she suddenly flew into a most ungovernable rage, exclaiming, while she gesticulated violently and fanned herself with the rapidity of a winnowing machine's wheel at full speed, "Sir, how dare you? How dare you? Do you mean to insult me?"

"Oh! madam," broke in Morgante deprecatingly.

"Silence, sir," screamed the belle. "You have dared to say I was different from everybody else. You have put me on a par with the palsied fool and your own odious self, as if I were not a real feather-head. You have had the effrontery to insinuate that I am an oddity. Oh! that I should be degraded thus."

With that, flopping down upon a chair she did scream again, kick her heels against the ground, and go off generally into uncontrollable hysterics. Then did there bevy round her many females, who tossed their heads haughtily at the giant, until the essential millinery accoutrements of their feather-pates fell upon the foot-way. Wherefore he did toss his noddle back at them in return; when there ensued such tossing of heads on all sides as went nigh to rival in dignity the bearing of haughty dames at a meeting of the Primrose League.

At length looking for his guide the offended Morgante perceived him standing apart; his little old face lit with a smile of intense amusement and satire. "Well, you have succeeded at last in creating a sensation, which will be long talked of and remembered."

"O, my master," quoth Morgante, "this is a dreadful place. Assuredly these feather-heads are the most unconsciously ludicrous people I have ever seen,—a fact which renders their appearance and behaviour somewhat less insupportable than they would otherwise be."

"Here they are never so ridiculous as when they seek to be most impressive," said Boltair. "Here the most laughable comedy is gratuitously acted for my benefit by a people without wit. So that I often get a laugh but never com-

panionship. It is at best a poor thing to have naught but gibes for one's neighbours: but my past gibing for effect is punished by my having now a real reason for the same practice, with results of unutterable woe to myself. You may say, why not cease and adapt yourself to your surroundings? Impossible, impossible, there is that within me which irresistibly revolts and prevents my so acting, despite the knowledge of my degradation and of my paralyzed literary powers." And the old face wore such an expression of weariness and death, as was unspeakably shocking.

After a pause Morgante spoke: "The sight of this place and your terrible words fill me with a fear I have never known in such intensity heretofore. A new strange feeling, a disgust of myself for the first time overmasters me. Disgust that the result of my labours inevitably tend to conditions such as obtain in this abode of disquiet. Alas, what a horrible fate is yours to be condemned to live for ever here."

He gazed around chill and sick with the gloom of his thoughts. Wherever his eye wandered it was vexed with disquiet. Nowhere was rest to be found. The very ground upon which he stood moved perpetually,—an earthquake monotonous, never ending. Nature, which brings repose to the agitated mind, was here blotted out; and human mechanism rasped the nerves with its restless uniformity and sordid ugliness. The appearance too of the inhabitants—its dead level of meanness and cunning unrelieved by any trait of nobility and strength; the ceaseless uncouth movements of everyone were productive of comfortless perturbation and melancholy. And he continued to gaze vacantly upon this joyless scene, until the whole went near to grow

confused and meaningless in his sight, when he noticed a band of individuals who gradually began to puzzle him somewhat. They were nearly all males and seemed even more effete than the generality of the natives. There was something very odd about their method of walking, the cause of which, however, became evident on closer inspection. For their heads having been apparently wrenched round with their faces towards their backs, they were obliged always to move in a manner opposite to other folk: and as their knees being weak were bent out at the rear, they looked for the world like a pack of dogs trying with laudable efforts to walk upright on their hind legs. In all other respects they were exactly the same as the other feather-heads except that they could do absolutely nothing with their hands, which hung puppet-like and lifeless at their sides. Calling the attention of his guide to these personages, Morgante received the following information.

"Oh, the scholiaddlepates, ha! ha! (the nearest meaning in English of the word *scholiaddlepate* is *a passer of examinations*). For you must know that the passing of examinations is here a distinct profession in itself leading to nothing, and conferring no aptitude for any useful work—rather very much the reverse, as you may observe by its results on these scholiaddlepates, who are really most able in the art of passing all sorts of examinations, but who are in every other respect the most helpless of the citizens. Nevertheless they are held in very high honour as persons of shining parts, by the other feather-heads, who imagine the system of examinations to be the only test of mental excellence and the most glorious institution of their city. The reason they entertain such a mean opinion of my pretensions to culture

is, I verily believe, because I have never acquired the enviable distinction of becoming a scholiaddlepate."

Considerably amused with this description of these boasted products of a "high and complex civilisation," the notorious one continued to observe their habits and the attitude towards them of their fellow feather-heads. The latter appeared indeed to be in great awe of these local geniuses, and treated them with the utmost consideration and respect. The females, especially, were prodigal of their attentions. They followed about and hung upon the lips of the scholiaddlepates, in order to hear samples of wisdom, which somehow or other were never uttered. Yet still they persevered in their reverential deference with steadfast hope of at last catching a word worth remembering, which, considering the multitude of their disappointments, was truly edifying. In order to force the oracle, they would occasionally knock with their knuckles on the heads of those sages, and then fall into raptures at the loud hollow sounds thereby evoked, which they believed to be the ambiguous indications of sublime prophecy. However the poor objects of their attention appeared as if they would gladly dispense with all this commotion on their behalf: for being constitutionally empty and having no wisdom of any sort to deliver, they more naturally preferred to be left in peace and retirement.

Leading him now from the big hall, where he witnessed such improving performances, his guide brought the notorious one and companions through several streets to a large house with a brilliantly lit entrance, over which was sculptured as a sign, a huge winged ear.

"This pretentious edifice," explained the old man, "is

the most select of all the clubs in the city, and is called the *Clattergang* or the gossip-club, founded for the object of gathering and disseminating gossip of even the most trivial nature. The arrangements among its members, who are all females, for carrying out the purposes of the institution, are ingenious and admirable. Every hour some member or other in her turn, must go forth into the city and there collect from acquaintances, professional people, trades-people, &c., such a fund of information about the private affairs of everyone else as will be sufficient to entertain those who may be in the club, for the hour during which her successor is employed on a similar errand. There is no escaping this duty, which indeed to many is a labour of love. Nor is it of any use to allege inability to ferret out news. A member may, perhaps, escape with censure twice; but if she proves herself inefficient a third time, she is without exception ignominiously expelled from the Clattergang, and immediately loses caste: so essential is it for certain females that they should be supplied with a never-failing store of food for gossip! Wherefore, since the institution is so exacting in this respect, it often happens that many an ingenious gossip-monger, who, on account of a temporary dearth of reports may occasionally not succeed in collecting the requisite amount of scandal and triviality, or who, perhaps, may feel too indolent to go her rounds, straightway invents clean out of her head a whole budget of damaging news usually about those whom she most dislikes, and returning to the club lies away at a brave rate to a bevy of eager listeners. It is fair, however, to say in extenuation of such conduct, that these feather-heads, (being alas only feather-heads!) are in-

capable of taking any rational interest in less ignoble subjects, such as politics, literature, and the fine arts; and that consequently they are reduced to discussions of their neighbours' vices, follies, dress, business, &c., which together with cackle about their dull parties, and silly amusements form the sole food for polite conversation in this damnable city."

"Surely a pleasant place this Clattergang, as are all places here," quoth Morgante. "May we not enter and see what goes on within?"

"Impossible," answered his guide. "None but members may cross the threshold. Besides, after so many rebuffs, I am surprised you should wish to intrude again into the society of these charming creatures. Your self-respect—"

"Oh, prithee, let us not discuss formalities," broke in Morgante. "The world, since you left it, has advanced famously; and I dare swear they are now in the minority there, who can understand such phrases as 'I would not intrude,' and 'I am hindered by my sense of self-respect.' Not intrude, indeed! Self-respect, by the four winds! Where would we remain now-a-days if we were influenced by such ancient formulas? Why, only geniuses then would come out of obscurity; and mankind might possibly be governed intelligently. What a depressing thought for the world!"

Boltair looked up and smiled. After a minute, shrugging his shoulders, he said:

"Well, I really do not know how you are to get into this society."

"Not know how I am to get into this society?" returned the giant. "Well, that is good. By the four winds, how

does anybody get into society? Why, by pushing in, of course. Look-e-here, master, be so good as to intimate to the members that I would enter their establishment. If they refuse, I must resort to more pushing importunity. I shall knock."

With that he did kick the door so peremptorily as to shake the plate-glass out of one of its folds, which quickly brought on the scene the hideous little porteress, in a nice flurry. When Boltair, with many efforts to pacify her, stated the nature of his request, her fury boiled over uncontrollably; and she poured such abuse on the intruders, whom she most insultingly ordered off the premises, that their tempers in turn were fairly aroused. Wherefore they scolded back bravely, Morgante heaving great rocks of vituperation against this feather-headed barge. The uproar very soon fledged the windows of the Clattergang with numerous heads of members, who, when they perceived the giant, flouted him provokingly. With admirable temper he begged admittance in his most engaging manner; but scornful jeers were his only answers. Whereupon, approaching nearer and smilingly beseeching he began to push in gently the wall of the club amid the uneasy yet still defiant jeers of its inmates. Nothing daunted, he continued to push, and was upon the point of pushing himself in, when he received in one of his eyes a basinful of dirty water well flavoured with alkali.

Maddened now with pain, Morgante set all restraints at defiance. With one grand push he sent the whole Clattergang tumbling down to the ground, and trampled upon it in his fury. Then he ran amuck through the city, slashing about him right and left and stumbling over so many

obstacles that he was as often as not on all fours. At last there loomed before him in the darkness a large factory chimney, belching out sparks and smoke, which in his delirium he imagined to be a demon with fiery eyes and waving plume advancing to give battle. Rushing frantically at this enemy he closed and wrestled with it, the while bellowing his loudest:

"Now at length have I found an antagonist worthy of my mettle. By the four winds, this must be Satan himself, full of fire and brimstone, he is so monstrous hot to the touch."

With that he pulled down the chimney, and awoke.

BOOK VIII.

DIALECTIC.

"Καὶ ἔασόν τινα σοῦ καταφρονῆσαι ὡς ἀνοήτου, καὶ προσηλακίσαι ἰὰν βούληται, καὶ ναὶ μὰ Δία σύ γε θαῤῥῶν πατάξαι τὴν ἄτιμον τάυτην πληγήν· οὐδὲν γὰρ δεινὸν πίεσαι, ἰὰν τῷ ὄντι ἧς καλὸς καγαθός, ἀσκῶν ἀριτήν."

Plato, Gorg. § 175.

WHEN the most notorious Morgante thoroughly realised his position, which, for a little while after his awakening, he certainly did not, he found himself standing on the main deck of the steamer in which he had embarked at Cadiz the day before, hugging her huge smoke funnel, which he had torn from its position, and effectually reducing the same to as shapeless a mash, as if it had only been a tin-can. The wildest consternation prevailed among the officer's crew, and passengers of the vessel. Some ran distractedly about in their terror; others locked themselves in their cabins, and patiently awaited death. The captain and officers, however, aided by the more valiant of the sailors, soon took measures for the common safety. Having loaded and pointed the ship's gun at the giant they were just upon the act of firing, when Bucco and the young don, frantic at the thought of the obscurity into which they must surely sink if their master should be deprived of life, made a rush upon Morgante, and having each caught hold of the calves of his legs, pinched and bit them and pulled the large hairs

which grew upon them so vigorously that in a short time they brought him to his senses, and succeeded in quieting him so far as to assure everyone on board of his perfect harmlessness.

"Where am I?" he exclaimed. "What ship is this? What is this in my arms? Have I beaten the Devil? Why, this is the chimney of the steamer, that I must have torn from its position. Oh! I now understand; I must have been dreaming: and what an awful dream—ow, wow, wow."

With that he sat down on his hams upon the deck and began to weep and howl and bellow like an ox. When he had thus bellowed for an hour or so and had wept some hundred gallons of tears, which were speedily mopped away by the sailors into the sea, a short period of calm followed. It was then that Bucco and the young don ventured to enquire and catechise him with a view of learning the cause of this antediluvian lamentation.

"Oh! dear friends of my bowels," quoth the notorious one, "I have had such a terrible dream or nightmare. It must have been caused by those tough Spanish fowl which I ate for dinner yesterday. I dreamt that I was in hell. Do not ask me to tell you any more. Oh! what an abominable place, 'horresco referens.'"

"You certainly were very much disturbed in your sleep last night," said the young don; "and this morning all on board thought that you had gone mad; for you kicked the side out of our private deck cabin, and then pulled away and crushed like paper the boat's funnel."

"Oh! I know, I know," retorted Morgante, "it was the wall of the Clattergang, and Satan himself beyond in the

form of a tower, ow, wow, wow." And again he indulged in another very pretty spell of bellowing and weeping.

The hints which he so vaguely threw out as to the nature of his dream excited beyond measure the curiosity of his two friends, who were now determined not to rest satisfied until they were made fully acquainted with its details. However, it was useless at present to press for information, as all allusions to the subject only brought on a fresh series of howls. They were therefore constrained to wait patiently, until such time as the master had bellowed himself out, and accordingly sat down on either side of him plying him at intervals judiciously with questions, upon the repetition of which they noted the gradual subsidence of his violent symptoms. At last becoming more or less thoroughly pacified he was led to lend an ear to their request in order to get rid of their importunity, and with many sighs and shudders related the remarkable narrative, which we have faithfully transcribed in the last Book from the notes of the young don taken duly upon the spot.

"And now, my faithful followers," he said in conclusion, "after this terrible fright which has so prostrated me, I must announce to you, although it may give you great pain, that I intend to give up my labours altogether in future for the propagation of Enterism—nay, to use my best endeavours to work in the very opposite direction."

To these sentiments the young don, who by this time knew their probable fruit and likewise the character of Morgante, made the following temperate reply, which from previous experience he judged best under the circumstances:

"I can perfectly well understand, great master-mind, that

such a terrible dream as was inflicted upon you last night whereby you were transported to the meanest and most dismal of infernal abodes, must leave its after effects of uneasiness and depression, which a thorough course of pleasurable distraction alone can dissipate. Although I may sympathise with your present sorrowful condition, I cannot say that your narration produces upon me the same woful effect; but, then, that is only natural: for it is one thing to be the hero of a tragedy and another thing to be simply the listener; otherwise the world would be altogether a desperate place wherein to live. I am, therefore, in a position to offer you some sound practical advice touching the present depressed state of your spirits. Instead of giving way to the fatal prompting of turning tail and repudiating the glorious system invented by you and received with such acclamation by a large portion of civilized mankind, you must seek to smother the said prompting by every possible means in your power, until at last it will cease to molest you. There are many ways of accomplishing this; but first and foremost I now begin to see the disadvantage of removing you to such a distance from the gaze of the world, which would doubtless have the instantaneous effect of making you completely yourself again. Reasons imperative to your health—nay, to your very existence, compelled me to do so, though I must now confess, that, instead of finding the golden mean, I have been unwittingly the cause of plunging you into the opposite extreme to that of ecstacy. We must, therefore, since this boat only goes to a few uninteresting places in South America, set about to take shipping again as soon as we can for England, where with *proper* precautions, we hope to allow you to remain per-

manently with perfect safety and comfort to your abdomen. Meanwhile I implore of you not to compromise yourself and us by any utterance of a nature likely to discredit the school."

These words had little or no effect upon Morgante, who continued moaning and protesting his determination to change as before. Whereupon the young don began to wax most sarcastic, a beautiful stereotyped Oxford sneer being imprinted upon his pert visage, as he said :

"So you are going to sneak off with your tail between your legs. A pretty ending indeed to all the fanfaronade, with which you were ushered into the great world ! A noble surrender to your enemies after defying them so long ! And won't they triumph over you and ridicule you and the whole of us ? Oh, yes, indeed I have no doubt that you will face mankind again quite as confidently as before your failure. It will be so easy and pleasant for you to do so ; and your followers who have hitherto hailed you with acclamation, will, of course, come round, applauding you in a tenfold degree for the change. Good gracious, what a hero you are ! I never until now knew what a lofty and pure character was yours : ah, hah ! "

Perceiving that Morgante winced very much and grew somewhat pale at his words, he continued for a while longer in the same strain, convinced that he gradually gained ground in his efforts to overcome the determination of his master. Finally, when the latter made it evident that he was in the miserable state of being pretty evenly divided between his fears created by qualms of conscience and his fears created by human respect, the young don seizing a stout cudgel roared out :

"Look here. Let's have no more nonsense. You just keep quiet and do as I tell you, until you have an opportunity of working yourself into an enteristic ecstasy again. Do you hear what I say?"

"I cannot. Oh, have pity upon me," cried Morgante, hesitatingly.

"Have pity upon you," screamed out the now enraged young don, who immediately belaboured his master on his head, sides, back and seat, until the latter roared again for mercy, and promised to give up all idea of changing his honourable principles. Thus a man of vast strength and daring, who vehemently desired and resolved to alter his course of action, eventually allowed himself to be frightened and ignominiously flogged out of his resolution, by comparatively a mere dwarf. This most curious, though true example of pusillanimity we are certain will be discredited,—to our detriment as a faithful chronicler, which we cannot help,—by matter-of-fact people, who will insist upon the impossibility of such a monstrous occurrence, especially in our enlightened age.

Completely cowed and abashed then, by the metaphorically dwarfish young don with an Oxford sneer, the most notorious Morgante sat rolling his eyes, grinning and holding his belly—all the while looking the personification of misery. Presently they brought him a little quarter cask of brandy, which he swallowed down neat from the bung-hole, and which warmed and comforted a good deal his poor inside. He also fell to eating a prodigious quantity of victuals, avoiding, however, with careful vigilance, all species of fowls, since coming from Spain, they required nothing short of the stomach of an emu to adequately

digest them. These also revived him somewhat; but still he was far from feeling well; so he remained groaning and screwing up his eyes as before—more especially when the horrors of digestion set in. Then he did take, in order to settle his stomach, a most respectable jorum of brandy, and then another and another, and so on, until he became nicely fuddled, which state he ever considered next only in delightfulness to that of the Enteristic ecstacy, and a state almost always capable of being created, when, alas, the success of the other depended so much upon the presence and precarious mental attitude of fickle human beings.

After having slept a good while without any disturbing dreams, he awoke sober, to find a large number of people eyeing him with curiosity and interest, which was most flattering, and which at once acted upon his stomach like a tonic. He aroused himself, yawned, scratched his head, blew his nose, cleared his throat, called for a magnum of dry champagne and drank it out of a basin, as if it were only a liqueur glassful. Then taking due notice of the growing admiration which the contemplation of his actions was exciting, he posed first this way, and then that way, and then the other way. Then he hem'ed and ha'ed and appeared as if he invited conversation; and when some one made so bold as to address him, he answered most enigmatically, which at once instilled into the minds of the others a mighty opinion of the grandeur of his genius. Thus when asked what he thought of the Atlantic Ocean he answered that on the whole he was disappointed with it. To another investigator he stated that perhaps the reasoning faculties of the Spaniards were superior to those of their mules; to a third, that

the English rule, besides being excellent for the people of England itself, was the very best and most beneficial for every other country that had the good fortune to be under its sway; to a fourth, that never in the whole history of the British nation were there so many great political leaders of the highest wisdom and patriotism as in his time, and that Mr. Gladstone was the greatest, especially in wisdom and patriotism; to a fifth, that the first duty of a government was to remain in office at all hazards, upon the lofty plea that whatever might be its own blunders or misconduct, it still owed a duty to the country to prevent the accession to power of a narrow, selfish, incapable, and unscrupulous opposition; that its second duty was to fail to carry out the pledges which it gave to the electors; that its third duty was to be as generally inefficient as possible, whether in affording protection to peaceable citizens, or in putting down abuses in the expenditure and management of national institutions. To a sixth enquirer, he responded that government by party was absolutely the most perfect system that mankind ever invented; to a seventh, that all parties in England for purposes of government were about equally useful and honest; and so on to many other interlocutors, until their admiration grew strong enough to send him off into an ecstacy, which at once had the effect of silencing all former scruples, and of making him feel marvellously important and contented.

Then was he proud and invincible, and very much cock-a-hoop, and began in his usual vein to rally the young don with the Oxford sneer, who, wisely, for the safety and comfort of his person, and bethinking himself of a former unpleasant experience, now refrained from repartee. So the great Mor-

gante had it all his own way again, and was the life and delight of the passengers, among whom were many learned men and women hailing from divers nations. They gave him as much admiration as he pretty well could hold with safety, its strength and plentifulness being quite extraordinary considering the limited area of an ocean steamer. They considered themselves thrice fortunate and honoured in having been thrown with such an original and notorious personage, and were now determined to get what they could by way of intellectual benefit during the restricted period of the voyage, since such another golden opportunity would surely never offer itself again. They, therefore, with a long preamble of admiration and respect, invited him to lecture to them upon whatever subject might suit his purpose or convenience. To which invitation he most magnanimously responded in the affirmative, declaring that towards evening, after dinner, he would lecture in the great saloon. Accordingly, at the appointed time, when the whole audience was seated and expectant, he appeared dressed in black knee-breeches, silk stockings, and swallow-tail coat, his shirt beautifully frilled, on his feet shoes with silver buckles, and his white cuffs folded back over the sleeves of his coat. Having answered by suitable bows and sawings of the air with his long arms, the burst of enthusiastic applause, which greeted his entry, he began the following great and memorable discourse:

"Ladies and gentlemen, the subject of my lecture to-night is a quality of mind which nearly everyone is ashamed to acknowledge that he or she does not value above all other qualities; which the ignorant and narrow-minded laud to the skies as being their only possession; which is ever absent from true genius; which is the worst of obstacles to the

accomplishment of any great work—I mean the ignoble quality of Common Sense. Now, ladies and gentlemen, I perceive that my first words cause a shock to your sensibilities and prejudices; but I exhort you to be patient; and, in a short while, you will in reason be bound to agree to all my propositions. It is ever thus that a new truth is received at first by ordinary people from the lips of a great thinker. Elated at the grandeur of my philosophical system, I have been accustomed for some time to make war to the knife against anything on earth which may oppose it. I am bold and fearless and prepared to vilify what has hitherto been considered noble, and to laud what has been considered base. It was the glorious privilege of my ancestors to inaugurate the reign of free thought. This stupendously magnificent operation of theirs I have never ceased to regard with the utmost envy; and a perpetual chagrin annoys me, that it was not I, to whom fate had allotted the initiation of such a work. However, although I can not be the first in that movement, I protest that I can be and am the first to assert the power and marvellous originality of my genius by publicly and in the most uncompromising manner denouncing that worn-out old superstition, namely, common sense. Not that I am so presumptuous as to assert that I am the first great philosopher who has outraged this trite quality,—nay, I could enumerate the names of many who have so acted both in theory and practice; but yet none has ever shown the courage of his convictions in this respect by daring openly to speak out, as I have, on this evening.

"For instance, Immanuel Kant has said somewhere, that common sense is intolerable unless applied to philosophy, or

words to that effect. Now he is the only philosopher, who has ever hinted, in the most guarded manner, his opinion of the worthlessness of common sense. We see here that he thought it intolerable, when alone and not applied to philosophy. We know that his philosophy was utterly devoid of it. That goes without saying. Otherwise the said philosophy could never have merited for him the reputation of being the stupendous genius that he was. We may therefore conclude that he thoroughly despised this prosaic faculty all round, and only made the reservation aforementioned from a lack of moral courage, since he must have known, quite as well as ourselves, the real absurdity of such a reservation. Of course no philosophy can be profound and enduring which is contaminated with so fatal a qualification; and it is on account of this reason that I foresee the immeasurable triumph in store for mine. For, may not Enterism more than any other system, which the fertile brain of man has ever invented, be said to be at variance with all principles of common sense? And yet with what very general enthusiasm has it not been embraced?—a fact which, I am proud to say, tells most convincingly to prove that common sense is by no means so common to humanity as some persons would lead us to suppose.

"Having said so much by way of preamble, I shall now pass on to an examination of the subject itself and of its influence upon my metaphysics.

"In the English Dictionary which I have by me I find two definitions of common sense which serve quite as well as any others; one is, *sound practical judgment;* the second, *the instantaneous decision of unperverted reason.*

"Ladies and gentlemen, are you aware of the full import of these words? Does not their dissolvent significance act upon your very system like a cruel lowering drug? Are not the wings of your pegasus clipped? and does he not come tumbling to the ground on his knees, a broken-down jade, tossing you over his head in a state of unheroic confusion? Sound practical judgment indeed! Was there ever anything high-flown or enteristic, that could stand the test of sound practical judgment? How would you fare, ladies and gentlemen, if you had consulted a person of sound practical judgment instead of me? I'll tell you how you would fare. You would be condemned to the sordid practice of your obscure occupations or domestic duties; for your adviser would show that you had no sufficient talents to embark on the enterprise of glory; whereas I come with a philosophy, which makes notoriety easy for everyone; so that a person, whether he has talent or not, provided only that he has a strong desire to acquire the reputation of it, by following my advice will speedily secure among a large number of his fellows the gratification of his wish. How would my worthy friend Bucco fare at the hands of such a person? And how this luminous young don from the great University of Oxford, where I was influential with a good many? Nay, ladies and gentlemen, how would I myself fare? But the very thought is too terrible, and has something of an extinguishing quality about it.

"We next come to the second definition of common sense, viz.: *The instantaneous decision of unperverted reason.* I am sure you will agree with me, ladies and gentlemen, when I say that it is equally mischievous interpreted in this, as in *any other* way: and, thank goodness for the comfort and

safety of us all, it is sufficiently rare in the world. What more inconvenient or upsetting catastrophe for a philosopher when he is propounding magnificent and striking theories, in the truth of which he himself only half believes, than to be met by some captious unit in his circle of listeners, who blurts out concerning the said theories his 'instantaneous decision of an unperverted reason.' Is not the philosopher liable to fret and fume, and if not blessed with an unwonted sweet temper, to fly into a most ungovernable and impotent rage against his miserable persecutor? Is not speculative thought in general most shamefully injured by such flippant and superficial interlocutors? Is not all philosophy impossible, when the reason is unperverted? It follows therefore that this perverted state is immeasurably the best for the reason; since unperverted it never rises above the level of the most dreary commonplace. And, ladies and gentlemen, the first canon of our school ordains that the commonplace is to be avoided at all cost. That terrible colourless phantom, the commonplace, which haunts every individual who aspires to be thought a genius! Oh, ladies and gentlemen, let us make war against the commonplace; let us smite it with the straws of lunacy; let us banish it howling into the Philistine desert; let us cast it into the sea of mental sterility; let us ever be on our guard against its insidious stratagems; let us sleeping or waking endeavour always to be eccentric; let us fill the air with noises, and let us be filled with the most comforting gas. Then shall we pitch our tents along the sides of Parnassus, and being dilated with multifarious ecstacies, know what it is to be able to sleep on a windy night. Many are the noble fights waged by my school throughout the civilized world. There are brave hardy men,

who uphold the good cause, never flinching for a moment during their lives. And shall we be behind hand in our exertions? I knew a worthy Enterist in Paris, a man possessed of a valiant determination to eradicate from his nature the least suspicion of the commonplace, and to persuade an admiring circle of friends that he was a genius, which, of course, he was not. This airy-hearted hero wrote novels whereof the incidents partook of that kind of originality which is the exact opposite to what had been previously seen in fiction, while their style was so choice that it might justly be considered as suited to almost any language besides French. He then turned his attention to the composition of art criticisms in a magazine. These criticisms, as might have been expected, were very striking in more senses than one. At last, after his many years of labour with indifferent success, he accomplished the glorious work of his life and enraptured his admirers, disgusted others and astonished everyone by an account which he wrote concerning an early Italian picture in the Louvre. His vast originality and deep artistic insight were proclaimed in this paper, wherein he pretended that the contemplation of the devotional mediæval picture in question called up in his own lovely mind suggestions of every species of lust and sacrilege, which he forthwith indited with agreeable exactitude, to the unspeakable advancement of all profound and noble criticism in general.

"Here is an instance, ladies and gentlemen, of what an ordinary work-a-day Enterist, possessed of a mighty determination to war valiantly against the commonplace, can accomplish. See how this hero fought himself into the position of being thought a genius by many of his com-

panions and readers. And is it not in the power of every-one of you to imitate his example with a like brilliant result? Oh, ladies and gentlemen, can you sleep on a windy night? Can you swallow the rapturous soporific draught, when admiration is floating around you, and ecstacies are going to waste? Can you despise the faculty of sight, in order to experience the immeasurable superiority of the instinct of sense? For I have known some enthusiastic Enterists even go so far as to heroically put out their eyes, lest by any possibility they should ever again be able to see. These are your examples; and you must endeavour to imitate them to the best of your pertinacity and strength.

"I consider then, ladies and gentlemen, that I have shown you common sense in the sordidness of its real condition; and from the change in your countenances and your not unfrequent murmurs of applause, I flatter myself that my few words have already born fruit, and that you are on the high way to arrive at a state as free from the said ignoble qualification as is my own. I cannot repeat too often, nor impress upon your minds sufficiently the necessity of your thoroughly eradicating the last germs of this dangerous disease from your systems, if by chance any should remain concealed therein. You must be courageous and firm, if you would succeed: and yet the effort to be rid of such a malady is not so difficult as you may imagine. It is my firm belief, after a large and wide experience, that the number of those who possess common sense is extremely small, although nearly every individual nurses the delusion that he or she possesses it in some form or other. But I assure you, ladies and gentlemen, that in

the vast majority of cases it is a mere delusion; and as such the fact ought to be a source of the most soothing encouragement in your struggles with any difficulties, which you may think you will have to meet in obeying my exhortations.

"In conclusion, therefore, ladies and gentlemen, I beg to thank you for the compliment which you have paid me by inviting me to lecture, and by the marked attention and approbation with which you have received my discourse. I had little doubt at starting, that I should soon convince you by the number and weight of the arguments which I had ready to offer for your consideration. Oh, ladies and gentlemen, it is impossible to over-estimate the importance of closing your ears to the dictates of common sense, before which the glorious fabric of Enterism totters and falls in the hideousness of helpless ruin. Degrade and trample upon the insidious enemy. Rouse yourselves like giants refreshed and go where the winds waft balm to your bowels. Then like bumble-bees you will sip honey here and there to your fill. Then like leeches you will suck in what the diseased are grateful to yield, and you will continue the exquisite voracity until with repletion you either vomit or burst."

At the conclusion of this profound and useful lecture the admiring audience testified its approbation by cheers and the clapping of hands. Several individuals stood up, one after the other, each saying a few words, the purport of which proved to be that the speakers entirely agreed with the views of the lecturer relating to the question of common sense; that the said views at first, perhaps, might *look* strange and paradoxical, owing to prejudices instilled

by early training and long habit; but that studied in the calm light of reason they must appear to every impartial person to be the absolute truth sought for and arrived at by the sagacity of splendid genius; finally, that the audience, who now seemed all of the same mind, should pass an unanimous vote of thanks to the most notorious Morgante for the unspeakable benefits conferred upon science and morality by the delivery of his wonderful discourse. This resolution was upon the point of being put to the assemblage, when at the end of the saloon an individual calmly arose for the evident purpose of speaking. All eyes were immediately directed towards him; the men looking impatient and annoyed at the proceedings being delayed, the women tossing insolent glances, while they audibly whispered to each other, "Who is this horror?"

Perhaps there was something in the attitude and mien of the man indicative of revolt, which inspired in the audience such an unfavourable impression. Let us describe his appearance.

He was of middle height, of a large frame, big boned, very lean, and clean shaven. His round close-cropped head, set upon a short neck, was also remarkably large: the forehead high, but at first glance seemingly not so, owing to its very great breadth: the black eyes, far apart from each other, seemed to flash with enthusiasm under their projecting, shaggy eyebrows, which met across the lower part of the forehead, whence many straight lines arose perpendicularly, indicative of mental power and concentration. His nose and profile resembled an impression on an old Roman coin; his jaw and chin were strong and heavy; his mouth, which was exceedingly ugly, wore an expression of habitual discontent,

To look at him would give a person the idea that he was striving with gigantic labour after the attainment of some vast and distant object, or perhaps that he had had a glimpse at one time of an heroic condition of happiness, which rendered persons and things in actual life mean and insipid to his sight. His age might be taken for anything between six-and-twenty and forty. People might say he looked rather old for the former and maybe somewhat young for the latter. Anyhow, his appearance in this respect was decidedly enigmatical. He evidently took little trouble about his dress, which was rather the worse for wear, although his linen was scrupulously clean, as was apparently his person, it being said of him by his acquaintances that his bathing and ablutions were daily performed with oriental punctiliousness and frequency. There was an inexpressible scorn in the bearing of the head, although his stammering speech betokened one unused to address large audiences, as he began his remarks.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "as I perceive that the resolution before the assembly is about to be passed unanimously, if I remain silent, and as I have waited in the vain hope that some other person might relieve me of the very uncongenial business of making a speech, I consider it my duty as one of the said assembly, to offer a few words of protest against the outrageous discourse of the lecturer and the ridiculous proceedings of which I have been a hearer and a witness." All at once there was a great uproar. The men groaned: the women screamed and hissed in the most excited manner imaginable. The young don, with his most withering Oxford sneer, sarcastically remarked,

"You have, no doubt, sir, gained distinction in your

University, and you come as the accredited representative of our opponents?"

"Chuck that man out," bawled Bucco, "and then we shall be unanimous."

A learned man advanced to carry out in practice this piece of advice, but was seized below the knee by the dissenting stranger, who threw his antagonist over his head; and the savant landed sprawling on to the floor of the saloon, with his arms and legs extended like an alligator stretched in the mire. Another and another followed, meeting with the same fate, until at last the most notorious Morgante saw that it would be necessary for himself to remove the disturber. Coming on, therefore, with that confidence arising from the knowledge of vastly superior strength, mingled with a certain feeling of annoyance at the audacity of an apparently ordinary person to resist his pleasure, he extended his arms to collar the obnoxious one. What was his surprise, however, to receive, cast with well directed strength, bang into the pit of his belly, a most dangerously and fantastically formed weight, which was placed against a door near at hand in order to keep it open for the purpose of ventilation. There never yet lived a hero who was not vulnerable in some one part of his otherwise invulnerable carcass. We read in Homer how the great Achilles could only receive hurt in his heel: and in like manner the most notorious Morgante was generally invincible except when attacked in the region of his abdomen, which, of course, we must admit, was in his case a weak spot of dangerously large dimensions. We are aware, how, in his boyhood, the astute prefect of discipline, Ferula, discovered this secret of latent debility, and how, acting upon

such knowledge, he maintained during the whole period of his term of management an absolute control over his pupil. But this is by the way. We regret very much, that in a most important and vitally interesting part of our narrative we are as usual yielding to our perverse and incorrigible habit of digressing. Come, let us pull ourselves together, and not excite the reader's curiosity, in order indefinitely to put off satisfying it.

Well, then, the cruel missile expelled for the moment, with turbulent uproar, Morgante's ecstacies; and he straightway became marvellously reasonable and civil, advising the audience that perhaps it would be better to let this person have his say, and so get rid of him. Amid sympathetic murmurs, therefore, from the females to the effect that it was a cowardly shame thus to use such brutal violence towards so pure and lofty a genius, the scornful stranger resumed his address.

"Now that this interruption, ladies and gentlemen, seems past, and as I have a perfect right to be heard, I shall continue the few remarks which I consider I am in duty bound to utter on the subject of this recent lecture. And firstly concerning the flippant observation of the young pundit yonder, whom college training and subsequent escapades appear to have landed in the worst of pedantry, I will only tell him, that I have never gained distinction in any university, nor am I an accredited representative of the millions, who, I know, abhor and despise his theories, and that, in fine, I am completely obscure and unknown. But because a man has no credentials and is obscure, are these reasons why he should remain silent when he hears damnable error and folly proclaimed to be wisdom, and when he feels that

he has power within him at all events to prevent the cause of righteousness from going by default. Moreover, when I hear of distinctions gained at college by this young man, to say nothing of the unprecedented number of those gained by his master, and when I consider the peculiarly wise use to which they have turned their educational advantages, well, I say, if such is the result of university training, I very much prefer to think that I have been infinitely more fortunate in owing to no teachers save books and my own weak powers of observation and generalization, the education which I possess.

"The university successes gained by the lecturer and his pupil are due to a common and by no means high faculty, namely, a good memory—the only faculty required for the passing of examinations, and by these worthies possessed in such a remarkable degree that it seems totally to have extinguished the other faculties, notably, the highest of them all, the faculty of judgment. Consequently, when all examinations that had to be passed, were passed, and when it became imperative that there should be some show made of a MAN'S work, unless inevitable obscurity was to be his doom, the lecturer appealing to his slender imagination and vanished judgment, invented the preposterous system of Enterism, which, as far as I can gather from reading and observation, is identical with what is termed in my country VANITY, than which there is no vice we consider more ridiculous and contemptible.

"You will doubtless assert the fact, by way of refuting me, that your notorious leader's teaching has an immense following. Of course it has an immense following. Does not history tell of many quite as outrageous systems meeting with vast popular support? And when I perceive that

Enterism appeals to some of the strongest of human instincts, nay, is itself so very human, I would not be surprised to see it enjoy even a wider popularity than it actually enjoys. So much for the general system. I will now proceed to examine some of the statements in the lecture, which you have all just heard, and which appears to me to be a grand and suitable corollary to your master's previous absurdity and evil.

"That the lecturer should denounce so vehemently common sense, is especially natural and consistent; for, as he said, what would become of himself and Enterism, if judged according to such a standard? But that he should have the effrontery to assert it is ever absent from true genius, passes even all enteristic bounds of perversity, if it had not long ago become evident that he is as incapable of understanding the nature of true genius as an ape. Why, the very essence of true genius is common sense in an extraordinary degree. It is one of the rarest of the human qualifications, which solitary truth the lecturer stumbled upon in his address through some unwonted luck or chance. Nay, it presupposes a large amount of intelligence to possess even a small quantity of it. What often renders its name odious to even its real possessors, is to hear the much-abused quality perpetually claimed and vaunted by people of the meanest capacity and most commonplace mode of life, as their particular privilege. With such people the idea of common sense means simply lauding the ignoble and traducing the sublime. They cannot be said to be endowed with it in any form, their imagined common sense being nothing more than a very ordinary and disagreeable quality of cunning arising from narrow-mindedness, ignorance and conceit.

"Concerning his eloquent tirade full of the most refined canting metaphor against the commonplace, I suppose it is useless for me to try to persuade you that it is not beautiful. However, I may just as well tell you that a perpetual fear and avoidance of the commonplace is one of the most certain signs of a very commonplace intelligence. It is useless to battle against this universal and most uninteresting disease, which in spite of your long hair, eccentric raiment, and dirt, will attack you like the small-pox and break out upon the face of your works, if you have not genius, the only disinfectant. On the other hand it vanishes powerless at the touch of this magical talisman, whose possessor manifesting, whether he likes it or not, genuine originality and strength in his art, be it what it may, creates an unfading halo of interest, notwithstanding, possibly, a frequent reserve, an apparent ordinary exterior, and the hostile influence of the modern intellectual world's well filled gasometers of school jargon. You are indeed a noble assembly of optimists; and, together with the rest of your mutual admiration societies, you have excellent reasons to be highly satisfied with yourselves and your performances. For has not Enterism immense popularity in the world? And are not protests meaningless to the multitudes, who have agreed to accept it? And won't you all feel just as happy, if, on account of your preposterous behaviour, you are credited with talent by people as worthless as yourselves, nay, I should say more happy than if you really were talented? You will doubtless therefore see excellent reasons for following your teacher's advice on this matter and for treating mine with derision. You will also emulate those examples, (one of which he recorded for your admiration,)

of French Enteristic heroes and heroines, vain, licentious, profane reprobates, whose lawless and unbridled desires would seek to plunge the fairest of lands, and the noblest of peoples into horrid irrevocable chaos. Oh, you are just now in a highly satisfactory state with boundless possibilities of every description of good; and so having spoken out to you what I consider my duty prompts me to utter, I, protesting against your resolution to tender a vote of thanks to the lecturer, leave you to act as your present attitude leads me to expect."

The stranger's speech, to say the least of it, caused a good deal of irritation to the assembled body of the learned and the fair. There were frequent murmurs during its delivery, which however never broke out into serious interruption, perhaps from something in the attitude of the speaker indicative of a determination to delay the passing of the resolution, until he had quite finished what he had to say. However, when he ended, the expressions of indignation were loud and very general. Many would have liked to have thrashed and expelled him summarily from the saloon, but desisted, apprehending that perhaps any violence they might use would be returned on their own delicate persons with compound interest. They therefore agreed among themselves to look upon their opponent in the light of a lunatic;—a simple arrangement which, at once strictly within precedent, and from their view of the case doubtless the best, afforded abundant satisfaction to offended dignity. Thus the notorious one, with the remembrance of the sharp angled door-weight still buried in the abysmal depths of his abdomen, now rallied the stranger in his most jocose style, though inwardly very angry.

"Hey, hey, my fine fellow, you are very funny. These notions of yours are assuredly most curious and interesting. It is pleasing to hear them in modern times as something very quaint, and a pleasant treat for cultured people, who, naturally, are struck with every phase of archæology. You are really very funny, and a person to entertain us in our moments of relaxation: but surely you do not seriously expect us to receive what you have said in any other light than that of a joke? Our school licentious indeed! By the four winds what do you mean? It is true that we are unrestrained by any law moral or divine, and that we always indulge our instincts: but does it follow, therefore, that we are licentious? Certainly not. For not recognizing any moral code, how can we be said to be licentious in breaking it? If we did recognize a restraint, it would be a different thing. Why, one of the chief advantages of Enterism is that its followers may outrage in the most public manner what you call morality, and still remain perfectly respectable. You would do well, therefore, my friend, to keep your little jokes for our moments of leisure, and not to interfere with the progress of our serious work, as you have done to-night."

Tremendous applause followed this speech, to which the stranger more scornfully than ever replied:

"I was quite prepared to hear the sentiments which you have uttered, from some one or other in the saloon. It is an old truism, that when a person wants to perform some act, which he knows to be particularly horrible and revolting, he first sets about to persuade himself and then others that it is not really so bad, nay, that on the contrary it is meritorious rather than otherwise. And so I myself have always remarked, that when an Atheistic Enterist is accused of

breaches of morality, (I will not go so far as to say morality according to the standard of Christians, but that common general sort, which since the beginning of the world has always been upheld by infidels and pagans), his invariable, and I must own it, staggering reply is, 'But we don't recognise such moralities as binding, and consequently do not consider ourselves immoral in their non-observance.' There is about this response a degree of unanswerableness which is, in a way, positively overwhelming to the accuser, and of simplicity which must be eminently satisfactory to all good and true Enterists themselves. It is by such dicta naïvely coming from the mouths of Atheists themselves that more knowledge is acquired about the causes and origin of modern infidelity, than by countless treatises from the pens of the learned.

"And what a religion you would set up in opposition to Christianity! Christianity, that came in its divine purity to cleanse the world of the horrors of an effete paganism. But now you in turn endeavour to overthrow Christianity, not with a purer religion, if that were possible,—oh no, far from it,—but with a melancholy though ludicrous mixture of vanity and licentiousness, the like of which in the shape of a system of conduct has never hitherto been known. Overthrow Christianity forsooth. And by such means. You may have many followers; and many individuals may perish, but for all that the Church will stand unshaken, and will overthrow you in the end.

"Such an impassable gulf seems to yawn between your view of life and ours, as would cause us nearly to doubt that you are indeed human creatures with immortal souls like *ourselves*. Your brave teacher and yourselves are, on the

contrary, more like Comus and his obscene rabble, whose ideas on ethics are all topsy-turvy, and whom one vainly hopes to restrain from violence by any persuasion short of brute force. Nay, I will go further; suppose a man were to fall by chance into the midst of an assembly of apes in the tropical forests of Africa, and granting that he had the power of making himself understood, were to argue with them on the subject of those moral laws which are universally respected, (at all events in theory), by the whole of civilized mankind, may you not very easily imagine that their leader in the name of the herd would answer him in some such manner as your notorious one answered me this evening?

"I am weary beyond measure of your sophistry and companionship, and long to return to my own beautiful city, where I may commune in peaceful friendship with my brethren, whose voices speak music to my soul, when I am most dejected and at war with the abominations of the world around me. Meanwhile, I take my leaven of you, seeing that the whole argument between us simply resolves itself into this; whether, in the opinion of the sane, that system, which aims directly at a degradation of humanity, even deeper than nature left to herself would cause, by upholding in *theory* as well as in practice the abandonment and contempt of pure and ennobling ideals, is nearer to the truth, and therefore more worthy of credence, than that which seeks to change man from his natural state into a being universally admitted to be of at least a superior order, and among whose followers are innumerable individuals, who, by their mighty efforts in the cause of righteousness and by the splendour of their example, have, in very fact,

wrought tremendous and lasting changes for good in the world."

The matter and tone of this last utterance had not the effect of soothing the irritation of the Enterists. They gibed and jeered, especially some females, calling the speaker a preacher,—an epithet which more than any other a man of true culture justly fears, when applied to him by the learned and the critical of his fellows. However, the stranger seemed utterly heedless as to whether they received his words unfavourably or not. Presently the young don, who was very much incensed, addressed him as follows :

"Who are you, sir, that you should criticise so arrogantly the exponents of a system, which has obtained such favour from many of the most renowned and wise of our time? I think I am using too mild an expression, when I say that your conduct is most audacious. Who on earth are you? and what about this city and people, to whose wonderful perfections you have more than once alluded? We should like very much to hear something about them, as doubtless we are grievously in need of a brilliant example to lead us to a right way of viewing matters generally."

"We should like very much to hear something about them," echoed Bucco.

"Ya-as, ya-as, pray tell us something about them," quoth the notorious Morgante.

Whereupon a grin, "*énorme et laid comme le monde*," creeping over the features of the chief, rapidly extended to those of the whole assembly, as if expectant of rare diversion, which, however, subsided somewhat in the course of the following reply of the stranger.

"*I* take it that this young man, unable to refute my

arguments, which, indeed, are unanswerable, seeks to shelter himself behind his old and pedantic sneer at my admitted obscurity, a species of retort which he considers the bitterest and most crushing he can level against me. But as I said before, the difference between our ideas of existence is so vast, that it is as hard for me to be irritated by his sneer, as it is for him to understand what he terms my audacity in attacking his school. Enough of this, however. As to my name, since he appears anxious to know it, I have no objection to tell him, although he will certainly not gain much information by the knowledge. I am called Theophilus. My city, certainly the most perfect I can anywhere imagine, is recognisable in the roar of the world, and is a source of endless delight to her citizens, who for ages past have given her the appropriate appellation of Agathopolis. Of this city and her inhabitants, I will relate to you the tale, since you have expressed a wish to hear it, and evidently anticipate from my recital much amusement to yourselves, which may not be altogether unalloyed. But now, the hour is late; and I would rather defer my narrative till to-morrow. Meanwhile, I beg again to record my protest against your resolution to tender a vote of thanks to the lecturer; and so good-night."

Of course the vote of thanks was passed on the spot by the assembled Enterists, who had made up their minds long before to be influenced by no counter advice. Like true people of feeling they were determined to allow no arguments to weigh in their intelligences against the one important argument for adopting a system so completely in accord with their purely natural instincts. They, therefore, retired for the night deeply incensed at the opposition of

Theophilus and vowing that they would never listen to his narrative, if it were not for the want of occupation to wile away the tediousness of the voyage, and also because they felt a certain curiosity to hear what he had to say.

On the morrow, then, the most notorious Morgante, Bucco, the young don and all the other Enterists settled themselves complacently under an awning on deck, and awaited with evident interest, in spite of their studied appearance of carelessness and derision, the commencement of the story of Agathopolis. They had just entered the tropics: the sun burned in the hazy blue sky with a white heat: a deadly calmness made rigid the glassy ocean: and no sound broke the elemental silence, save the regular beating of the ship's engine, like the pulse of a sleeping leviathan.

When Theophilus appeared, he was greeted with ironical cheers, of which he took not the least notice; but simply lighting a cigar he, without more ado, entered upon his subject.

BOOK IX.

AGATHOPOLIS.

"And thus thy memory is to me
Like some enchanted far-off isle
In some tumultuous sea—
Some ocean throbbing far and free
With storms—but where meanwhile
Serenest skies continually
Just o'er that one bright island smile."

Edgar Allan Poe.

ἄλλον δ' αἶνον ἔχω πατροπόλει τᾶδε κράτιστον
δῶρον τοῦ μεγάλου δάιμονος, εἰ—
πεῖν, αὔχημα μεγιστον
ἰὔπωλον, ἰὔπωλον, εὐθάλασσον.

Sophocles Oed. Col. 708—711.

"AGIOS JOANNES, the rich and beautiful island of which my city, Agathopolis, is the capital, rises calm and impregnable amid the restless and angry seas of the world, and is to the hearts of all human creatures a fact, potent, indisputable, however hateful it may be to many individuals, who have never seen its shores, and whom calumny has blinded to the merit of its inhabitants. Of this region, then, and of its people—of Agathopolis, the golden city, that sages have yearned to reach, that none may enter with corrupt mind, that chases the unworthy and fades from his sight—

of the nation warred against by the powers of the world, and stronger after each assault, suffering at times from the injurious counsels of false and incapable advisers, but with an innate strength to confound them in the end, and cast them off—of the land where I have found refuge from all dangers, and safe in its strongholds have bid defiance to pain and care, it is my task this day to recite to you the story.

"Almost a perfect circle in shape is this island. Its aspect is exceeding fair, for there are neither barren mountains, nor towering glaciers, nor frigid lakes. But stately parks of fresh turf and fern shadowed by old oak and olive trees, where the blended notes of light and dark green sing witching harmonies to the eye; fallow fields of rich terra-cotta hue enclosed by hedge-rows of cactus, vines in festoons, birch forests blown by sea breezes into waves with silvery crests, homely and picturesque farm-houses and villages, rocky coasts in splendour of purple weed redolent of the most invigorating odours, fair rivers winding through rich low-lying water meadows with their variegated wild flowers—a paradise of colour—all bathed in and transfigured by a magical atmosphere; these are some of the essential features of the country around Agathopolis. The city facing a southern sea and emblazoning with lustrous white the slopes on either side of a noble river's estuary, discloses antique features; is much like descriptions we have heard of old Greek towns. Of all modern cities the fair one of Seville resembles mine most in colour, arrangement and design, although, of course, in detail the difference between the moorish character of her architecture, and that of the purely classic work in Agathopolis is immense. Like the Andalusian capital she has narrow streets paved with

stone, low-sized houses, in the centre of which are delightful garden-courts, and a whiteness which looks cool and clean. But here the likeness ends. Instead of bricks and plaster her edifices are built of marble, which abounds in the quarries throughout the island in every respect as pure as that of Mount Pentelicus. This beautiful material causes her to glisten in the sunlight like an iceberg at springtime. The large and numerous open spaces are adorned with fine monuments and statues, the art of sculpture surviving alone here, and although in tradition with that of the Greeks, maintaining a distinct personality traceable to the peculiar genius of the people. The churches, of which there are a number proportionate to the dimensions of the city, are all constructed in the Byzantine style, although often varying much in size and minor details. The theatres and other public buildings are on the Greek model; and there is a large open-air circus similar to that at Byzantium in the days of Justinian and Theodora. There are rows of dwellings on eminences facing the sea at either side of the estuary, which forms an excellent harbour, while the portions of the city devoted to manufacture and commerce are situated further up the river, that glides unpolluted and clear to the blue and fragrant ocean beyond the break-water. A constant supply of cool fresh water flows into the public reservoirs from the neighbouring hills along marble aqueducts, which, supported on innumerable arches, creep across the open plains like huge enigmatical centipedes.

"Our great Epic poem written in the Homeric metre about two centuries ago by the loftiest of our singers, telis of the founding of Agathopolis by the beloved disciple St.

John after whom the island is named Agios Joannes. How, as the old legend runs, the Evangelist saw in a vision a beautiful ship riding calm and majestic in a turbulent sea, wherein a multitude of others about her laboured and foundered. How on this ship the sun alone shone, so that amid the surrounding darkness she sailed, like the moon through the clouds of a stormy sky. And weary and affrighted his soul yearned to this fair ship; when lo, the voice of an angel cried to him, 'Even is the city of the Good in the world like unto this ship.' Long and earnestly did the blessed sage ponder these words in his breast. And he bethought him how and where such a city as this might truly be. And as he began dimly to conceive the nature of its people and their life, behold! the bright peopled city rose up around him; and he lived in ecstatic blissfulness the remainder of his days therein. And dying he blessed it, and prayed that it might never fail in the number of its citizens to the end of time. His prayer was granted: for succeeding ages have ever brought forth sons according to his heart, restless souls destined to journey and to seek throughout the world until they find, in youth, mayhap, or in manhood, their Agathopolis, where arriving they enjoy at last that surpassing peace in mortal life, which was ever denied them on their way.

"And thus our city has grown up and lives in the hearts of each,—an ideal commonwealth of men in the world, though not of it,—of souls drawn to those sunlit shores,—some in boyhood, some in manhood, some in later age, some again when their time has come to end their pilgrimage on earth. For so is this state supplied from all lands with a succession of citizens, as a great university with an inexhaustible relay

of members. And she has admirable laws and customs, and armies and defences against her enemies, of which I shall tell all in good time. And first as to the general appearance of her citizens, whose perfections will ever seem extraordinary to one so mean and unworthy of their companionship as myself, I may say that undefiled by the baser influences of humanity, their bearing for the most part is exceedingly noble: graceful and exquisitely proportioned are the youth of Agios Joannes. Enthroned upon their countenances there lives an air of unsullied refinement, an air spiritual, nay, aristocratic in its best sense,—as seen often in Van Dyke's portraits of the young—indicating at once a character so courageous, and an ideal of life so lofty, that one might well doubt that they were indeed the sons of men. Nor in my country is the rapture awakened by the vision of a beautiful form, ever chilled by the mournful thought that ere long, perhaps, so divine a temple may be defiled by the loathsome monster vice; for there we know, that the moral beauty of youth endures untarnished through the seasons of manhood and old age, and that while the body in the course of nature becomes sere, the soul remains ever spotless and young. Thus the same sublimity of character continues to manifest itself in the time-worn features of the middle-aged and aged —even unto the end of their lives.

"Our natural tongue is a species of Greek, much purer than modern Greek, and diverging from the Antique only in so far as subsequent theology, philosophy, science and art have rendered new names and terms necessary. However, there is scarcely any known language which is not spoken by some or other of our citizens, who come from so many

different lands. Nevertheless Greek is the sole language of our literature, government, education, laws, and social life. Many arrive amongst us with a knowledge of it before hand, and all acquire it more or less after a prolonged residence.. We are all members of the beautiful old Greek Church in full communion with the one and indivisible Catholic Creed, and acknowledging the Papal Supremacy. Unlike the majority of Greeks, we have never at Agios Joannes lapsed into schism ; and our citizens by their piety, austerity, and by the brotherly love which they cherish one towards the other, resemble the members of those exalted fraternities, to whom the apostles wrote in the morning freshness of the Faith. There is in Agathopolis an Archbishop and Metropolitan of the whole inland, throughout which are many bishop's sees ; and both in city and country are several monasteries.

"The government of the State and the general management of politics are entrusted to the hands of a dictator, who holds office for life with power to name his successor, and who may form, alter, or repeal laws at will. This arrangement (so much at variance with the customs of every other modern civilized state with which I am acquainted, yet so wise, and in its results so happy), came naturally into existence in this wise. Long ago when all other countries were under the despotic yolk of rulers, gentle or tyrannical, enlightened or ignorant, just or unjust, as chance might ordain, representative institutions flourished in Agathopolis. Although at that time unspeakably in advance of the rest of the world, she had not nearly attained to her present excellence, since from her foundation she has gone on, and even still is, developing towards

higher ideals of goodness. By degrees, then, those institutions, from at first affording abundant liberty and an intelligent ordering of state affairs, gradually came to effect quite an opposite result, by reason of the chief authority, through the medium of an ever-increasing suffrage, becoming more and more distributed among the many mediocre, rather than remaining as originally among the enlightened few. Persons who had failed in every occupation of life, adopted politics as a last resource, and were able to persuade the majority to elect them to the assembly; for, whereas strong sense and years of patient study were requisite to obtain success at other professions, it soon got to be considered that they were in no wise necessary qualifications for the profession of statesmanship. Wherefore, there arose at once a host of difficulties in the conduct of even the simplest forms of administration. Thus when once a hostile state sent her ships into our waters, and threatened to bombard our ports, and were met and forced to flee before our navy, the ministers of the day were hurled from power by a vote of censure proposed and carried by a demagogue with a large following of the most ignorant of the land, whom he had persuaded, to his opinion, that war ought never to be undertaken under any circumstances. Again, when free trade in articles of food, which, in a former period of unprecedented prosperity for manufacturers and artisans, seemed admirably suited to the interests of all parties, since there was ample employment at the factories for the hands that were no longer needed for the cultivation of the soil, which it now would not pay to sow in wheat, was fast plunging the country into ruin and anarchy, consequent upon the general subsequent depression of commercial

industries, with its result of flooding the labour market with thousands of workmen dismissed from the factories that had to be closed, a movement with the object of taxing the importation of cereals and of other kinds of provisions was started by the more intelligent and statesmanlike of the community, who naturally believed, that by a revival of agriculture, when those vast and fertile lands long left derelict, would again require the services of many labourers for their tending, a solution of the difficulty concerning the unemployed might thus be obtained. But these men were immediately met with a shower of abuse and ridicule by the representatives of the manufacturing classes, for whom free trade had become a sort of pedantry to be adhered to under all circumstances, or rather a word, which they screamed like parrots, without in the least realising its meaning for good or evil. And so the country went on steadily from bad to worse. In foreign affairs also we often experienced most serious difficulties, aud invariably were worsted in our dealings with other powers because our ministers were always obliged to follow the dictates of an ignorant and blind democracy led by interested demagogues instead of the prudent judgment of the few, who really understood the necessities of such cases. Our navy was slowly but surely growing less efficient every year, owing to the dearth of men in the service of, I will not say conspicuous, but of ordinary skill and vigilance, and to a red tapeism in its official management, that rendered all efforts of the reformer vain. The selection of works of art to be purchased for the state, and of designs for public buildings, was left to the vote of the majority of citizens with results of extraordinary advantage to the fine arts, as you may

suppose. Finally, what with the general mismanagement in almost every government department arising from the incapacity of officials constituted by the will of the majority and the impossibility of fixing the blame upon any one, since there existed nowhere an absolutely responsible centre of authority, the citizens' fine character began visibly to deteriorate, their interests abroad to suffer, and their demands for justice to receive from other powers naught but contemptuous answers.

"In this fainting condition public affairs limped along for a considerable time, the majority of citizens happy in their fool's paradise, the wise minority sorrowful with apprehension for the future of their country, whose downfall appeared to them only a matter of a few years, when there occurred an event big with the most mighty and fortunate results. Having been long accustomed to disregard with impunity all protests from Agathopolis, the powers considered that the time had arrived for preparing to deal a decisive blow at the existence of Agios Joannes. They accordingly addressed a note to her democratic representatives recommending that, since the world was daily becoming more peaceful, the strength of her navy, which certainly looked imposing on paper, should be reduced. In the meantime they little suspected the real extent of its internal disorganization or the utter defencelessness of the most important sea-ports, otherwise they might have made a sudden and concentrated attack with almost certain success.

"This outrageous proposition naturally created a profound impression upon every section of the community. The wise statesmen saw that it was only the beginning of the end, and that unless resisted and some sort of efficiency restored to the

industries, ... must follow. They
thousands ... press and upon the plat-
had to be ... sense of the extreme peril of
importatio ... and the demagogues were
started by ... the demands of the foreigners
community ... a perversity or treason, but
agriculture, ... filled with windy words
relict, woul ... ...ging matters intelligently,
for their te ... believe that a danger now
unemploye ... possibly be actuated
immediatel ... towards their own.
representati ... were wrangling over what
trade had l ... one of the powers
all circum ... as propounded by the
demagogue parrot ... determined to hasten its accept-
ance by the ... and intimidation. In
this the aggressor never for ... also ... ment considered, as is the
manner of persons about to perpetrate a great injustice,
how inconsistent such actions might appear with former
protestations of peaceableness. This ... right state then
sent a peremptory demand (that the note ... of the powers
should be immediately obeyed) by the hands of ... an admiral
in command of a strong fleet, who threatened ... to cruise
around the island and to bombard the ports in the ... event of
non-compliance within four-and-twenty hours. The ... ultimatum, however, instead of producing the expected ... effect,
served only to open the eyes of the whole island to the ... real
danger of affairs, and to prove to all my fellow-citizens
how they had been misled. They became convinced
at once that the enemies' monstrous terms must be
refused, and that the fleet must be sent out to defend

the country from all attacks. In vain the demagogues protested. They saw that their political existence depended on their efforts to repel the invader. Accordingly, with quaking hearts they despatched the whole fleet to engage the foreign admiral, who, when he perceived the formidable array of iron-clads far outnumbering his own, bearing down upon him, immediately withdrew, and steamed as fast as he could, back to his own shores. For some time our ships gave chase, firing several shots after him; but eventually abandoned all pursuit as hopeless since he had got so long a start, and also because of several serious injuries inflicted by each of the pursuing iron-clads on the other through accident or the carelessness of their officers. In truth it is no exaggeration to say that now, when an opportunity arrived for testing their skill with a large fleet out at sea, our whole naval body from the admiral to the common seaman gave clear proof of their general incapacity, which had long ago been suspected by the enlightened. Immediately the chase began, many of the ships, notwithstanding the advantages of steam, and having as usual a midshipman stationed aloft on the look-out, got in each other's way and collided, receiving thereby terrible injuries and in some cases sinking altogether: others again, when firing at the enemy, often hit a vessel belonging to their own side; added to which there was such universal confusion, resulting from the inefficiency of the machinery and arms, that at one time it seemed probable half the fleet would never return. When, however, it did return, and the many casualities—loss of life, ships sunk and disabled, etc., were reported, there arose a cry of indignation through the land, such as never before was known in its annals.

It was then that the citizens turned to those wise men, whom they had hitherto for long neglected, and who now told them how in their old and glorious days, when they had men of genius for admirals and true sailors for officers and seamen, who could keep a ship in her proper course without such extra aids as steam, which made the smallest deviation inexcusable, such disgraceful mishaps were never known. The demagogues were hurled from power in a single day; and had perforce to hide their faces from the general indignation.

"In the great public danger which threatened, there was no time to consider the propriety of introducing reforms into the constitution. The one thought now of every citizen was the defence of the state against a concentrated attack, which was certain soon to follow upon the news of this mismanagement and disaster. A provisional government was at once formed of those who had proved themselves, not by vain rhetoric, but by their sagacity and patriotism worthy of their brethren's confidence. These wise and energetic men immediately set to work with almost superhuman effort to enquire into, and if possible remedy in time the complications, abuses, bad weapons, and general disorganization of the navy and coast defences. Their first action was to cashier most of the admirals, captains, officers and seamen, as being hopelessly unfit for their posts; while many of those whose services they retained, were degraded in order to make room for more capable men. The officers, then, of the merchant navy who, selected by capable managers of companies solely on account of their ability, still maintained their country's once matchless reputation for seamanship,

were called upon to fill the vacancies. From among their number the government chose as Admiral of the Fleet a man of great probity, and of vast knowledge and experience as a seaman, who had once been a captain in the navy. However, having long since quarrelled with the authorities of the Admiralty on questions of reforms which he endeavoured to introduce, and seeing how hopeless were his prospects of advancement amid the dead level of mediocrity and officialism pervading and monopolising all ranks and stations, he retired and joined the merchant service, where his great talents were immediately recognised, and brought him, if not the fame he once desired, certainly riches and respect. This new admiral, a master of his profession, and possessed of the most splendid mental powers, no sooner found himself in a position worthy of his talents, than he immediately began to work tremendous and magical changes in the whole service. His energy, activity, and faculty for organization, were truly astounding; and the manner in which his demands were responded to by his officers, men, and indeed by all the citizens was magnificent; for they were convinced that their very existence depended upon their exertions, and that they had found at last, as the future proved, a wise and great leader.

"All ships with their machinery, guns, &c., &c., were thoroughly inspected and tested, and in most cases found to be unfit or dangerous for the use to which they were intended. The cutlasses and bayonets broke and bent under examination. The cartridges jammed in the rifles. Everything somehow was discovered to be wrong. Meanwhile the labour at the dockyards, arsenals and founderies

was great and incessant, in order to remedy as soon as possible these terrible deficiencies. Every able-bodied man worked his best, while the young and aged gave often valuable assistance. The fortifications along the coast and the seaports had likewise to be strengthened. The officers and the men in both the navy and land forces were subjected daily to hours of drill and exercises. The admiral, who appeared never to need rest, was seen everywhere—almost always in the place least expected—giving his orders, cheering his men, and instilling hope and courage into the breasts of all. After some months spent in such colossal public exertions, the expected news at last arrived of the approach of the combined hostile fleet. The number of the ships which composed it was said to be enormous, being really thrice as large as what we could turn out on our side fit for service; for, although a great change was effected in our navy in this short time, owing to our ceaseless labours, still there was so much yet left undone that, if it were not for the enthusiasm and determination of our citizens, and their unshaken confidence in their leader, it seemed hopeless to withstand such an invasion. Nothing daunted, however, our admiral, with all available ships, men, arms, ammunition, &c., steamed out to meet the enemy. His fleet was small; but he could thoroughly depend upon its efficiency, and upon the courage, capability and discipline of the seamen. The combined fleets on the contrary, from what I have heard, were strikingly deficient in these latter qualities, being manned and officered, I will not say as badly as was ours before the catastrophe which led to reform, but certainly sufficiently badly: so that, setting aside the immense

number of ships, there was nothing else particularly formidable in the invasion. There were jealousies too among their different admirals as to who was to have the chief command in the coming action, which was altogether most clumsily contrived.

"I have no intention or wish to describe to you the naval engagement that ensued, as such a description cannot help to elucidate those matters, which I seek to explain, viz., how the great political changes were brought about in my country. It is sufficient to say that after a terrible fight lasting over twelve hours, in which several times we narrowly escaped annihilation, we at length gained a great and complete victory, owing to the genius of our admiral, and to the desperate valour and splendid seamanship of the officers and men. The losses on our side were dreadful, but then the destruction which we wrought upon the opposing fleets was utter and irretrievable, our torpedoes creating disastrous havoc, while theirs were so ill directed against us, as to be practically harmless. At the end our enemies became panic-stricken, so that for a considerable time our ships had nothing to do but to go about among theirs, inflicting, unresisted, every possible injury. It was a bloody fight, and a dearly bought victory; but our country was saved. A few of the enemies' ships escaped; some more were captured; the most foundered and sank after the fierce cannonade which tore them to shreds. On the following morning our admiral collected the remnants of his fleet, and taking the captive ships in tow, steamed for the harbour of Agathopolis, which he entered about noon amid the firing of guns, the ringing of joy-bells, and the acclamation of his grateful fellow citizens. After

the public thanksgiving, held in the cathedral, for such signal success in defeating the infamous designs of her enemies, the country once more settled down to construct new ships, to repair those damaged, and to strengthen and maintain her other defensive forces.

"Now that all immediate fears of an invasion were passed, the citizens bethinking themselves of this late narrow escape from a captivity, which, but for their timely awakening and action, their democratic government by its irresponsible blundering would have inevitably brought upon them, appeared to be of general consent that drastic changes should at once be introduced in the laws and institutions, whereby a repetition of such public dangers might be rendered impossible. Wherefore they turned to those wise statesmen, who had never deceived them, and who now formed the provisional government, and directed that these statesmen should hold an enquiry among themselves as to what would be advisable by way of a revision of the constitution, the people pledging themselves at the same time to adopt whatever their advisers might recommend. When these men who possessed profound knowledge of government, philosophical insight, education, and high culture, came to consider among themselves their appointed task and to judge of the Art of Ruling by the analogy of the other arts, they could not help being immediately struck by some startling incongruities in the theory and working of their existing constitution. For, in the examination of the various branches of the arts, a remarkable truth common at once to all became apparent, viz.: that in their practice and in the formation of correct criticism, not the majority of men, but the minority—nay, the one individual who

possessed the greatest genius for some particular art, is the likeliest to practise it the best and to hold the most just views thereon. Innumerable examples in support of this fact were forced upon their experience, among which it is just sufficient to mention the following, viz., the well-known abominable taste of public bodies in the construction of town buildings; the blindness of the men in general, or rather their horror before any new phase in literature or painting; their love of the purely conventional, &c. If such a proposition then, they argued, was true concerning the arts in general, was it not especially true in the case of the highest—yea, the divine art of governing? And yet how it contradicted all the aims and procedure of our constitution. Thus, the more these wise men pondered and debated the question before them, the more they became convinced of the important truth at which they had arrived: and the late disasters, and subsequent almost miraculous salvation only confirmed them in their theory, that the rule of the many was senseless and unstable; that the opinion on government of one ruler of genius was worth more than the collective opinions of an infinite number of what are termed 'clever men;' consequently that the rule of an enlightened despot was the purest blessing for a state. After further great deliberation therefore, and not without a consciousness of the extreme gravity of what they were about to attempt, they publicly recommended, that, since democratic institutions had failed to fulfil the requirements of government and had developed into the worst species of tyranny, in that they crushed down all pre-eminent talent to the common dead level of human mediocrity, some person, if possible, should be most care-

fully chosen—on account of his statesmanlike capacity, and high character,—to assume despotic power, and that at the same time precautionary laws should be framed, in order to insure in the event of the ruler betraying his trust, his immediate deposition and punishment.

"At this point the disgraced demagogues exerted their last desperate effort to save from destruction what they termed 'the equality of men,' 'the voice of the people,' 'the intelligent criticism of the majority,' 'the right of public speech,' 'the liberty of the press,' 'an enlightened age's democratic development,' &c. &c., which original phrases, ever held unfailingly stored in their wind-bags, were blown out as smoothly as air from a forge bellows. They also sought by many tortuous arguments to prove that the disasters, which overthrew them, were in no wise due to any incapability in their administration; that, although disasters undoubtedly did happen, still they ought not to have happened because naval matters were always conducted by them most ably and strictly according to all precedent; nay, that for this reason the alleged disasters could not have happened; that, in fact, if the matter were only carefully inquired into, it would be found that they never happened at all; that it was all a mistake—a bogus invented by their opponents, &c. However, the old clap-trap periods, which once used to bring down the house, so to speak, were now received with contemptuous jeers, and the spouters themselves, hunted from the rostra, were literally kicked into the sea, where they might escape as best they could to other lands, whose inhabitants perhaps were still in a condition to be deceived by words.

"Having thus satisfactorily dealt with these pests of the

state, the citizens with one accord made known to their advisers their complete approval of the proposed changes in the laws. Their common sense at once told them of the wisdom of such changes. They saw how, under the former condition of public affairs, everybody's business was nobody's business; how the country had grown paralysed and was gradually sinking beneath the debilitating and vexatious yolk of the many mediocre; how in a time of peril, one man of consummate ability had saved her from destruction. And thus they arrived at the fortunate conviction—(the most fortunate for any people on earth)—whereby this commonwealth manifested its superiority over others,—the conviction that, as every craft requires a skilled hand, so the ordering of a state requires a real statesman, and that therefore the majority, whose voice hitherto decided all matters of importance, can never possibly attain to the knowledge of wise government.

"The citizens, then, perceiving with great common sense, as I have said, that they understood not the lofty art of statesmanship, and wisely content to devote themselves alone to those other arts or occupations for which each one might be fitted, deputed the choice and election of the supreme ruler to their advisers, in whose wisdom they safely confided, and who, now untrammelled by the jealousy of parties and by the ignorant criticism of the inexperienced, might follow the dictates of reason and conviction in so momentous an undertaking.

"In the first place, this legislative commission framed the following precautionary laws against the possibility of the dictator abusing his authority:—not indeed that such an event was likely to happen, as few of the citizens being

related to any others, there could be no temptation to nepotism on the part of a ruler, or to the aggrandisement of his family at the expense of the community, this being the political crime most common to the generality of rulers. In order then to prevent his being corrupted by avarice, or by the sycophancy of flatterers or of unworthy favourites, it was enacted that a Vigilance Committee, consisting of twenty of the oldest and most experienced statesmen in the land be formed.

"That the said committee shall have power by the unanimous vote alone of its members, to veto any law passed by the dictator; to prevent his election; to depose him, or to elect another.

"That it shall not frame laws except during an interregnum, when it shall remain imprisoned and guarded until it shall elect a new dictator.

"That in case of the death or retirement of any of its members, it shall within one month by the unanimous vote alone of the survivors fill up the vacancy or vacancies in its ranks.

"So much for the precautionary legislation.

"They next agreed to elect a dictator with power to name his successor and to govern the state in all matters relating both to its internal management and foreign relations, whose authority, as long as he did not abuse it, or exhibit an incapacity for ruling hitherto unexpected—a contingency not altogether unknown in history—would be practically absolute and unchecked by the Committee of Vigilance. Thus, after another interval of much thought and consultation, they unanimously elected as dictator the admiral who ...s recently shown such splendid warlike and administrative

qualities, and who always bore the highest character for integrity. As a Vigilance Committee they chose some of their own number, together with others whom they believed suited to hold the position.

"The reformed constitution started upon these rational principles has since progressed, bringing increase and prosperity to my country; nor have differences ever arisen between the several successive dictators and the Committee of Vigilance since the foundation of the two authorities: for Providence, in Whom this people trusts, has directed that the man in supreme power shall always be the most enlightened and the best, and that peace and contentment shall be the heritage of Agathopolis.

"Having now related to you (as briefly as possible considering the exigencies of the subject) the manner in which we arrived at our present perfect government, I shall resume the description of my fellow-citizens, their institutions and occupations at this actual time. As you may have already perceived, there are no such institutions as classes or social distinctions known amongst us, our old legislators being far too wise to admit of privileges for aught save individual worth, since experience but confirmed them in the truism that an aristocracy breeds as many fools as a democracy, and that there is no folly so prolific as the patrician's, of incurable blindness, insolence and conceit. The only distinction which prevails, is that between those who have genius and those who have not; and the citizens, rational as well as good, consider themselves fortunate in that they are able to obtain guidance from the few wise, whom in turn they thankfully serve. You may well wonder at this lofty unanimity and disinterestedness—so unusual in the every-

day world;—but you must at the same time remember that the country I am describing is a country without women; and that consequently there are none to stimulate the most worthless men to pretentions of arriving at stations, which being the just rights of their superiors in intelligence, only bring confusion to feeble occupiers, with results detrimental to the public interests.

"The dictator, then, who sometimes happens to be an admiral, sometimes a general, often a civilian, orders all matters in the government of the state. He appoints ministers for the various departments, commanders, judges, officers, officials, &c., himself presiding over the whole administration, like some guiding spirit from a higher sphere, and open at all times to receive the visits or petitions of the lowliest as well as of the most brilliant citizens.

"I may mention, also, that the clergy cannot by law hold any lay appointment, except the management of the hospitals, which are almost exclusively under the control of the various religious orders. Nor are they ever known to wish for other offices, being quite content to direct all their energies and time to piety, good works, study, and the interests of the Church.

"The education of youth is entrusted, not to weak-minded pedants, nor to those coarse tyrants who seem to relish inflicting mental and physical pain on helpless humanity, when its generous and guileless instincts render it so sensitive—but to those men who are known to have a genius for the management of boys, and who, by winning the hearts of their pupils, are more loyally obeyed than an eastern despot. These young souls, who have happily found their way to Agathopolis from the poisonous atmosphere of an

unclean world, are at once adopted by the state, and receive a religious training, an instruction, and a care immeasurably superior to any that the solicitude of the best of parents could devise. Every citizen takes a personal interest in their welfare, as if each were truly his own son, and in turn is regarded with his brethren as the kindest of fathers by the boys. The two great boarding-schools, amply sufficient for the needs of the country, are situated on the coast, about forty miles from each other, and nearly twenty from Agathopolis which is half way between them. Their management resembles that of the state in miniature, the object being to train up the young, according to their different propensities, to become good and useful citizens. Therefore, in these schools there is no hard and fast rule of education, to which all must comply; but each pupil is taught the subject or subjects for which he shows most aptitude, care being taken at the same time to render the studies of all interesting and delightful labours instead of wearisome burdens. In this respect the masters proceed upon the golden principle of education inculcated by Plato, viz.: that education consists, not in forcing facts into the brain of a youth, but rather in judiciously drawing forth those latent qualities of his mind, and causing them to expand and develope in the light of reason and instruction, like fresh hyacinths in the sunshine of spring.

"Neither is there any of that competition which makes study in all schools odious: there are no prizes, marks, &c., such stimulants being considered debasing and unnecessary, as each boy, because of the excellence of his teaching, is sufficiently absorbed in his work and has no wish to vie with his companions or to create feelings of disappointment

and jealousy in their breasts or in his own. Nor is the growth of their bodies less carefully trained than that of their minds. Each must go through a course of gymnastics, must learn to ride and leap with spirited horses bare-backed after the manner of the youth of ancient Persia, must become a good marksman, and skilful with the rapier and the sword.

"Each of these schools has its training-ship and military division for the special education of boys who show aptitude for either professions. For the rest, every boy, as I have already said, is specially prepared to enter upon that course of life which suits his abilities and inclinations, some taking quite naturally to agriculture and the practice of small trades and handicrafts, others of higher intelligence to engineering, law, medicine, others to philosophy and the Church, others to literature and the fine arts, others, and these of the highest sense and judgment, to statesmanship.

"As I tell you of such places, memories, gleaming through the still waters of Peace, move before my toiling spirit, from the sun-lit Past of my school life. How sweet after study came the odour of new-mown hay wafted from the neighbouring meadows over the level beauty of our playing fields, where the slanting shadows of stately trees mantled the sward in the saffron sheen of a summer's eve. Then we were young; our hopes were high; and we brooded not over the mysteries of life and death. Then were our ambitions not shivered by the awful sight of that pale doll-like look of nothingness, which we know we all must some time put on. Then we only heard as phrases, but did not realise that the world is indeed vanity, that the flesh is a horrid living corruption; that the pursuit of moral righteousness can

alone bring peace to that miserable, would-be-proud, ludicrously audacious worm, man. . .

"There is a renowned University in Agathopolis, where all those from the schools, whose future career in life necessitates a course of higher studies, may reside for three or four years, obtaining the advantage of numerous lectures by the most learned and wise professors. There are here many different faculties to suit the taste and disposition of almost any type of student; and here, as in the schools, the system of education is conducted with a view rather to the development of a youth's particular talents than to their enfeeblement by a forced application to uncongenial matter, in order that the conceits of pedantry may be satisfied. Therefore each receives in his university course the very best possible training for that particular service which he may elect to perform afterwards to the state, whether in the domain of statesmanship or of the Church, or of literature or of science, or of philosophical speculations.

"As you may imagine, the literature of my country is very much influenced by that of the antique. It is indeed absolutely in the direct tradition of the latter, uninfluenced altogether by the several romantic movements in letters, which have flourished at various epochs—mediæval and modern, yet maintaining a vitality and a vigour on the whole, almost as powerful as that of its fountain source. In poetry of the higher and more sublime order it is particularly strong. Our great epic I have already mentioned. Our drama, unlike that of other countries at present, maintains its literary vigour unimpaired, owing, no doubt, to the fact that the actor is still the servant of the dramatist, instead of, as elsewhere, his master. Wherefore, we never

hear amongst us of the absurdity of an illiterate player presuming to collaborate with an author in order to secure a part in the play agreeable to what he may please to call his 'histrionic talent,' 'personal appearance,' 'dignity,' &c. Nor have our theatres those other impediments which render impossible that austere and purely intellectual disposition of mind so necessary in the spectator, if he is to grasp real literature, viz.: those distractions produced by gorgeous and realistic scenery, by dresses, and by that most monstrous of all modern importations on the stage,—the actress. On the contrary, our dramatists, being men of genius, control the public taste instead of striving to gratify its caprices, like those who possess no talent. The subjects of their plays are often religious; and the drama, being a vehicle for enunciating high and philosophical truths, has more or less of a sacred character after the manner of the Greek tragedy, and deals with those old, yet ever new springs of emotion in human nature, from which all great art alone derives its glory. The acting is undertaken by men and boys—the latter, impersonating the female characters, in order to create the difference of voice—in open air theatres, on stages with an unvarying architectural back-ground. All the actors are masked, and wear conventional garments, which, like the scenery, never vary, no matter what play is to be represented.

"We possess exquisite examples of lyric poetry, our hymns and odes on sacred subjects, patriotism, war, and athletic contests being generally held not unworthy of Pindar's majestic Muse. However, those productions which deal with love are generally very poor, from the *fact*, no doubt, that they were written simply as elegant

academical exercises by our poets, who evidently were themselves strangers to the passion in question. On the other hand, we probably excel all nations in philosophical, meditative, and didactic poetry. Our historians, essayists, and critics—especially the last—are justly celebrated. Such a thing has at no time been known as entrusting books, which may have often cost their authors years of patient thought and study, to the critical acumen of elderly dunces, who never in their lives possessed or could understand a literary idea, or of youths fresh from the university. Another branch of literature in which we are decidedly weak, is the novel, if we except the philosophical or satirical romance, of which we possess specimens of extraordinary high merit. Lastly, in treating of this subject it is needless for me to say that our books are completely free from that abominable lewdness, which pollutes the work of some of the greatest writers, and which smaller men are apt to consider the essence of literary excellence. Nor are our authors, on the other hand, affected by a false modesty which hinders their approaching, when necessary, certain moral questions in the outside world, through fear of endangering the purity of the young. For in Agathopolis, as you know, there are happily no young girls to create difficulties of this and other kinds; and the character and education of the youths are such as prevent their being corrupted by works which are in no wise immoral. Thus I may boast with perfect truth, that our literature is, in the very highest sense, strong, healthy, and pure.

"Our scientific inventions applied to the practical conveniences of civilisation are very much in advance of those in other countries. I might say as much concerning

our proficiency in physical science and metaphysics However, notwithstanding the activity of thought in the domain of these profound and absorbing studies, our learned men are not, by reason of their vast knowledge, hurried away to place themselves in antagonism to Revelation. For whenever a new discovery seems to contradict their religious beliefs, they do not immediately trumpet it about or disturb those same beliefs in the minds of the young and ardent, or seek to form a school of unorthodox admirers around themselves, for the poor gratification of their vanity; but patiently, and in a spirit of obedience to Divine authority, they continue their researches and studies with a view to the final elucidation of the difficulty, well knowing that what is truth itself cannot be opposed to the truth, and that, if their discovery be indeed valid, time will assuredly bring to light, that the once apparent opposition existed only in so far as it was created by man's limited intelligence, and by his imperfect knowledge at first of what was the inspired teaching of the Church. And thus many have had the satisfaction of seeing truths, about which they once perhaps feared, come in the end to be quite consistent with orthodoxy, and on the other hand theories, whose validity, humanly speaking, seemed at first incontrovertable, gradually crumble away with increased knowledge of the subject, and the teaching of the Church, turn out right after all. These experiences have made our philosophers very wise, so that they afford a striking contrast to the hot-headed enthusiasts of other lands, who strive by the most intolerant and narrow-minded dogmatism to force upon mankind their theories, conjectures, arguments, from *analogy*, &c., which require far more faith for their accep-

tance, than the religion they are so insolently supposed to supplant.

"Among our citizens, who are all great lovers of music, there have arisen many eminent composers and performers on various instruments. Our church choirs, composed of very deep bass and marvellously sweet treble voices, vie in excellence with the renowned singers of the Sistine Chapel at Rome or of St. Isaac's Cathedral at St. Petersburg. Our ecclesiastical music is of that weird half-Eastern character which has inspired Chopin in his most exquisite phrases. Unspoiled by any instrumental accompaniment, the choristers chant in thrilling tones those plaintive old harmonies of our Greek hymns and responses, which even linger among the mosaics in the cupola, when silence has settled upon the lips that gave them birth.

"But, while the orchestra and the organ are banished from churches, they, together with the pianoforte, are almost exclusively in requisition at our concerts. Then, of course, the opera, as known in other countries, is never represented amongst us, although in all our dramas the chorus is sung by treble and bass voices without accompaniment of any sort, the character of the music being much the same as that which I have described as used for religious purposes.

"Sculpture, you have already heard, is still a living art with us and has not passed away as elsewhere with the death of Antiquity. The nature of our national character and customs more than accounts for this peculiar survival. For my countrymen combine an enthusiastic love of beauty with an absolute freedom from sensuality, which is the temperament in which the great sculptors of Greece worked, when they used their unrivalled powers of

objectivity, and technical skill in the production of those heroic masterpieces of the golden age. Witness the marbles of Pheidias; is there anything of voluptuousness about them? Again, the rare beauty of form and movement in our youth as seen in the circus or exercising ground, where the noblest traditions of the Greek Palaestra are maintained, accustoms the eye of our sculptor ever to what is fittest for his art, and is in itself an education impossible to be found among any other modern community. Therefore such athletic exhibitions being the natural product of our ideal civilisation, as of that of the Greeks long ago, and not merely resuscitated artificially for the amusement of modern spectators as in various European cities, become imbued with our city's genius, and afford the capable artist invaluable motives and models for executing sculpture gloriously living, and endowed with his mental individuality, while still in the tradition of Antiquity. These are some of the principal reasons for the flourishing condition in our midst of the most sublime of all the fine arts.

"Nor have our architects, as almost everywhere else, lost the sense of graceful proportion. They are not for ever copying examples of churches, public edifices, or dwelling houses either in the Gothic or the Renaissance, or the Moorish, or the Egyptian style, or in a mixture of all four. But our architecture, like our sculpture, is a living and fertile off-shoot from that of the Antique, strongly influenced at various successive periods by the development of our life acting upon the personal genius of the designer. Thus, our public buildings, private dwellings, furniture, &c, on account of the genial warmth of the climate have varied little from the parent model, while our churches,

originally planned to suit the necessities of Catholic worship, have maintained, as I have said, their Byzantine character, and are of faultless symmetry. The insignificance of our residences, except of course the dictator's palace, compared with the imposing grandeur of our churches and public buildings, would surprise anyone not acquainted with our customs. The fact is we live much in the cloudless sunlight, transact our affairs chiefly in public, and have practically no existence nor interests apart from those of the state. Privacy is almost unknown to us; and the beauty of our mother city is our chief delight. Therefore our wealthy citizens never think of creating for themselves abodes of luxury and splendour, but devote all their spare riches to the furtherance of religious, charitable, and philosophical aims and to the building and embellishment of those superb edifices for the commonweal, which are the glory of Agathopolis.

"Chief among these rises our ancient and famous Cathedral of Agia Sophia—the most beautiful monument of the Christian Religion in the world. This noble pile of white marble, which time has mellowed to a delicate waxen tint, with its superb gilded cupola, surmounted by a Byzantine cross of pure silver, and supported by minor domes of azure hue, rests on an elevated promontory like a great jewelled tortoise,—a beacon to mariners a hundred miles out at sea. Its interior is a glorious example of the incomparable sense of proportion and of ornament, which the old beauty-worshipping Greeks manifested in their churches after their conversion to Christianity. Passing through the western porch at the left of the belfry, you enter the narthex communicating by five doors with the

vestibule, where again in front are nine bronze gates decorated with crosses. Opening one, you advance; and a splendour as of oriental sunrise bursts upon your vision. High in air, like a shining cloud, floats the great central cupola, gorgeous with its rigid mosaic images of the blessed. Wherever the eye wanders it is surprised and delighted by a feast of colour and design. Domes and arches of rare invention and proportions, glittering mosaics, rich marbles, delicate inlaid traceries, dark icons that glare like sentinels from their silver draperies, cunningly wrought metals,—all, softened and harmonised in a dominant tint of pale gold, unite in elevating the human mind to contemplations of heavenly beauty.

"When the first impression of joy passes, the marvellous construction of this unique temple absorbs all interest. The principal cupola, 107 feet in diameter, 46 feet rise, and 180 feet elevation from the ground, rests on four arches, 100 feet span, and 120 feet high, the two arches, east and west respectively, opening into two half domes, which are again each supported by three smaller cupolas: thus the whole roofing is formed of a graduating series of nine domes. Under the two arches, north and south, are two aisles, each divided from the centre of the church by four huge columns of green granite with white Byzantine capitals and arches, upon which rest galleries faced with more columns and arches of various fine marbles. These latter columns support two walls, which, rising straight up, fill the remaining spaces of the two great arches, and are each perforated by an upper row of five, and a lower row of seven round-headed windows. Twenty-four windows of the same shape light the great cupola, four each of the lesser and five each of the smallest, at

the springing of their arches, the first and last; the others at about the centre of their curve. Thus the cathedral, with its aisles, is almost a perfect square, measuring 235 feet from north to south, and 250 feet from the east to the nine doors of the vestibule at the west. Eight porphyry columns with capitals and pedestals of exquisitely carved white marble carry the smallest of the half domes at the four angles. Twenty-four of the pillars supporting the gallery, which runs all round the edifice, except at the apse, are of Egyptian granite, and amount, with all the rest of the various marble columns, to 107—the mystic number assigned for the support of the House of Wisdom. Four-winged seraphim in mosaic cling to the four corners of the vault under the great dome, in the centre of which a representation of our Saviour blesses the circle of the blessed luminously portrayed along the climbing curves of the wonderful roof. Two rows, each of three windows, light the apse under the extreme east dome. Here stands the high altar of the most costly materials on earth welded together with gold, and bespangled with the most precious stones. Above it, in the same materials, rises the tabernacle crowned by a cupola decked with lilies, both of purest gold. The space in front is assigned to the choir, which is separated from the body of the cathedral by a balustrade of gilt bronze enclosing at each end the silver thrones of the Metropolitan and the Dictator. Doors of ivory, amber, and cedar, lead from the sanctuary to the various sacristies. Bright porcelain pavements mirror the glory of the roof. Arches and capitals inlaid most elegantly with marble, graceful coronas hovering in the spaces like eagles on the wing, afford, amid countless other details, unwearying pleasure to the virtuoso, whose fortune may

open to him a vision of this Byzantine heaven made by hands.

"Our public galleries are filled with the works of the great masters of all times and lands, and our native school of painting is as vigorous as that of France or of England, at any period during this century, although the particular provinces of the art wherein we gain our greatest triumphs differ from those in which the painters of the said countries excel. For I must confess, we have no such inspired portrayers of nature in her endless varieties of garb as Constable, Gainsborough, Turner, Theodore Rosseau, or Claude Monet. This is of course accounted for by the well-known fact that the atmosphere and sky of our southern region are unvaried in their beauty, and present not those rapid changes of exquisite colour seen only in the north, which afford such splendid subjects to the artists of those latitudes, and which make them—in spite of themselves—landscape painters, as our gymnasia have made us sculptors. On the other hand, by so much as those two great schools surpass us in landscape, do we surpass them in religious and historical painting. In truth, I may boast, that, by reason of my brethren's intense religious feeling individually and as a community, and of their lofty—nay, heroic conception of life's duties and sacrifices, their artistic work in this domain is scarcely inferior to that of the great Italians of the Renaissance. Of course we never use photography and similar mechanical processes except for the reproduction of works of art; for to photograph persons or scenery or indeed any object of nature is considered mere brutal barbarism by every soul amongst us. Neither have we now a public institution so monstrously absurd in our country as an academy of art,

although in the days when we were pestered by representative government, such an institution certainly did exist which, under the circumstances, was only natural. For when it is a sacred principle, that the opinion of the majority must be right, there ought to seem nothing incongruous in the idea, that a body of shrewd, but from an artistic point of view, mostly incapable men, themselves elected by a majority of their brethren, should have the impudence to lay down quasi infallible canons of art. Our Academicians then steadily refused to admit into their ranks any artist, whose work, however vital and excellent, was opposed to those canons, while they elected often poor creatures, whose mechanical and ephemeral performances were produced in reverential obedience to their behests. What are we to say of such conduct from members of a state institution professing to benefit the fine arts? Of course those worthies did not mislead connoisseurs, but by ignoring in their stupidity genius, and by carefully fostering mediocrity, which could never otherwise come to the front, they effected incalculable damage upon the taste of the citizens at large, who naturally looked to them for guidance in such matters.

"The Academy flourished, nevertheless, for a great many years in spite of numerous protests, heartburnings and oppositions started by the discontented. Many a great artist was long shut out in the cold, until the universal recognition of his genius at last for very shame forced the thick-skinned dunces to open their doors. Others stood proudly aloof, refusing any connection with an institution, whose very principle they believed to be detrimental to art. It all failed to discredit the Academy in the eyes of the citizens; for as long as representative government lasted this beauti-

ful ramification of the democratic principle was safe from attack. And so it continued to live even for some time after the dictatorship had come into force, its existence having been probably forgotten altogether in the absorbing interest attending political affairs at that momentous change. However, with returning public tranquillity, the complaints against its system were redoubled. This directed the eye of the first great dictator upon the institution, which already began to crumble to pieces beneath his searching scrutiny. With his usual discernment he at once understood that it was useless trying to reform what in principle was thoroughly bad; that in the time of the Renaissance and in every other similarly grand era schools of Art were formed by individuals of genius, and not by corporate bodies, necessarily composed of a majority of mediocre persons, whose behests were constantly defied with success by great artists. He thereupon without more ado broke up and abolished the Academy, thereby condemning many of its members to natural obscurity.

"Thus our young artists following great masters whose handling and choice of subjects often differ immeasurably, obtain now an adequate and traditional training and the freest scope for their talents. Those who have genius develop a style of their own, and, in turn, gather pupils around them. The production of the rest, naturally, lives not a day. And great men have no longer reason to complain of neglect where there is no Academy to vitiate the public taste.

"Having learned therefore the extraordinary perfection, to which our institutions have developed, you can feel no surprise at its originating perfection, namely—that displayed

in individual characteristics. A short account then of some aspects of my fellow-citizens' social life may be a fitting sequel to what has gone before, and shall serve as a conclusion to my present discourse.

"It must not be supposed that, because my brethren are worthy, it is incumbent upon each to associate indiscriminately and without preference with everybody else. Such a mandate would be a terrible violation of liberty, and altogether intolerable: for is it not a truism that equally excellent natures are often strongly unsympathetic? On the contrary, similarities of tastes and dispositions bind people especially here; and, while hatreds are unknown and universal brotherly love prevails, there is much peaceful communion of kindred souls. Thus like seeks the company of like. Thus workers at the same art usually associate together. Thus great minds find companionship with equals. Thus every man rises or sinks to his level: and notoriety that is not born of well-merited fame is universally shunned and despised. Yet with these simple but beautiful customs and opinions, my countrymen are possessed at the same time of a shrewdness in their dealings with strangers, which makes them more than a match for the astutest peoples of the earth. They are indeed very much in the world though not of it, and present eminent examples of the wisdom of the serpent combined with the harmlessness of the dove.

"Nor has there ever been heard amongst us such words as 'honour' or 'chivalry'—sounds usually meaning everything or nothing—variable standards of most dubious morality—ghostly semblances of a right, which those who have overthrown what is truly right endeavour to rear up in its place. For even the devil himself must needs be loyal

to some standard. No—we can never be brought to understand that a man may allowably be guilty of duelling and certain vices, and may repudiate his lawful debts, if he is strictly free from the guilt of other kinds of murder and vices, and scrupulous in the payment of his wagers; or that he may be the enemy of his country, if he remains faithful to a woman and to his private friends. Our continuous adhesion to the best traditions of Antiquity has saved us from cherishing such mental monstrosities, survivals of the darker mediæval barbarism. Thus to act like true Christians is our only ideal of morality in life.

"It is the custom for all, as a rule, to rise early in the genial climate of Agathopolis. Everyone must also bathe at least once a day, unless prevented by dangerous illness, since after rectitude of life, there is no quality so much esteemed amongst us as bodily cleanliness. It is then usual for us to hear a Mass, if possible, every morning, in one or other of the churches, after which each betakes himself to his particular study, business, or labour of the day. Our breakfast hour is at noon. Afterwards, anyone who has leisure, or is so disposed, may witness naval or military reviews, or again, athletic contests and feats of horsemanship in the great circus, or he may ride out to hunt in the country during the season, or to attend horse-races on the fine course without the city; one or other of which spectacles and pastimes is sure to be held daily. For every citizen is a horseman; and our breed of horses is the finest in the world. We dine always sometime between six and seven; and this is the great sociable meal whereat most hospitality is dispensed. In the evening, if a man cannot find his friends at home, or is in no humour for

literary, philosophical, æsthetic, or other discourse, he may always either witness a dramatic performance in the theatre, which is lit by electricity, and sheltered, if the weather should prove inclement, by a movable roof, or failing that listen to the best and most sublime music faultlessly executed in the concert-hall.

"Such are the incidents of an average day in my city. Those dwelling in the country often join in the chase with a view rather to supply themselves with food, than to encourage and to gratify a brutal lust of killing. Wherefore we have always heard with just abhorrence of such cruel pastimes as deer driving and battues so much delighted in by would-be sportsmen abroad, who, whether they be princes, peers, gentlemen, or tradesmen in name, are, together with their female witnesses and frequent auxiliaries, in reality nothing better than votaries of the bloody trade of the butcher.

"When a citizen falls sick he is immediately taken to one of the many state-hospitals, which are under the management of the various religious orders. There he is tenderly nursed, and receives every spiritual and bodily comfort from those pious and gentle brethren who have devoted their noble lives to the alleviation of human suffering. Should he die, his body is first dissected in the medical school attached to the hospital, and afterwards buried in consecrated ground according to the Christian rite. This compulsory dissection of the bodies of all our citizens without respect of persons is the oldest among our existing laws, and, instead of being viewed with the aversion of those who are enslaved by the concupiscence of the flesh and the pride of life, is by us esteemed most just and salutary in that it mortifies carnal

vainness, and affords a more than ample supply of subjects for our medical schools, which are consequently for the curing of most ailments the first in the world.

"Equality of social intercourse and intimate friendships are denied necessarily to the dictator, who, on account both of his pre-eminent genius and august rank, must, of course, stand ever alone. His palace, commanding a glorious panorama of the harbour and blue sea, is, in respect of style and furniture, the utmost expression of the country's æsthetic impulse, and may best be described as the highest art combined with extreme austerity. Fair are its halls and galleries of inlaid marbles with exquisite Roman pavements; its central court uncovered to the azure infinity of peace, and adorned with rare flowers, and with sculpture dreamingly beautiful; its stately saloons hung with tapestry and pictures, where wondrous frescoes mass like clouds in the vaulted roofs, and curious figures in Antique or Byzantine mosaic peer out from the gilded architraves. The study and workroom of the great admiral at present in office displays features of special interest and magnificence. The spaces between the book-shelves are decorated in beautiful grounds of terra-cotta. Costly furs lie here and there on the tessellated floor, and are thrown in negligence over classic chairs of ivory. One table is devoted to state business; another to literature in the calm intervals of welcome leisure. An organ and a piano also find a fitting place. Priceless paintings hang on wall or easel; and there is no object of use or ornament which is not in itself a work of art. Then, opening off this gorgeous apartment is the bedchamber—a prison-like cell with a marble bath and a narrow plank-bed of ebony, over which are laid more furs, while from

the windows of both, their solitary lord by day may gaze like an eagle from his eyrie over the sea-washed city with her sounds as of many bees, and by night may strive to penetrate the gold embroidered curtain of heaven to the hoarse chanting of the ocean at the beach.

"This dictator, who now wields our destinies, is, indeed, like his predecessors, a magnificent patron of the arts and of gifted men. He never dines at home, but he summonses to his round table at evening half-a-dozen or so of the strongest intelligences and keenest wits of the city. The dinner is excellent without prodigality; the different wines the best procurable. The conversation witty, philosophical, critical. Not a series of funny observations, of stale puns, of flippant interruptions, of inexhaustible anecdotes—the usual stock-in-trade of dunces, who have a passion to be thought sarcastic or clever, and who render all really witty conversation, which, of course, they cannot understand, impossible in their tiresome presence. No—various subjects in turn may be discussed; paradoxes are at once grasped and produce merriment; true wit—not foolish gas from the baser organs, but a fertilizing fountain from the richest treasury of the brain—has the freest play. And the dictator, who, in the company of ordinary men, is often silent and absent, though always kind, now leads these kindred spirits in their most brilliant flights with as much royal ease as ever the great Frederic led his literary guests of the round table at Sans Souci.

"Thus I, an unworthy and erring citizen, have related to you the chief characteristics of the beautiful city of my heart. More I might tell:—nay, countless are the various developments in so rare, so suggestive a region.

I might tell you of the beatific peace that illumined my soul like a garden close gilded in the showery light of springtide, during my blissful sojourn on these shores,—that peace transcending all joys, which is the especial heritage of my beloved land;—how the miseries of my nature tore me from such joyous scenes; how, when I least expected it, power was given me to find my home again. I might dilate upon the honourable and useful labours, which I was enabled to accomplish successfully; upon social intercourse with eminent and sympathetic friends; upon refreshing walks after study along the city's marble ramparts, where the rippling ocean fawns at her veined feet. I might chronicle the aureate sheen of days divinely ideal, and at once real beyond human experience; how I lived as in a land of ecstacy and enchantment, where every object awakened a new rapture within my soul; how all base passions, pale fears, and restless desires to wander ceased from troubling; how the thought of inevitable death—the gloomiest terror to materialized worldlings, raised no uneasiness there; how we never even mourn for the departure of a brother, believing that we shall truly meet him soon again. For our eyes have been opened to foreknowledge of the spiritual joys of heaven; and we see in dissolution nought but a hopeful passing to a more perfect paradise without end. Therefore do we so dispose ourselves in life that we shall have no irregular or overmastering affections which might cause us in leaving it regret, and that we shall, as far as we are able, hold ourselves ever in readiness to encounter death, for which the chief aim of our deeds is, as it were, a preparation.

"This, my valiant and fair Enterists, is, in no small degree, the secret of the unexampled felicity radiating with blinding

lustre from Agios Joannes—that majestic iceberg which soars aloft in its cold purity amid the abominable seas of the world: this is the deep treasured wisdom of Agathopolis, the beautiful city, the ideal commonwealth for uncloistered monks of all time."

BOOK X.

APOTHEOSIS!

"'Et quoy,' dist Panurge, 'bonnes gents, ne luy sçauriez vous bien à poinct, avec bonnes grosses sangles, ou bons gros cercles de cormier, voire de fer, si besoing est, le ventre relier? Ainsi lié ne jecteroit si aisément ses fons hors, et si toust ne creveroit.' Ceste parolle n'estoit achevée, quand nous entendismes en l'aer ung son hault et strident, comme si quelcque gros chesne esclattoit en deux pieces; lors feut dict par les voisins, que les crevailles estoient faictes."—*Rabelais. Pantagruel.* v. 17.

DURING the discourse of Theophilus it was notable to observe the attitude, manner and behaviour of the most notorious Morgante. His position was exceedingly trying in more senses than one. To begin with, he was altogether unaccustomed to have the attention of those in his presence directed to any person or object other than his own most important self. Many with whom we are acquainted will readily lend their sympathy in this really tragic position of his, remembering their own feelings on similar occasions. Again the whole aim and drift of this narrative was so exceedingly opposed to all his teaching and practice, that it caused a most melancholy depression in his interior, leaving him thereby monstrously irritable and slack. Wherefore he made shift in various ways, not too openly, because of his secret fear of Theophilus, to distract the thoughts of others to himself. He did yawn and pant and turn up his eyes and shrug his shoulders, as

if there were no hope of reclaiming a man who showed such an insane irreverence for the most cherished opinions of the world. In these antics he was ably seconded by the female portion of the audience, who, having at first listened with attentive curiosity, gradually perceived by their unerring instinct how the speaker's designs were developing, and how he was gaining the men to his side. Signs of ill-disguised anger, hatred and contempt, therefore, speedily manifested themselves upon their countenances; and going over in a body with the faithful Bucco and the young don to Morgante, they afforded him such solace as they were able.

Meanwhile the attitude of the men was a cause of considerable surprise to the one big man. He saw what he believed to be his devoted followers, who at first seemed inclined to treat with ridicule every word of Theophilus, now one by one drawn imperceptibly to themselves to listen with close attention to the story of Agathopolis, and by degrees to fall, as it were, under a spell, which the magnetic presence and disinterested zeal of the speaker evidently worked upon them. He wondered, of course, how men who had been enlightened by the teaching of Enterism, could find aught to interest them in one who came with what the notorious one had made up his mind to believe antiquated commonplaces: for his own most logical intelligence, as he was wont to term it, held at present that everything old must be false, and that everything new must be true. It was altogether most extraordinary, then, to his logical intelligence. Such a phenomenon ought not to have happened. Nay, according to the laws of physical science, analogy, heredity, physiology, biology,

phrenology, and survival of the fittest, as understood by the learned of our time, it had been declared incapable of happening. But somehow or other it did happen, and there was an end of the matter. Wherefore the owner of this logical intelligence considered within his æolian inside that he had most excellent reasons for feeling annoyed and mentally exhausted; so after a while finding things were getting no better but rather worse, he oscillated off to another part of the vessel followed by his adoring women, Bucco and the young don.

When Theophilus, who seemed to ignore altogether the importance of the most notorious Morgante's departure, finished his narrative, his audience remained for a considerable time in silent contemplation. Like a person who has witnessed some sight or read some book, during his watch or perusal of which he may have had mixed feelings, unconscious of the spell it was destined to weave around his life, each of the men pondered listlessly, gazing into the firmament and its blue mirror the unfathomable ocean. At first they felt an undefined sense of desire, of insidious dissatisfaction, who before were so content with Enterism in general and with themselves in particular. Silently they separated; silently the seeds of their yearning took root within their breasts. Each became conscious to himself of a strange sensation of loneliness, although in the midst of many beings apparently the same as himself. Each afterwards declared that some unsuspected power was aroused within him, which cleared his vision, making what before seemed good, now appear intolerably mean. They felt a momentary anger with themselves, an irritation at the suspicion of a want of firmness in adhering to what they so loudly pro-

fessed some little while ago, and they sought again the company of Morgante and his faithful females, thinking, perhaps, to dissipate their moodiness. At first they were received with sarcasm, which, much to their own astonishment, they found stung them not at all; no, not any more in truth than if it were only the cawing of rooks. Whereupon the Enterists, perceiving their failure in this respect, and desiring vehemently to reclaim the wanderers before it was too late, set about to render themselves more agreeable, using those various charming arts, which before were always found so successful. The men on their part sought to discover the old pleasure and fascination which the society of women afforded; but it was of no use. The more they sought, the more impossible seemed the likelihood of attainment. The breath of Theophilus had entered into their souls, changing past pleasures into weariness. We trust that it may not cause scandal to respectable people to hear that the most notorious Morgante, the former idol of these men, now appeared to their sight as something analogous to a huge wind-bladder, in fact "all bladdher" as the Irish say, and that the appearance, blandishments and habits of the women touched them about as much as the ludicrous antics of so many friendly tabby cats. These essential men of the world were conscious of having grown in a manner out of their former selves and of having assumed natures stronger, sterner, and more fearless; and what was more unfortunate, they could not refrain from showing in their present extraordinary behaviour the fruits of their belief. We say unfortunate advisedly, because the notorious Morgante, on account of his great success everywhere and large female following here, may be taken as typical of the World in

general, from whose pleasures, customs, and opinions it is always a sign of madness to differ. Wherefore, each, simultaneously convinced of the uselessness of remaining, withdrew from a society which had become to him at once so wearisome and distasteful. At last by degrees some began to communicate their impressions to each other; and when their accord was found so remarkable, the discussions and interchange of ideas grew apace. It was then the first time that they discovered in sympathetic conversation among themselves a compensation for their lost pleasure in the society of the Enterists. Convinced as they were, of some great change within them, they had much to say and to hear of absorbing interest; and one and all agreed that their past filled them with shame, and that their future must be ordered entirely different. And presently each, taking courage from the countenance afforded to him by his neighbour, began openly to confess what was predominant in his mind, namely, his sickening satiety for the humours of the most notorious Morgante, and his boundless interest in the philosophy and personality of Theophilus.

The next step after this general admission was to seek the strange individual who effected the change, and who now found himself the leader of the largest and most important section of the big man's following here. They found him seated on a coil of ropes in a secluded part of the steamer, reading a Greek play, and pausing now and then to look at the rippling waves of the ocean. Of a naturally exalted disposition, he appeared not at all elated with the victory he had won, but rather to take acquiescence with his authority as fitting in every respect, and to regard all opposition as of no consequence to him personally, although most injurious

to his opponents themselves. He evidently had the ignorance and bad taste to hold sincerely a very low opinion of the average intelligence of humanity, which he was at no pains to hide. But in this respect it must be admitted, that Morgante resembled him very much, despite that notorious one's noble powers of flattery and laudable obsequiousness, who, nevertheless, could not help often realising to himself the extraordinary ease with which he was always able to command people's admiration.

Theophilus then received these men simply and unaffectedly, without any of those important airs and grimaces, which Enterism has wisely enjoined upon her votaries. He listened to what they had to say, asked many questions and never was at a loss to explain each matter that might be propounded to him. His very confidence was unbounded, and naturally of itself influenced in a great measure those whom the benefits of enlightenment had deprived of all stability. Thus from this time forth they habitually sought him, and appeared always immensely interested in their various discussions. He was, without doubt, hourly gaining more influence over their minds, until at last they found it well nigh impossible to live without him. His burning words and the low earnest tone of his voice seemed to pierce through his hearers; while his bitter irony and complete freedom from those ordinary human impulses which drive men hither and thither as in a whirlwind, strongly fascinated them. To Enterists and men of the world this was certainly something new; and with all respect to Morgante, for whom our readers must see we have ever expressed unbounded astonishment, we are forced to admit that this dangerous foe to vanity and to the hoggish ardours of

mankind, was indeed a wonderful talker. A talker, however, to whom we cannot with justice give credit for those supreme conversational gifts and adjuncts, which go towards making what is known as one of the drawing-room kind. For he could neither pose nor pant, nor inflate himself, nor deal in the vague, nor make general assertions, nor fret when others engaged any attention, nor talk a great deal, and yet with consummate art say nothing, nor blow his own trumpet for an hour or so, nor seek to obtain a character for great wisdom by deliberating a long time before answering a simple question, nor cut the gordian knot by "poo-pooing," to the admiration of his hearers, whatever he was unable himself to understand. No—in these transcendent gifts he was mournfully deficient, and presented a curious contrast to the notorious one, who, with that naïve engaging egotism of his, was wont to declare that the drawing-room was his special ground, and that no matter how rivalry might annoy him elsewhere, there, in his temple, so to speak, he was always supreme. But apart from such drawing-room disadvantages, this Theophilus was nevertheless a wonderful talker. When aroused to his subject, he became as one inspired, and breaking from his meditative silence would pour forth, sentence after sentence, expressing the most interesting and original ideas, and rendered impressive by a certain rugged eloquence, which gave to his words an air of tremulous conviction. There never was a man who approached a question so free from the influences of others than this man. His mental resources, upon which in all matters he relied implicitly, seemed well-nigh inexhaustible; and this trust, combined with his manner of momentarily retiring within himself before meeting some

extraordinary difficulty, made him appear as if he believed his understanding to be guided by some superior intelligence whose counsel hitherto had never failed.

This was the man who had effected such revulsions. Was it surprising that he became an object of the most extreme antipathy to the Enterists? who, from at first despising him after the manner of people of the world, as a mere enthusiast, were suddenly astonished to discover that he was a real power, unmindful with all their astuteness of the important fact that the most prodigious changes are often the results of enthusiasm.

Day by day, then, Theophilus might be seen surrounded by a band of eager listeners, who evidently received satisfaction from his words. Nay, their attachment to him grew so strong that they were wont to declare their willingness to continue a voyage with such a companion, to the end of their lives. Among the many discourses which this extraordinary man delivered to his followers, let this fragment, as an example, suffice.

"There is nothing that so becomes us mortals as humility. Pride is an ulcerous sore in our nature, painful to its victims, and horrible to the sight. Vanity, a ludicrous infirmity, with consequences tragic withal. And truly in the greatest of us, is there not abundant cause for unalloyed humility? What is the best of us, humanly speaking, but a combination of corruption, ignorance, and helplessness?

"Corruption.—Think of the most beautiful human body that exists. Why, even in its healthiest condition is it not perpetually throwing off the most fetid foulness? And unless frequently washed and tended does not its stench

become unendurable? Of its state in sickness and death, I need not speak. The picture is too fearful.

"Ignorance.—What do the wisest of us know? Of secondary importance a good deal: of first importance—nothing. What do they know about the sixty-four elements of Matter? or of the origin, nature, and cause of gravitation, magnetism and electricity? or of that strange enigma in the universe—Life?—nothing.

"Helplessness.—The greatest conquerors, the strongest statesmen cannot secure for themselves, or for any creature, one second of certain existence;—are dependent upon their fellows and on circumstances in a host of ways.

"When, therefore, the most masterful minds have no reason to feel pride, what shall we say of those worms—who on account of lineage, wealth, or position, would raise their poor heads to scorn their humbler brethren? Is not such conduct monstrous? Besides, are not the proud a prey to endless miseries and vexations—to fears, suspicions, and disappointments? Such their punishment for arrogating to themselves that which was never intended for man. On the contrary, are not the humble happy because they fulfil the ends of their creation? And, whereas confusion is heaped upon the former, the latter receive guidance and light; and the contemptible hideousness of flesh, like the leer of a vanquished demon, is unmasked before them, as they see and acknowledge the spiritual beauty of the Pure. Thus from humility is born purity, and from purity that faculty of the soul which rends the carnal veil from man's sight so that he may have faith in the Origin of all things, and may obtain that perfect satisfaction to his mind denied him in former futile and boasted endeavours to penetrate the

secret of life by striving to reduce to mere machinery, humanity and the world. Yea, even as in the arts the perception of truth and beauty is hidden from those who have not subjected themselves to severe study, and whose intellects are clouded by sensuality, so the gift of faith in the Author of Creation, the most Holy One, is concealed from all who seek it not diligently in humility and purity of life. For how can the highest wisdom dwell in any but the most worthy? Wherefore, let none, who have not humbled their pride and mortified their passions, tell me they cannot believe. Behold their remedies against disbelief, in this age too, which of all others needs such remedies most. For there is a divine truth in the words 'Blessed are the poor in spirit, for their's is the kingdom of Heaven. Blessed are the clean of heart, for they shall see God.'

"Also in this era of democracy, revolution, and general disorganisation, a degenerate and unprecedented effeminacy as a result in many nations prevails; and we hear of men so forgetful of their nature and dignity, as to advocate Woman's Suffrage, and similar absurdities, as if, forsooth, there were not already enough incompetent persons controlling public affairs without striving to increase the number of the incompetent. Truly in the country where such theories obtain patient hearing, there is danger of confusion and collapse. For, when men are to be found strong, wise, and steadfast, women are never a power. In modern France, which is sinking to moral and political degradation, their influence has long been so paramount, as to cause that unhappy nation to be called (by Goethe, I think) the 'Women of Europe.' Under the sway of the First Napoleon—the country's mightiest epoch—we hear nothing of such

influence; nor at the present day in Prussia, the strongest nation on earth. I do not mean that women deliberately cause all this humiliation and disaster, but I do assert that their power is always a sign of the degeneracy of men; whence follows national ruin. Wherefore, it behoves us to make a firm stand. Let the manhood of the world only assert its natural superiority. Let husbands and fathers be undisputed masters in their house. Let the rest, in the true sense, be men. Then you will very soon see the dissolution of the giant's monstrous vanity, which is the natural feminine philosophy pushed to its logical conclusion in this age when women have more influence than ever heretofore. And truly, the more you consider this assertion, the more you are compelled to admit its likelihood. For with the exception of certain female men, and others whose existence depends upon the notoriety of the notorious one, women, while seldom free-thinkers, have been Morgante's chief supporters, carrying our sex along with them in the whirlwind of their enthusiasm, so to speak. They are at heart, as a rule, thorough materialists (perhaps unconsciously), and from their own point of view immensely practical in spite of their affected refinement and mannerisms, and picturesque posing in the temple of the fine arts, whose pinnacles ever soar high beyond their reach. On the contrary, men, notwithstanding their many depravities, are alone, as a sex, able to rise into the untroubled firmament of idealism, wherein they may view objects and systems impartially. It is true that they often scoff at great moral perfection, in order to create an effect, or from a fear of the world's contempt, while secretly most of them are fascinated by the disinterested and the sublime.

In fact, they only need sympathy and opportunity, in order that this divine quality, deep-seated in their natures, may come to light, and work abundant weal. But as for women, although most profess admiration for the great and good, they are, I think, fascinated by these qualities in very few whom they are unable more or less to attract by their person.

"You understand, then, how dangerous it is, through your indolence and degeneracy, to allow the female portion of humanity to usurp the position, which by nature you should hold. Behold its excesses and absurdities, when once it abandons its legitimate stations. If you would not be lost, you must be men:—for in the words of a great French writer, whose warning, alas, his countrymen will not heed, 'Il faut être ou dans l'arche avec les hommes, ou dans le dèluge avec les femmes.'

"But, it may be said, that, if women are not glorified to the skies, life will be shorn of its romance. Absurd supposition! As if the romantic depends at all for its existence upon the presence of the female. Nay, is she not absent conspicuously from its real theatre in history or legend? How can she do aught but mar the poetry of such romances as the luminous assault of the Crusaders? or the song of the troubadour that broke the prison bars of the lion-hearted king? or the clash of the armoured monk through the violet aisles of the Temple? or the victorious Percival's exaltation when he knelt, a king, before the shining Grail, and the cupola spoke with its silver choir of boys? or the vision of Pope Gregory at Rome and the glory of Don John at Lepanto? or the eagle valour of the royal Sweed? or the seven years' trial of the military genius and unrivalled forti-

tude of the little Watteu-despot of Potsdam? or the restless wanderings of Winckelmann lured onward by an antique mirage in the desert of the modern world to seek a pale lost beauty—in vain? or the protean feats of our latter day Galahad, Gordon? Truly fascinating enigmas of genius and heroism, sphinx-like epics of life such as these—not the amorous adventures and caterwauling of lovers—constitute the veritable romance of the world! For in this grand way hath Homer conceived its ideal, which shall endure for all time."

The breach between the two parties now became irreparable. By the studied indifference of their opponents the Enterists were being hourly reduced to a more dejected and deplorable condition. For the last day or two they had not found materials for as much as a single feeble ecstacy between them. It was true there was plenty of wind everywhere around them, which made it the more provoking because of the enormous amount of motive power going to waste; and they dared not imbibe it into their thirsting vitals from a just fear engendered by a former experience at some time or other of the agonies resulting from a reckless consumption of untested gas. And the most notorious Morgante! Alas, we must confess that now, with the loose folds of his warmly clad abdomen gathered in his fat white hands, he looked pitiable and not great; and as he grinned, groaned, and screwed up his eyelids, it seemed as if he would die of vacuity. Presently, the vessel began to roll a little; and forthwith he became in another way more vacuous still. He never met with such reverses since he had stept into the arena of public life, and was obliged to confess that his attention was at last most disagreeably directed to the

certain existence in the world of an irresistible means of ruining his empire. After all, if his female followers could no longer enlist the men in his service, he perceived that his importance as a first-rate power must speedily vanish. These forebodings of impending extinction were particularly disquieting.

Thus were the Enterists completely defeated; and thus it fared with them until they arrived at the roads of Rio Janeiro, where the most notorious Morgante in a very poor way disembarked. When he arrived on shore under the strictest incognito (for he felt too down-hearted for any kind of demonstration)—and was suitably lodged in a large store among savoury sacks of guano which he did fall to eating in the excess of his dejection, he spoke beseechingly as follows to Bucco and the young don.

"Oh, thou unctuous creation of my ingenuity, and you, hot-headed pupil and domineering master, when I am too feeble to resist, do you not both see with proper regret to what a plight I am reduced? It is all very well for you to say that I must obey the doctor's orders and rest quiet; but quietness was always too lowering for my honourable system: and if I do not immediately obtain some change for the better from my present condition, I shall certainly die outright; and then what is to become of you all? Oh, how I have suffered! It makes me shiver to think of it. The cruelty of that barbarian Theophilus too. By the four winds, but I think another sight of him would finish me altogether. There is something so hard about him, so pitilessly inhuman towards the most human comforts of humanity, that I feel like withering away under his scrutiny. And then he is not to be put down, like other people: for

he seems to glory in what we consider shame, which very much upsets our calculations. Prithee, I must have a change. Do ye hear? I must have a change. I must resume my dear old luxurious life in the cultured conventicles of west London, which I love beyond all resorts on earth. Better a thousand times run the risk of the worthy Galen's fears being fulfilled, than that I should ever again suffer so abominably as of late."

His friends heard him in silence, and were much perplexed what to do. On the one hand they feared a prolonged spell of quiet might engender a listlessness, an indolent carelessness on the part of their master, which would fatally damage the interests of the school; on the other, they could not but tremble at the repeated warnings of the physicians, as to the inevitable result, if he should again be exposed to the danger of finding himself in situations where he might lose control over his abnormally malignant though sublime ecstacies. The dilemma was painful in the extreme. Here they were commissioned, so to speak, by the Enterists of all lands with the custody of the notorious one's person; and if aught turned out unfortunate, the blame certainly would be piled upon their shoulders. Presently the compassion of Bucco, (whose weakness lay in the tenderness of his heart), for Morgante's evident sufferings, got the better of his prudence; and he straightway asserted as his opinion, that they should all immediately start for England. To this the young don, who had very little tenderness in his composition, and who being accustomed to take the lead in such emergencies, wished to put the other in his proper place, opposed an uncompromising refusal. Thus with the most notorious Morgante lying

on his back between them, his head pillowed on a pile of sacks filled with guano, they commenced such a powerful argument accompanied with much roaring, that we deem it a duty to posterity to report verbatim the weighty reasons brought forward on both sides of this particularly weighty case.

BUCCO: "My friend, don't you see our great leader's depression?"

YOUNG DON: "Yes, but depression is safety at present."

B.: "Have you no pity for the noblest one's misery?"

Y. D.: "Better brief misery than speedy extinction."

B.: "How? Calculate thus in the presence of pain?"

Y. D.: "How can you be blind to the peril that threatens?"

B.: "You are warped by cramped logic and the pedantry of dons."

Y. D.: "You are flaccid with slime and the emotions of the street."

B.: "I tell you, we shall start immediately for home."

Y. D.: "I tell you, we shall rest yet a lengthened time here."

B.: "Is the notorious one, pray, to have no voice in the matter?"

Y. D.: "The patient ought never to judge in his case."

B.: "I assure you, your fears are magnified vast."

Y. D.: "See with your eyes his close network of cracks."

B.: "Wondrous! Like lines on the palm of a hand."

Y. D.: "It is needful, confess, to take every precaution."

B.: "This line is for conquest and this for longevity."

Y. D.: "What are you murmuring there to yourself?"

B.: "And this for prosperity; this valour: this wealth."

Y. D.: "A truce to such nonsense. Now listen to reason."

B.: "What? Don't you believe in the marvels of palmistry?"

Y. D.: "Certainly not, sir. You're getting absurd."

B.: "Curious; the science is plainness itself."

Y. D.: "Sir, don't you see 'tis a pit, not a palm."

B.: "Oh, I forgot: still the lines are the same."

Y. D.: "Sir, you're a quack. This is not palmistry."

B.: "Sir, you're a bully. How dare you insult?"

Y. D.: "A science, forsooth, in a diaphragm's crevice!"

B.: "A science as true as in lines on the palm!"

Y. D.: "Our safety compels us to keep out of England."

B.: "Bosh! Do you mark this brave line of long life?"

Y. D.: "Silence. You'd worry the heart of the world, sir."

B.: "The heart of the world—'tis its belly, you beast!"

Y. D.: "Nice language, by Zeus, I've a mind to chastise you."

B.: "Do—do now. I'd like it. Why don't you come on?"

Y. D.: "Very well, sir."

B.: "Very well, sir."

Y. D.: "Very well, sir."

B.: "Very well."

The argument now waxed exceedingly hot, so as very soon to attract the idlers of the district around the entrance of the store, in order to see what was the matter; and from the loud roaring of both parties it became impossible to catch any further meaning in what they said. This was

indeed a signal instance of the power and efficacy of roaring in all argument, and of how the party with the loudest voice invariably carries the day. For Bucco, by reason of his unrivalled platform practice, in a very short time roared down the somewhat hesitating attempts in the same way of the young don, and thus succeeded in gratifying the wish of the notorious Morgante, whom both, afraid to touch each other, spanked with their palms by way of emphasizing conviction, until he, too, roared the loudest of all.

In this manner, reason became triumphant with those glorious results which it will be our special satisfaction in due course to describe. A vessel being on the point of starting for England, the three immediately boarded her, and after a most prosperous voyage, in which the notorious one had ample opportunity to rally, they landed, very much to his satisfaction, at the thriving port of Southampton.

Discouraging all attempts at a local demonstration, (they wanted right or wrong to proclaim him the Gladstonian candidate at the approaching election) he made shift to hurry on to the metropolis as soon as possible. Arriving in the big city once more, what was his chagrin to find his temples polluted and his place taken by altogether an inferior person, who wore long hair under a broad-brimmed hat, and who shot on horseback at glass balls thrown in the air. To make matters more annoying, too, he speedily ascertained that his former followers had by no means renounced Enterism. On the contrary, they were more enthusiastic in that line than ever. Otherwise they should not have taken up with this individual. But to his disgust, the ladies, who at no time have been remarkable for impartiality or logic, while reaping the manifold benefits of his

stupendous discoveries, now refused to allow him any credit for their invention, attributing with astounding effrontery all the glory to their new favourite. After the notorious one's many troubles, this last neglect and refusal of his ancient admirers to acknowledge as his own, the most cherished and choicest creations of his genius, well-nigh broke his spirit. He sat down, and began forthwith to weep and bellow, and to make every description of noise that was not very pleasant to hear. The young don did not know what to do at all. The turn affairs had taken quite puzzled him. But Bucco, pretty creature, dear faithful Bucco, with his familiar old oily face, drew near his notorious chief in this trying moment, and by his behaviour and words showed the genuine worth of affection and of intellectual sympathy. Having nestled close under Morgante's arm, so that he looked for all the world like a little monkey trying to warm himself against a big one in the odoriferous monkey-house of the Zoo, he commenced a series of gentle howlings which had the effect of immensely soothing the sufferer. Then he would say a few little words, very comforting also. At last he remarked quite by chance, that perhaps things were not altogether so bad as they appeared: that when this fellow, who now was so much in vogue, should depart, as he was bound to shortly, the deluded Enterists would doubtless be able to view matters in their true light, and so would return again and worship where worship was due.

This simple little consoling observation, which to an ordinary intellect would have appeared nothing particular, had a magical effect on the notorious Morgante. But then he was a most potent genius; and to a genius a hint ever so vague is often sufficient to enable him to invent,

there and then, a whole theory of action. He pricked up at once and said,

"Of a truth, my good Bucco, thou art a most useful as well as an affectionate person. One may get an idea from thee, when one can get nothing at all out of that sneering young pedant from the University, who has no wit for a new change of affairs.

"Of course I now see what I must do. I must only wait patiently; and, as you say, my turn will come. For do you not know the proverb that everything comes to him that waits? And also the other proverb, the greater the apparent grief, the larger the capacity for consolation? I have observed, indeed, that those widowers visibly attenuated and livid with sorrow at the loss of their wives, recover in an incredibly short space of time after the smallest customary interval has passed when they may remarry, and, in fact, are ever the most alert to remarry then at once. And so it will be the same way with those erring and flighty Enterists, when the lion of their heart stalks off right away from the scene. For I can imagine to myself the hysterical grief at the loss of so admired an object, and the temporary inconsolableness, until the arrival of some one fitted to console. After such heartless desertion, it is the inevitable and irresistible temptation of broken hearts to worship the first plausible comer. Whereupon, in future, it behoves me to take especial care to be particularly prompt, and to anticipate less worthy aspirants by turning up in the proper place at the right moment, and with an air and manner suitable to the state of the distressed parties. There is no doubt but that then I shall be rewarded for the sagacity and tact, which, I feel assured, I can exhibit when required."

After he had delivered this pithy speech the notorious Morgante saw that there was nothing to do but to keep quiet for the present, otherwise there was danger of his appearing in the light of a bore, which would be nothing short of Enteristic extinction. He, therefore, so far betrayed the principles of his teaching, as to retire into the background, pretending to be unspeakably proud and reserved, and when he met the haughty (or rather we should say "'aughty,"—that unique epithet applied by the British middle classes to the high-nosed daughters of their aristocracy) glances of his smart female ex-worshippers, he pulled himself together and made a most creditable show of "'aughtiness" in return. And thus he oscillated about for a month or two, catching at every little breeze of favour that might blow his way, until he began to grow mightily tired of his second-rate position. Then at the zenith of his popularity, and fearing a reaction might set in, the crafty Enterist, who wore long hair under a broad brimmed hat, and who shot on horseback at glass balls thrown in the air, took leave of his admirers and patrons and rode off superbly amid general lamentations, into regions of obscurity and of the vague. For some time the anguish of the female Enterists was something dreadful to behold, and was only equalled when on a former memorable occasion the notorious one was suddenly and mysteriously spirited from their presence. Accustomed to the beautiful necessity of worshipping something human, here they suddenly found themselves deprived of a most adequate and sufficient idol. Their mental agony, therefore, perhaps may be imagined: description would be futile. Verily, they sighed and went listlessly about as beings whose occupation indeed was gone. Then

it was that Morgante stepped forward out of his retirement, and found several favourable opportunities for continually putting himself in the way, as it were, by chance. He had a genius for turning up at the right moment. His obsequiousness, tact and insidiousness were equally prodigious. There was hardly a grief-stricken heart now in search of consolation who was not sure to meet him before she discovered another fitting object of admiration, and who having met him, was not immediately captivated: and with the winning over of the female there was little difficulty here in inducing the male Enterists, who indeed never altogether cut themselves adrift, to follow likewise.

Thus by his promptitude he anticipated all pretenders, and very soon recovered most of the ground which in his absence he had lost. It was most edifying and instructive to see his extraordinary activity and resource. He felt he was winning, and the brilliance of his assault pulverized every rebuff. One by one went down each rash rival. One by one was each Enterist irresistibly drafted into his train. A popular actor thought the moment had arrived when the dearest wish of his heart was about to be accomplished, and blown out with ecstacy and confidence advanced to the drawing-room, in order to take up his position as the lion of the hour. At the threshold of fame, he found awaiting him the most notorious Morgante, who, without more ado, sat upon him. The popular actor returned attenuated and sad. The same fate awaited the fool-hardy poet, critic, litterateur, musician, singer, painter, masher, or other species of buffoon, who came for any purpose that had in it the least suspicion of rivalry with the claims of the notorious one. In truth, Morgante had established his worship

in his temples once more, and as he stood with his back to the mantelpiece and spoke, the sullen murmurs of would-be competitors were very speedily and completely hushed.

So we now see him again, so to speak, in his glory. After much travel, annoyance, and vicissitude, he is notoriously reinstated upon the highest pinnacle of notoriety. And he is happy. Yes, very happy indeed. For he has nobody to interfere with him; and his ecstacies are numerous and vehement. Not content with drawing-room victories, he influences Parliament, where he causes to be passed a variety of measures of wonderful sagacity and usefulness to the empire. He originates three final settlements of the Irish Land Laws and an increase of the franchise. He enters into little wars and gets beaten, when he at once relinquishes his claims. In all matters he is impervious to reason, but easily bullied. Like every true politician he has an inordinate love of meddling, and is ready to do anything, so that he may arrive at and remain in power—of course, because he believes that otherwise the country would go to ruin. He has a marvellous fellow-feeling and sympathy with foreign enemies because his opponents have not. Should these opponents be in office, he has a perfect genius for arousing sedition and for denouncing laws originally inspired by himself. His flow of language is amazing: so much so that he finds ample nourishment in daily eating a hearty meal of his own past and seasoned words. In fact, he becomes everywhere the idol of the learned and the wise. And Bucco, pretty creature, bounces about in the most impudent manner, and under the aegis of his master so chaffs his adversaries and involves himself in so many contradictions, that he speedily becomes known as

the clown of politics. But it is unnecessary for us to relate in greater detail their stupendous successes in the arena of statesmanship. For are not all their doings perfectly well-known to every man, woman and child of our time?

And so he careers along, gaily dealing with the greatest institutions of the country in the most light-hearted manner possible, and obtaining in general much satisfaction and happiness. Alas for the incompleteness and vicissitudes of the joys of this life! He was not destined long to be free from further serious annoyance. For, addressing one day a more than usually enthusiastic audience, whose admiration flitted round him in vapours of tremendous savour and density, he suddenly became aware that, although he swallowed the said vapours with prodigious assiduity, he was not becoming filled in the smallest perceptible degree. They all seemed to run through him in some mysterious way or other.

At last the dreadful thought dawned upon him, that perhaps there was leakage somewhere in his system. Whereupon, with sheer anxiety he collapsed altogether, and retired precipitately to a place of quiet, where he awaited eagerly the arrival of Dr. Galen M'Guesswork, who had been summoned by telegram.

In due course, the great physician came upon the scene, and proceeded to conduct a searching examination of his notorious patient's condition. He caused him with much labour to be turned this way and that way and the other way, and, if possible, would have turned him inside out. He gave Morgante so much trouble, that the latter in turn threatened to turn him out, if he did not cease. He then

set about hammering him here and there and everywhere. Which, having finished, he bethought himself of looking for the leakage with a lighted taper. Up and down every crack upon the surface of the diaphragm he passed the light like a gas-fitter, which now in reality he was after a fashion. At last a hissing flame proclaimed the region of the escape. Morgante bellowed with pain: but the united lung power of Dr. Galen M'Guesswork, Bucco and the young don quickly extinguished it. The fissure was then closed up and made air tight by the application of a mixture of red-lead, bullock's blood, and tow carefully laid on in a firm and bold impasto.

Having effected this much, the doctor immediately entered upon a discourse, in which he did not pretend to hide even from Morgante himself, the extreme gravity of his complaint. He declared how long ago he warned him and his friends of the diseased condition of his abdominal integument; how it could not possibly withstand the severe and continued strain to which it was habitually being subjected; how this unfortunate affair was by no means extraordinary or unexpected; how rather it was surprising a more serious and fatal mishap had not befallen him; and concluded that, since it was evident that Morgante could not be trusted to remain permanently quiet, but must sooner or later break out again, no matter how great his fears might be at present, he (the doctor) must at once have recourse to some artificial means, in order to insure the prevention of a deadly catastrophe in the future. Wherefore, he immediately sent off for the most skilful and eminent cooper in London, who, on arrival, most carefully bound the patient's body round with iron hoops, and bored with a

gimlet in the centre of his diaphragm a hole to act as a safety valve, into which he inserted a little peg, that might be taken out for a second or two according to the exigencies of the case. Then Dr. Galen M'Guesswork, having explained to Bucco and the young don the necessity of their keeping a continual watch upon the movements of the notorious one, lest in ecstatic perseverity he should strive to rid himself of those restraining bands, which must, of course, in a certain sense, mar complete rapture, but which on the other hand would render, in all probability, a disaster impossible, said he would call again in a few days to see how matters were progressing, and so took his departure.

Thus, a new phase has manifested itself in the personality of the most notorious Morgante; and he now goes oscillating about in the character of a jolly cask, very much to the admiration of the whole enlightened world. Faithful to the doctor's orders, Bucco and the young don never allow him out of their sight: for they know that their very existence, so to speak, is at the mercy of the merest puff, this way or that way. They usually walk on either side of him: and if they perceive the efflatus likely to become in any way ungovernable, they pull out the little peg, and gently press him between them, until they reduce him to such bulk as may leave the iron hoops comfortably loose around his person.

Thereupon it became the "smart thing" among Enterists to hoop and peg themselves without further delay, whether the vehemence of their abdominal emotions warranted or not the adoption of such strong restraints. It mattered not. The imperial ukase of fashion had gone forth; and the pedants of humanity obeyed with a truly beautiful reverence. Why not? Surely this act of reverence is not more wonder-

ful than that youths with excellent sight should wear eye-glasses of common glass, or that ladies should limp, who are perfectly sound of limb.

So they wore their hoops; and those who could afford the luxury had their two attendants, whose duty it was in public to keep staving in their sides in a most officious manner, regardless of the real necessity of the case. For many who could not find the means or who had not the genius to become really ecstatic, were driven by fashion to counterfeit that blissful condition before their fellows, and strutted about with artificially inflated cheeks and oblique eyes; and then, woe betide afterwards, the unhappy attendants if they did not make a tremendous show of their difficulty of keeping within bounds their employer's too tame diaphragm.

But then these were the mere butterflies of fashion—the light, the gay, the frivolous, who ever hover about all great popular movements, and must not be understood as the bone and sinew or rather the entrails of Enterism. No, there were many noble and earnest men and women, for whom the teaching of the most notorious Morgante was a heart-stirring reality, who had waited long in restless dissatisfaction for that philosophy which was to emancipate and to bring unqualified content. No, or rather yes, in this ancient worn-out world, where dogma has been shattered and reason shines forth in the light of a pellucid morn, it was needful to discover some new motive of enthusiasm which should serve as a substitute for the effete systems of the past, and which in the hearts of an ever-growing and noble democracy should take root with irresistible vigour. And from the very nature of modern life it

was imperative that this enthusiasm should entail no sacrifice or bodily discomfort on the part of the generous proselyte. Yes, or rather no, it was time that the theory of self-indulgence and disintegration should at least be allowed a fair trial in practice; and instead of abnegation and consolidation, that all persons should flourish on high as their motto, appropriation, and fervent faith alone in the enormous importance of each one's own particular self. Of course the democratic leaders did not exactly speak such senti ments to the democracy. It would have been dangerous for them to have so spoken; and would only have resulted in detriment to the mob, who thereby might be foolish and passionate enough to refuse obedience to the spouter. But that such ideas were ever in their minds there can be no doubt, by reason of the invariable results of the demagogue's commerce with the people. And thus the world was rapidly becoming regenerated; and there were unquestionably many people made happy, whose instincts, untaught by the most notorious Morgante, would have doubtless been to them a source of trouble rather than delight, but whose only regret now seemed to be that the force of their genius was so inferior to his as never—no, not even in a single case—to overtax the pelt's elasticity. How impossible, alas, is absolute content!

> . . . . . Man must soar;
> An obstinate activity within,
> An insuppressive spring will toss him up."[1]

Meanwhile the most notorious Morgante oscillated about, a very prince among the thousands whom he so essentially

[1] *Young.*—"*Night Thoughts,*" vii.

benefited. At first Bucco and the young don had to keep particularly on the alert in order to prevent his injuring the hoops, when absent-minded. Like as an old horse, that has been blistered, must be kept from tearing at the itchy scurf, so had he to be restrained from repeated attempts to tear at his hoops. But instead of the simple device of the cradle, his attendants carried two stout cudgels, with which they hammered his knuckles very smartly, whenever they found them in dangerous contiguity to the safety-bands. Whereupon he would hop about with pain, and raising his fat fists to his mouth, would bellow according to his invariable custom.

Presently, as time wore on, he got more or less used to the hoops as a puppy dog to his first collar, and would often pass a whole day without attempting any peevish violence upon them. Thus his friends thinking that they had at last broken him off his bad habits, began to grow gradually more careless, and to diminish in the assiduity with which they kept watch on all his movements. Their relaxation of severity seemed in every way rewarded by the happiest results. He had apparently arrived at that sublime stage, when the Olympic calm of unrivalled pre-eminence has superseded all Promethean struggles for notoriety.

Thus his happiness did continue unbroken, until one day, when he was oscillating as usual, along a public thoroughfare, he chanced to pass a church, about which he casually made some enquiries touching the persuasion of its congregation and so forth. Bucco in solemn windy accents informed him that it was a "Chapel of the Romish Communion." Whereupon the most notorious Morgante did stamp and spit and vent his spleen from all directions.

Quoth he, "A pretty thing, indeed, to see in the midst of progress, and of Enteristic enlightenment. How is it that there are people who frequent such places? Nay, how is it that such places are even tolerated in this city? Truly this religion is alone able to offer us real and substantial opposition; and, by the four winds, how heartily I do hate it. Oh, how repellant and unsympathetic it is to my nature: how hard, how bigoted, making no terms; how impossible to us in ecstacy its capability of comforting mankind. Now in the case of Protestantism, what a difference. By the four winds, again, but I have to it an antipathy, not at all; on the contrary—much liking. Of course it is opposed to us. It might just as well be with us. It really makes no matter. Wherefore, how can I hate it? I shall not. No, I shall not. How humanizing the bare church and pews, shapely as loose boxes above the lofty sides of which alone emerge fantastic parterres of hats and bonnets, resembling the show windows of milliners' shops. How essentially vague and contradictory the doctrine. How tolerant of our most comfortable instincts. Surely we must not ignore the fact that Protestantism is the source of England's greatness. I have always heard how great and useful are her missionaries. How disinterested, combining the qualifications of conqueror as well as of prophet. How beloved they are by the aborgines compared with other missionaries. —Dear, beautiful Protestant England! Do you know, my friends, that I have invented and discovered England, ever since I have returned from abroad. I have been more and more beset with the idea that she does in reality exist. So the French think, who are never wrong. I must therefore make known her beauties to the world, and to herself by

means of literary production, since her own literature is so deficient in appreciation of her altogether unique charms. What a happiness it is to discover and live in such a paradise! Beautiful England!"

With that peering at the entrance of the church he saw the door open. A man stood forth and confronted him. At sight of this individual the inflated inflammation at once left the cheeks of the most notorious Morgante. His fat legs grew suddenly weak; and uttering a gentle sigh he heeled over backwards coming flop down upon the roadway in an attenuated faint. The person who caused this melancholy and sudden collapse was no other than Theophilus. Having smiled for a moment over the notorious wreck he walked away leisurely through the town. Whereupon Bucco and the young don, well-nigh distracted and impeding consequently each others' movements, made shift to restore the chief. The young don, desirous to discover whether life yet remained in the giant, sat himself down just over the region of Morgante's heart, which did beat so satisfactorily that it tossed the sitter several times into the air and finally landed him in the mud of the gutter. It was a comfort to know that the superb life was not extinct. They then opened his collar, which was indeed unnecessary, as he always wore it very loose and low. Laying hold of a passing street watering cart and of a mud scraper drawn by a horse, they caused the former to shower its contents over his head and face, while with the latter they chafed his hands, leading the horse backwards and forwards over them. Finally they emptied several kegs of gin from a neighbouring public-house down his throat, which very quickly brought him round. Meanwhile an ad-

miring and miscellaneous mob of cadgers, luggage-ruffians, grooms, cabmen, messengers, butchers' boys, apprentices, etc., such as turn up to gape and block the thoroughfare in London upon the smallest pretext, had gathered around him; and as he sat up, looked about, and began to speak incoherent rubbish touching his uncertainty of his whereabouts, the encircling sea of faces became blended before his vision and wore gradually but unmistakably one huge red grin. Wherefore, remembering all of a sudden the circumstances which led to his present condition, he quickly glanced several times in a nervous offended manner at the audience; then suddenly started up and oscillated off in evident spleen to his abode.

Arrived there, he thus unburdened his weighty heart to Bucco and to the young don.

"O, my friends, I feel I am undone. He is here—you know whom I mean. I fear him. I fear him. He will take away from me the men: and I shall be forced at infinite inconvenience to shift quarters and again to start anew. Moreover, I have no security that he will not dog me to the end of the earth. Of course, I am sure of women's support, as he apparently has no mode of influencing them, except by force, which, in these days, is impracticable. Between you and me, however, their support alone is not much, although I could not dare to say so in public. The men are everything; and if they once break away from female influence, there is an end of me, as once, alas, was the case on board that accursed steam-boat. Oh dear, oh dear—what shall I do?" whereat, as was his wont, he began, forthwith, to bellow.

Then did the two make shift to rub him down as hard as

they could, by way of soothing his distress, the while they uttered consoling words. They began by telling him to be of good cheer; that things, perhaps, were not really so serious as he imagined. This was how they always began their words of comfort. They urged upon him the necessity of his making a determined stand now at all hazards, when the least show of indecision or depression would be fatal to all their interests. He must appear much in public; never remain alone; beware of moping; address the democracy; above all, be active. Then would the enemy be obliged to relinquish all machinations and to hide ignominiously his head.

All this appeared very well to the most notorious Morgante. He expressed his resolution of doing his best to keep up his courage, and appeared generally quite sensible. Thus he went on again for a while in his old way, creating a great stir both in social and in political spheres; and as he never exceeded his strength, his friends believed that there was really no further need of their continuing to keep their incessant watch upon his actions. So Bucco and the young don bethought themselves what a very pleasant thing it would be if both were to take a holiday after their late severe labours. Having left, one morning, the chief in the care of two sober and trustworthy male attendants, with special injunctions to keep him quiet until they should return in the evening, they set out in separate directions, the former to a meeting of social democrats at Northampton, the latter to a select gathering of agnostics in the University of Oxford. Left to himself, the most notorious Morgante began to feel the time hang heavy. He stretched himself, he yawned, he sat upon his hands, he banged his heels about in an aimless

manner. He suggested to his attendants that it would be well for him to go abroad for an airing. They sternly objected. "O, have a drink," quoth he. "Thank you, sir," quoth they. He poured out the liquor; they drank to his very good health; and all three immediately started off through the town.

They traversed a number of streets, up and down hill, over high level and low level, through the haunts of fashion and through the purlieus of the poor, pausing often in order to take special notice of much that was interesting and worthy of attention. At length, passing down St. Martin's Lane, they came upon a vast concourse of people assembled in Trafalgar Square. It was Saturday, and the Socialists were explaining in a harmless and purely disinterested spirit to the mob the necessity of its being alive to the situation, and of pulverizing, by a united effort, the tyranny of capital and law.

When the most notorious Morgante appeared upon the scene the enthusiasm became prodigious and universal. By a thousand dirty hands he was hurried along and literally lifted up astride on one of the lions far out of the reach of his keepers, who, seeing the impossibility of their at present approaching him, and having little taste for sedition, since they were fairly well-to-do, quietly retired to a neighbouring public house, there to boose in comfort until such times as the meeting should disperse. Alas for the universal intemperance in the big city. Here were two sober, respectable men indulging in the ignoble pleasures of drink, when they should have been at their post in order to avert an irreparable catastrophe. When they could act thus, what can we expect from others? Are there no male servants in London above

the temptation of intoxicating liquor? But this is a digression.

Meanwhile, the mob with one accord called loudly upon Morgante for a speech. He, nothing loth, grinned assent, and while he was rapidly considering what he should say he began to cut his nails with a carving knife, which he usually carried in his waistcoat pocket. Immediately, there was a terrific rush of everyone near to get possession of the chips as a memento of the occasion, each happy and envied possessor retiring with that peculiar look of a dog that has secured a bone, and burying the inestimable treasure in the safest and most savoury depths of his bosom. Perceiving the humour of the mob, he now continued to cut away at his nails down to the very quick and to distribute the chips among his admirers. When the fingers failed he pulled off his boots and socks and divided the paring of his toe nails and corns in like manner. It is needless to say that the enthusiasm was prodigious. His address, which followed, was a masterpiece of candour, patriotism and good sense. Carried away by the headlong torrent of his verbosity he became more and more released from the trammels of mere conventionalism. He divested himself of his trousers, tearing them into a hundred fragments, which he scattered to the four winds, and vowing that he would never again wear such disgraceful garments abhorrent to his revolutionary principles.

Then did he beslaver his audience with the most fulsome praise, while he defiled, with every species of indignity, the effigy of the British lion, whereon he reposed. Never was he in such superb triumph. His burning eloquence had truly worked up the passions of the mob to sheer distraction ;

and it swayed and yelled in its frenzy to destroy. Harmless passers-by were knocked down and robbed; a raid was made upon some neighbouring shops; windows were smashed; a general rising of the roughs threatened. Presently a strong force of soldiers arrived, headed by a person on horseback who appeared to be an officer. The most notorious Morgante at once recognised this man. It was Theophilus. At sight of his enemy the giant felt a strange sickness creeping over him. Summoning all his strength, however, for what he believed must be a test struggle, he rallied the mob and urged at the top of his voice defiance to the myrmidons of law and order. He was determined at all hazards to gain a victory; and in order to avoid every hindrance to his triumphant ecstacy, he tore the iron hoops from off his person and hurled them among his supporters as ensigns of battle. A deafening cheer rewarded his promptitude. But that cheer was, alas! his sentence of doom. An amazing change at once passed over him—a change which riveted the attention of every individual of this vast concourse upon the notorious giant; so that all yells and strife immediately ceased; and the multitude looked on in very much the same manner as ship-wrecked wretches view from their crowded raft the foundering of a mighty vessel.

They saw him by degrees distend more and more; his face became redder and redder; his eyes bunged up; his mouth drawn out at each end in a grin as broad as daylight. Then all of a sudden there came a terrific explosion, which shook the houses, frightened the inhabitants out of their wits and into the streets, set cab-horses running away, and created generally tremendous perturbation. The most

notorious Morgante had burst at last with ecstatic repletion; and apparently there remained of his huge person not the faintest trace.

EPILOGUE.

SINCE the marvellous going off of its founder, Enterism has fared badly, becoming daily more academic and lacking the initiative of genius, without which all systems fall into decay. Some persons even go so far as to prophesy its speedy extinction altogether as a practical pleasure in life; but we think that they are too sanguine. It is true that its mere materialistic form is dead. Systems when they reach their extreme development must decay, and, if they are to be revived, must start anew from their original beginnings. Thus materialism having found its logical conclusion in Enterism, has exploded with the most notorious Morgante. And who shall undertake the hopeless task of reviving it again? But Enterism proper, or the art of obtaining *ecstacy* from *wonder*, in spite of all the pedantry that now attends it, will, we are convinced, die very hard. We have always held how profoundly human was the teaching of the giant; how, in fact, he only reduced to a science what seems eternal in the nature of mankind.

Our patient readers have seen how there were many enthusiastic Enterests, who, although worshippers of the notorious one, would be the last to agree with his materialistic views. For while materialism was wrecked by Enterism, the latter has lasted and will probably last with more or less pertinacity like love or hate in the world.

Bucco and the young don have never been heard of since

the great catastrophe. Not daring to meet the reproaches of the School for their negligence, they have gone, we suppose, to hide somewhere in the antipodes. Indeed, it was rumoured that the latter had committed suicide.

When they were removing the snow from the roof of the Rational Driveller Club in the winter after the explosion, they found an extraordinarily large and curious bone. A similar one was discovered on the roof of Waxbitter Hall. These bones were at once taken to the most eminent of our osteologists, who pronounced them to be hip bones, but of what he did not know. He was certain, he said, that they were not of any known bird or animal—not even of an ape, although something like. He was equally sure that they were not human, in fact, he was disposed to consider that they must have belonged to that lost and eagerly sought-for living creature, called in science the "missing link." Then all of a sudden, it dawned upon a man of genius, that they must be the original hip-bones of the most notorious Morgante; for by putting two and two together, and by copious reasoning by analogy, it became patent to him and then to all, that they could be the bones of none other.

Wherefore taking these senseless remains of noble hips once loudly eloquent, they lodged them in that pillar of England's greatness, the Monument, where to this day they may be inspected by the learned and the curious of all nations.

THE END.

S. Cowan & Co. Printers, Perth.

∞ ハ
ゆ
エレ